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OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.

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on 23 January, 2019

MEETING THE SUN

LONDON:
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, HELIOTYPE AND GENERAL PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

Heliotype. W. SIMPSON.

FUJIYAMA.

MEETING THE SUN

A JOURNEY

ALL ROUND THE WORLD

EGYPT, CHINA, JAPAN, AND CALIFORNIA;

INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

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WITH NUMEROUS HELIOTYPE AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:

LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, AND DYER.

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PREFACE.

THERE is a parental relationship between an author and his work; but although it is the custom, in the case of babies, to repeat names, it is found to be very awkward in the matter of books. "All Round the World" was the title first selected for this volume, but it was discovered, although only at the last moment, that the words had been before appropriated; and it became necessary, in this case, to re-christen the child, even before it was born. Among many names "Meeting the Sun" was suggested; and being rather inclined to believe in the solar myths of the East, where much of my travelling has been, I may say that I jumped at the phrase as an improvement on the original title. To this title the older words have been added, as they are descriptive of the whole journey.

To me it seemed that the new name was peculiarly applicable, for as I went eastward I was every day "Meeting the Sun." As I reached those lands from which, as child and boy, I believed the Sun rose, I found it still

rising from a region beyond. I was always "Meeting the Sun." When I reached what we call in England the lands of "the Far West," where the Sun is supposed to go to rest, even there I was still travelling eastward, and still "Meeting the Sun;" and thus the new name seems to me appropriate, and the re-christening a happy event.

Most of the illustrations in this volume are reproductions by the Heliotype process. Here I find the Sun I have been meeting "All Round the World" turning up again as a friend. At the same time I have to acknowledge my gratitude to the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*—for which I had produced the original sketches during my journey—for their kindness in allowing me to repeat the woodcuts from that journal by the above-mentioned process.

The binding of this book may perhaps be the better for a slight explanation. Yellow is the Imperial colour in China, and Red the Nuptial. As the marriage was called, in official language, "The Union of the Dragon and the Phœnix," these mythic figures are given from Chinese forms of art. An empty circle represents in Chinese symbolism *Hun-yuan,* or Chaos; but when the *Yin-yang* are added, we have the dual powers, from which Cosmos was evolved. The design contains this, and surrounding it is the *Pàh-kwah,* or the "Eight Diagrams," another symbol of an equally profound signification.

Both of these figure largely in the ancient classic works, and may be found on the tablets where these books were engraved in the Confucian Temple at Peking, where they are given as the root of the whole religious, philosophical, and political system of the Chinese Empire. One Chinese character is repeated twice. It is the seal character of "*Shih*," and is used as a symbol of happiness. Here it is given in a twin form, as it was put on almost everything connected with the Imperial marriage, as expressive of "double bliss."

London, January, 1874.

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MEETING THE SUN:

A JOURNEY ALL ROUND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"In the Name of God Glorious and Allemyghty, He that wil passe over the See, to go to the City of Jerusalem, he may go by many Weyes, bothe on See and Londe, aftre the Contree that hée cometh fro: manye of hem comen to an ende. But troweth not that I wil telle zou alle the Townes and Cytees and Castelles, that Men schulle go by; for than scholde I make to longe a Tale: but alle only summe Contrees and most princypalle Stedes, that Men schulle gone thorgh, to gon the righte Way."

Such are the words with which Sir John Maundevile, Kt., begins the first chapter of his travels. Although the reference here is to Jerusalem only, yet in his Prologue he states that he was born in the "Town of Seynt Albones," and "passed the See, in the Zeer of our Lord Jesu Christ MCCCXXII., in the Day of Seynt Michelle; and hidre to have ben longe tyme over the See, and have seyn and gon throghe manye dyverse Londes, and many Pro-

vynces and Kingdomes and Iles, and have passed throghe Tartarye, Percye, Ermonye, the litylle and the gret; throghe Lybye, Caldee, and a gret partie of Ethiope, throghe Amazoyne, Inde the lasse and the more, a gret partie; and thorghe out many othere Iles, that ben abouten Inde; where dwellen many dyverse Folkes, and of dyverse Maneres and Lawes, and of dyverse Schappes of Men."

That is a large portion of the world which he says he himself visited, but he adds farther on in his "Boke" that going all round the world was not unknown even before his time. He says, "And therefore hathe it befallen many tymes of o thing that I have herd cownted, when I was zong; how a worthie man departed somtyme from oure contrees, for to go serche the World. And so he passed Ynde, and the Yles bezonde Ynde, where be mo than 5000 Yles; and so longe he wente be See and Londe, and so enviround the World be many seysons."

As Sir John himself performed his journeyings more than a century and a half before the time of Columbus, one has a difficulty in accepting this last quotation. The "Worthi Man" may perhaps have made a very long circuit on the "Londe and See," but it may be doubted if he completed the *tour du monde* as we understand it in the present day. Still, if we are to receive the enumeration of places given by the Knyght of Seynt Albones, it would indicate that the facilities for eastern travelling were much greater in those early centuries than what are generally supposed. He mentions "many Weyes" which were practicable in his time, but the traveller in the present day wishing to go "All Round the World" has but few routes to choose from.

It is an old saying that "the world is wide," yet the practical lines for a journey of this sort are very limited. There is the Siberian Overland Route,—leading by St. Petersburg, Moscow, from which it goes almost straight east through Siberia to Lake Baikal; and then there is about a month's journey south, over the Mongolian desert to Peking. This is a long, and a very serious undertaking. It has been done, however; and Mr. Michie's account of it is a book worth reading, entering, as it does, so fully into details. Of course there are alternative lines through Mongolia, such, for instance, as the one lately passed over by Mr. Elias; but these are not likely to be traversed by any except geographical explorers. The only other variety of the Asian part of the route is by the Euphrates, starting from the Syrian coast at Skenderoon, perhaps better known as Alexandretta, and the traveller arrives at Bombay: where he will have a variety of routes through India.

When the Shah and Baron Reuter have made railways through Persia, it may add slightly to the choice. Perhaps when Russia civilizes the whole of Central Asia, it may open up a new route as far as China; but till that happy period, unless the traveller is willing, and at the same time able, to become a Dervish, or something of that sort, like Mr. Vambery, he had better not take the chances of risk in these regions. Many attempts have been made to pass from India to China, and vice versâ; but as yet no one has succeeded. The difficulties of such an enterprise are very great, not so much from the races of people, as from the physical

character of that region of the earth. These difficulties can, however, be overcome, and in evidence of this, we have perhaps one of the most wonderful of all the wonderful expeditions of modern times in the journey of the two Jesuit Missionaries, Huc and Gabet, from Peking to Lhassa. When they were ordered to leave the capital of the Great Lama, they wished to do so in the direction of Calcutta, as being by far the nearest, and at the same time the easiest, way; but in vain. By a policy rigidly insisted upon by the Chinese Government, no one is allowed to pass anywhere along the frontiers between China and India.

When travelling in Tibet, I heard of many parties who wished to cross the frontier in that quarter, with the purpose only of having a few days' shooting of some particular animal which they wanted to bring home; but I never knew of any one who was able to gratify his wish. One man told me that he had taken some pieces of very bright red cloth and other tempting bribes for the officials on the Chinese side, but it was all to no purpose. All who have read of Major Montgomerie's "Pundits," and their geographical explorations in Tibet, will remember the care they took to disguise themselves, and conceal the object they had in view. It is not easy to understand why this intense jealousy should exist, but about the fact there can be no doubt.

It was not so in the early centuries of our era. In the seventh century Hiouen-Thsang, a Buddhist monk, visited India. His route may have been over the north-western extremity of the Himalayan range, for he arrived by way of Peshawer; or perhaps he came by the line which

Marco Polo at a later date followed, and which we know was in those days a route for travellers and merchandize.

From Siberia to Singapore is a great distance, but between these widely-situated points there is no place where the Ordinary, or even an Extra-Ordinary, "Glob-trotter" can pass.

The way round the Cape of Good Hope is not yet quite given up; but it has fallen into disuse since the opening of the Suez Canal. In 1859 I made the voyage to Calcutta round the Cape in a sailing-ship; and with the exception of a very distant view of Madeira, we saw no land all the way from Start Point to the sand-heads at the mouth of the Hooghly. We did the passage in ninety days, which was considered to be a quick voyage; still it is not the line which would suit Puck, whose lightning speed we all covet so much now-a-days, when he puts his

"Girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

Central Africa is not likely ever to be one of the favourite routes round the world, notwithstanding the explorations of Dr. Livingstone or Sir Samuel Baker. The modern traveller who skims round the earth's surface is not an Explorer; as a rule he belongs to the genus Tourist. He has no wish to risk his neck in attempting to go over impassable peaks, or to die of hunger and thirst in the burning deserts; painted savages with heavy clubs and poisoned arrows, or Indians with scalping-knives, are a class of society he has no desire to mix with. Jungles with tigers or venomous snakes he marks as places to be avoided. His plan is to go round the world as comfortably as

possible, not diverging from those latitudes where the best hotels are to be found. His conversation has much to do with inquiries about accommodation in steamers—as to size, safety, and quality of the table; taking first class on the railway, where there is one, and furnished with every appliance for comfort which the Strand or Bond Street can command.

By this class, what I would call the Direct Route will be generally chosen, *viâ* Egypt. Till the Euphrates Valley Railway is made there will be no other way for ordinary traffic. Any one wishing to reach Egypt by the quickest means will go by the Mont Cenis Tunnel. Speed was my object, and so I propose to take my readers by this last route.

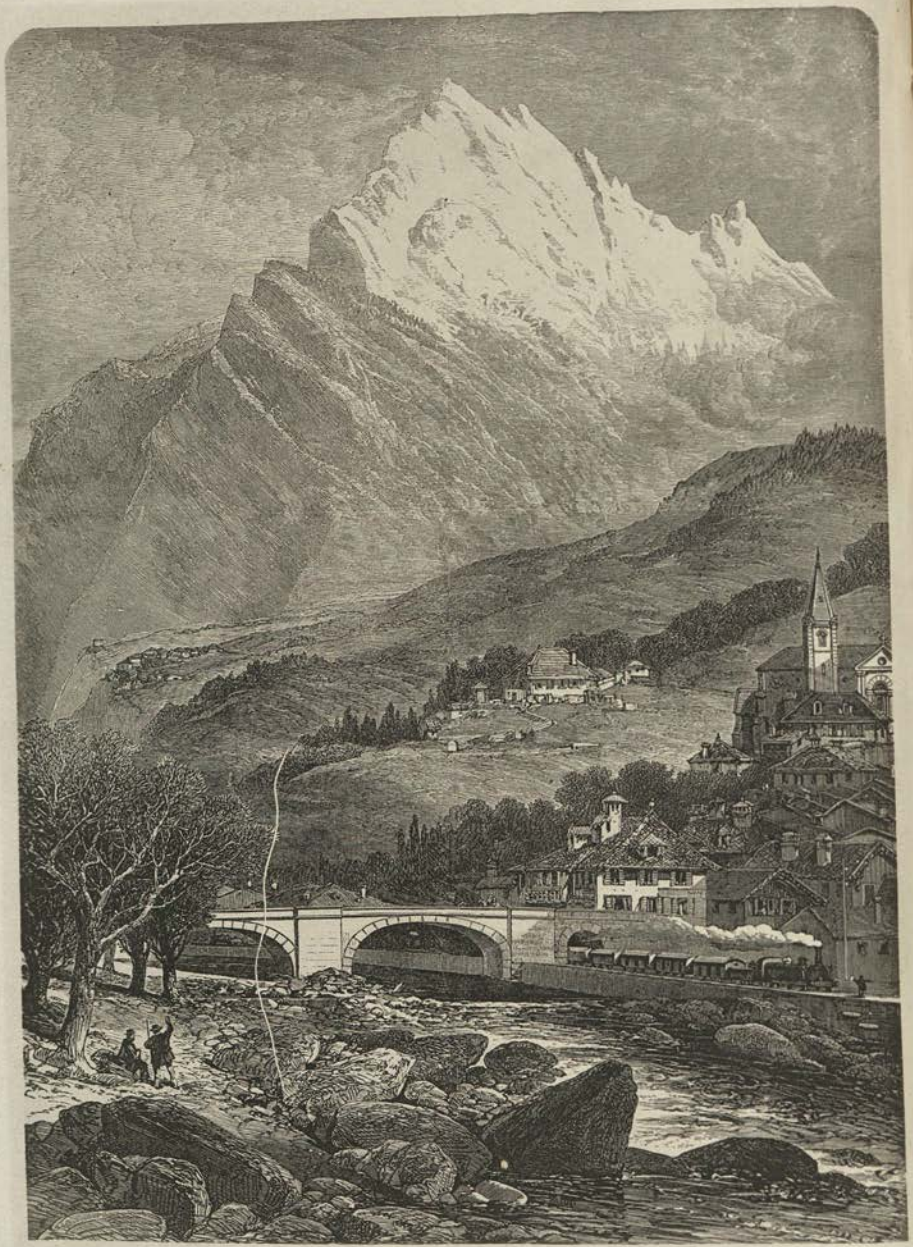
An invitation to a marriage is not, I think, looked upon as a probable source of much satisfaction. People generally go to such ceremonies as a duty, or a sort of punishment, rather than a pleasure. There is the chance of having to make a speech, the stiff formality of having to meet people you do not know, and perhaps don't want to know. There may be relatives to encounter with whom you are not on the best of terms, or to whom, it may be, you have not spoken for years. You may hate the bridegroom, and will have no feeling but that of envy at his prospects of happiness. Or, if the bride herself may have excited the opposite feeling in your heart, in that case the ceremonies of a funeral would be far more desirable to attend and go through. To proceed to Peking and be at the Emperor of China's marriage did not present the prospect of having to endure any of these unpleasant sensations. It implied

a long journey; but what ought to be an agreeable one. It might be called a "Marriage Trip;" but one where, to continue the cynical tone, there would be no lady, with band-boxes and other impedimenta to be bothered with.

During the last six or seven years I had been to a good many parts of the world where—to use Abraham Lincoln's phrase—history was being made, in connexion with the *Illustrated London News*—such as the Abyssinian War, Jerusalem, the opening of the Suez Canal, Œcumenical Council at Rome, the Franco-German War, the rule of the Commune in Paris, the opening of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, &c., &c. Before my connexion with that journal, I had gone through the Crimean War, which included a visit to Circassia, and had made a sketching tour, which occupied about three years, in India, at the close of the Sepoy rebellion. With all these experiences—and much of it was oriental—I was asked if I should like to go to Peking and see the ceremonies of the Emperor of China's marriage. The expedition would include anything else beside in the Flowery Land which I might consider worth doing. A visit to Japan was also hinted at; and there, as I should be so nearly half-way round the globe, it might be as well to return home by the New World, and thus put a girdle round about the whole. The proposal was large, and the time necessary would be long, and this came into competition with other objects I had in view; but the chance of seeing the celestials and their country, Peking and the Great Wall, Japan and the changes going on there, and to be able to add "All Round the World" to my other travels,

was a temptation to me in many ways, and I succumbed. The offer was accepted. Just before leaving, a communication from the *Daily News* reached me, that if I should have time to send them letters from any places of special interest on my journey, and particularly about the marriage in Peking, they would be glad to receive them.

It was thus that I started on my journey, as a kind of double-barrelled correspondent, or, to take an idea from Japan, a sort of two-sworded Daimio. By hard work, and to keep to the sporting metaphor, I may say that I bagged both my birds. On returning home again, friends recommended that a book should be the result; that the letters and pictures ought to be preserved, &c. Well, here are the two birds preserved. I confess that Pictures and Books of Travel seem to me, when I have seen the people and the countries, to be all more or less like *stuffed* birds; and I am conscious that mine can be no exception to the rule. All I can say is, that in this preserved form the stuffing has been done to make them as like to nature as possible.



Heliotype. *From the* ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

ST. MICHEL WITH THE PERRON DES ENCOMBRES.

CHAPTER II.

LONDON TO VENICE.

In our general experience, places get fixed in the memory from events, and I confess to a strong susceptibility in this way, and the Ludgate Hill Station of the London Chatham and Dover Railway is now associated in my mind as the starting-point of my journey round the world. Although thus memorable, at least to me, it will scarcely suit the pages of this book to introduce a complete history of the locality. It might include the life of King Lud and the career of Sir Morton Peto, and the whole period between.

We will pass over all this and state that on the 5th of August, 1872—it is as well to give dates in travelling—the night train carried me off from London. After a busy day in Paris, seeing friends, next night found me on the way to Macon, where I branched off *viâ* Culoz and Chambery to Modane. Near St. Michel a thunderstorm had brought down a vast mass of débris, filling up the railway tunnel and engulfing houses, so that little more than their roofs were visible. The passengers had to get out and walk about a quarter of a mile to reach the train on the other side. The mountains here are so steep that a thunderstorm may bring down an overwhelming mass at any time. The sketch of St. Michel, with high peak, covered with snow in winter, and of the "Perron

des Encombres" towering behind, will explain as well as any description how such accidents take place.

How accurate in detail was Sterne! He tells of his journey here, and it would faithfully describe events as they are at the present day. He says, "Let the wayworn traveller vent his complaints upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads, your rocks, your precipices, the difficulties of getting up, the horrors of getting down, mountains impracticable, and cataracts which roll down great stones from their summits, and block up his road. The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Modane." As I walked from the one train to the other I saw them boring a hole in a great stone at the mouth of the tunnel in order to blast it, for it was far too large to be removed. In Sterne's days it was a *voiture*, now it is a *train*, a great change; but there is no change in the character of the locality.

I had spent Christmas Day of 1868 in St. Michel, and I remember it as a very pleasant time. There was then a small English colony composed of the gentlemen who managed the Fell Railway over Mont Cenis. We went to midnight mass on Christmas Eve in the parish church, over the altar of which is a large figure of St. Michael, the patron saint and godfather of the town, with scales in his hand, showing that he is a judge, as well as commander-in-chief of the armies of heaven. The next evening, after dinner, the lady of the house and the whole of our party went down to the kitchen, where the servant-girl had collected a group of children from the village. They were performing a rondeau, in which we

all joined. The words were simple enough, and interested me. One verse will give a sufficient idea of them :—

"Combien vendez-vous les oignons, la-Mère-la-Marionnette,
Combien vendez-vous les oignons, la-Mère-la-Marion."

All through the piece the lines ended with this refrain. As the song goes on the names of two persons present are introduced, and the rondeau ends with their marriage and—

"Un tour de France nous ferons, la-Mère-la-Marionnette,
Un tour de France nous ferons, la-Mère-la-Marion."

I have seen a piece performed by children in Scotland almost the same in every detail, even to the refrain at the end of each line, which was "Merry-me-Tansie," probably a French importation of past times.

The French railway ended at that date at St. Michel, and the Fell line began. The morning after Christmas one of the gentlemen connected with the last-named line started with me, and we took three days to cross the Alps at this point. The first place we stopped at was Modane, the French end of the tunnel, where we inspected the process of compressing the air by which the machinery for boring the tunnel was propelled. The ample stream of the valley was made to drive water-wheels; these worked the pumps which compress the air into receivers. The air was forced into about one-sixth of its own bulk, giving a pressure of eighty-four pounds to the square inch—a good high pressure. This was led into the tunnel by pipes being added as the work went on, and did the duty of steam in working the piercing apparatus. The main advantage of this was not so much a saving of fuel

as the ventilation of the tunnel, a point of increasing importance as the interior lengthened. Steam could not have been taken by pipes two or three miles into the tunnel, and had a boiler been used at that distance from the mouth all the smoke and gas produced would have had to be expelled. It being my plan to visit the tunnel and see the process of working from the Italian side, we did not spend much time at Modane. It is, however, worth noting that the principal hotel of Modane, Hôtel du Lion d'Or, is the supposed locale where Sterne's Sentimental Journey comes to its sudden and strange conclusion. Any literary devotee wishing to visit this spot would require to stay over a train, for the hotel is at least a mile from the station.

It was beautiful crossing the top of the pass next day. We walked the most of the way. If you want to see scenery, this is by far the best mode of locomotion, and almost a necessity when sketching has to be done. Being mid-winter, it was all covered with snow. We looked in at the hospice where Napoleon slept, and got a glass of a delicious wine from the priest. We slept at La Grande Croix, and, being Sunday, there were many of the villagers in the hotel. They played loto, in which we joined. On asking one of the girls if that was the amusement every night, she replied, "Non, monsieur, c'est un plaisir seulement pour le Dimanche." The answer expressed the ideas regarding Sunday observance in this part of the world, and it must be recorded that they were all sober and well-behaved, a phenomenon not to be found in every part of the world.

At usa Sany one with archæological tendencies will

go to the cathedral and the castle, to see an arch of the time of Cæsar in marble, in very good preservation.

From Susa it became my duty to visit Bardonnêche, or Bardonecchia in Italian. It was a good day's journey, as I proposed to walk about fifteen miles, doing the rest by diligence. The route lay up the Dora Valley, and a beautiful valley it is. I had a seat beside the driver of the diligence, and he talked all the way. I was much amused with his description of a wine produced from a vineyard he pointed out, "Un verre de ce vin vous couperait les jambes;" one could imagine a cannon-ball cutting your legs, but it is hard to suppose such a result from a glass of wine. Still the words are very expressive of a state of drunkenness. At Bardonnêche my letters secured me access into the tunnel. At the opening there were some offices, and I was led into a room where the fitting costume was produced. It implied the ceremony known among the followers of the prize-ring as that of "peeling:" a pair of trowsers (after what seemed a naval pattern), a blouse, and then one of those hats with a long peak behind, which one only recollects through Seymour's caricatures of coal-heavers of a past generation; then a blanket was put into my hands, and I was led out where a green-painted waggon was waiting. In this I was driven into the tunnel. At that time the Italian end was the furthest advanced, but there were still two or three miles of solid granite to cut through. Nearly four miles of tunnel had to be passed before reaching the work. I remember at last reaching the very end, where the rods were banging away

under the impulse of eighty-four pounds on the square inch, and I felt that I was looking upon a much greater "passage of the Alps" than any that had yet taken place.

As I saw the process going on, the desire arose to be present when the first opening should appear between the two sides. Had I been a Napoleon or a Victor Emmanuel, the wish might have been gratified; as it was, I realized it in part. I was at the opening ceremonies and went through with the first train on the 17th of September, 1871. On that occasion the train was long and went slow, taking forty minutes, though the distance is only about eight miles. Last August the time was only twenty-one minutes, and there was no smoke nor any of the disagreeables which French authorities had prophesied; for it must be understood that the Mont Cenis tunnel was wholly an Italian enterprise, and opposed to French interests, and hence the many myths respecting it while in progress, and even since it has been in working order.

Turin is soon reached after passing through this new route of the Alps, and the mails for the east now go on *viâ* Bologna and Ancona to Brindisi. Ever since the late Franco-German war the line by Marseilles has ceased, that is so far as the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ships are concerned. The Italian Government have subsidized the English company to extend their line up the Adriatic from Brindisi to Venice. In this, my last trip I made for that port.

It takes a day by train from Turin to Venice; but it is a most beautiful run, with the Alps visible on your left hand and the plains of Italy extending away on the right.

You have a passing glimpse of Milan, Verona, Peschiera, and Padua. The Lago di Garda is seen to great advantage, for the train passes its southern shore on elevated ground, so close that the white sails can be made out on its blue waters; and towns and hills extend away northwards till they are lost in the distance.

I knew the "Poonah" would be in Venice with Captain Methuen, her commander, and an old friend. He had taken me on board the "Colombo," one of the same company's steamers, to Balaklava in 1854. He did not sail till next day, but it simplified one's arrangements to go on board at once, and I was made welcome. What a size the "Poonah" looked as she lay off the Doge's palace! It is a question if ever a ship of that dimensions had floated there before. I mistook her at first for an Italian man-of-war; but the English ensign and the P. and O. flag soon told me that the gondolier knew where he was going. The "Poonah" is not the first ship of the Company which has sailed from Venice, two of the company's steamers having preceded her; but she was regarded as performing part of the opening ceremonies. For three days, Captain Methuen and his officers had been receiving the people of Venice on board, on the first two days by complimentary tickets; the day of my arrival was the last, and all might come on board who liked. The ship's sides had been besieged all day with gondolas, for such a vessel was a novelty here. Her berths and every accommodation for nearly two hundred passengers must be a wonder to any one who has not seen the like before. It is a small floating city, and a "city on the sea" are words which could scarcely fail to be remembered by any one knowing Venice.

CHAPTER III.

VENICE AND THE ADRIATIC.

GEOGRAPHICAL conditions seem still to have as great an influence as they did of old. The Adriatic was a nearer point to the East than the Gulf of Lyons, so Venice was more eastern in character than Marseilles, and this geographical relationship seems to act now as it did in the past. The new contract with the Peninsular and Oriental Company is only a sign of many changes that will take place. The Suez Canal has to do with the matter. Egypt of old was the gate of the East, and now she has again got back her lost privilege. The effects of the Suez Canal are only beginning to manifest themselves. Along the Adriatic it has sent a touch of new life which increases day by day. Brindisi, the old port to the East when Rome was in her greatness, has been wakening up to a new existence, and getting itself in a condition adapted to these latter days. Venice, not wishing to be extinct, has also been at work, and has been dredging her lagoons to get more depth of water, so that, if possible, she may renew her old oriental connexion, and allow the modern leviathans of the deep to bring again to her doors that commerce upon which she became so wealthy. This was the commerce of East and West which met, bringing those riches and ideas which built temples and palaces of marble, and whose remains are still so beautiful that she is yet famed

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

VENICE.

in the world. It was because the art of East and West met here that Ruskin called his great work on Architecture "The Stones of Venice." St. Mark's is essentially a Byzantine church, but the Gothic and Renaissance of the West is around it. In its great square one may any day see the pigeons fed, an Eastern practice still followed by the Mohammedans in some of the mosques of Stamboul. It was the waters of the Adriatic which brought together all these mixtures of commerce, art, and customs,—

> "Her daughters had their dowers
> From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
> Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers,
> In purple was she robed, and of her feast
> Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

And as Vasco de Gama's discovery of the Cape of Good Hope divorced the connexion with the East, so the Suez Canal is to restore it, and the Adriatic and the Indian Ocean will be more closely wedded again than ever.

From pictures and books we are all familiar with St. Mark's, but neither of these sources of knowledge are equal to seeing a place with one's own eyes; and in this case I found that both had failed to convey anything like an adequate idea of the church. I speak more particularly of the interior. Each step as I walked along was a source of delight. Two other churches naturally came into my mind, suggesting themselves by comparison with St. Mark's. These were the Dome of the Rock, better known as the Mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem, and St. Sophia at Constantinople. Of the three I must confess a preference for the Dome of the Rock. The beautiful mosaic pavement of St. Mark's is not so impressive as the summit of

Mount Moriah, grey, and at first sight seeming as weather-beaten as the rude crag on any hill-top. This is the traditional thrashing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite which David bought and sacrificed upon; a fence all round tells you it is no vulgar place for human feet. A silk canopy overhangs this sacred rock, and the dome is above all, supported on marble columns and piers, and encrusted with mosaics. To my mind there is no temple in the world to compare with this, but I feel that the influence it has over one is due less to its architecture, which is nevertheless fine, than to the great rough rock which extends all over the middle of the pavement. St. Sophia and St. Mark's are both more modern, and more closely related in style. The first is by far the larger building, the other being again the richer and more picturesque. Imagine St. Mark's gutted out to fit it for a Mohammedan mosque, and what would it be as compared with what we now see it? Had St. Sophia remained to this day a Christian church, the probability is that it would have been the finest in the world, and would have justified Justinian's boast at its consecration, that he had built a grander temple for the worship of God than Solomon himself. As it is at present it seems little better than a large hall, with some fine old pillars of different kinds of porphyry, supporting a number of circular boards painted green, with texts from the Koran, having much the look of beer-house signs about them. All the mosaics of cherubim and seraphim are either destroyed or covered with whitewash; in fact, there is little or nothing left of Justinian's grand church, whose very altar was said to have had the wealth of a kingdom devoted to its enrichment.

Here we have St. Mark's, on the contrary, a perfect Byzantine church, affected in places only by later additions, but its first style left so far untouched as to form the predominating character of the whole. It is a dark and sombre interior, but in the gloom the mosaics and the gold are all visible. And they light up the details of the pictures which every step through this church brings to the eye of an artist. The rich golden mosaic of the roof seemed to have, as it were, a half-dead fire within it, gleams of which came to the surface where it was touched by the light. There are wonderful ups and downs in the old tesselated pavement, marbles of every hue undulate like hill and dale, suggesting many inquiries. Why has it not been made level? Was it so made at first? Was it the result of an earthquake? Or were the waves of the Adriatic taken as models? The floor looks as if made for a sailor's sea-legs to keep their footing upon, but still quaint and more beautiful for all its irregularities.

There were two things I was specially anxious to see in Venice, St. Mark's and Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin." But a hasty run through the Doge's palace, and the attractions of the old church, which kept me lingering and looking, rendered this latter wish impracticable. The "Poonah" was to sail at two p.m., and passengers were recommended to be on board at one o'clock; so Titian's great picture had to be given up. I managed to get a glimpse of the Grand Canal from the Rialto, and then for the steamer. St. Mark's drew me in once more on returning, to take a parting glance, and it was with difficulty I could tear myself away.

The passage from Venice out to deep water is very

long and narrow, quite a canal in itself, marked by wooden poles projecting about six feet out of the water. This channel, which must be about four miles in length, is that which the authorities have been dredging so as to get depth for the entrance of larger vessels, and evidently much yet requires to be done to make it easy for such steamers as the "Poonah" to get along. There is one point about half a mile from the Doge's palace, where the first sharp angle occurs. Our vessel had to stop and put out a line to get round this angle; and the old crazy poles, about six or seven of them being banded together, like the fascines we see in Roman architecture, or like the bundle of rods in the fable, which is supposed to give strength, but was found wanting in the present instance—how they creaked and shook when the tug given by our great craft came upon them! Another pull and they would all have come out like a rotten tooth in the hands of a dentist, and there was just time to get the hawser changed to another bundle of stumps before the ship had got off the channel. As it was she grazed the soft mud and sent up clouds of it in the water from the screw. A week or two of steady dredging, and this sharp angle could be made all right. Iron buoys would also be an improvement on the old sticks, which may have been there ever since the Doge's barge used to float along. After passing this turning the channel was all plain sailing. It may be somewhere between 200 and 300 feet wide as marked by the old stumps, and along the whole way we met fishing and market boats coming in with those bright orange sails with strange devices on them which are peculiar to this locality. Some had stars, crosses, saints, horses. Many of these sails reminded one of

the wing of a butterfly spread out, all were so bright in the sun as they glided past. The officers of the "Poonah" are justly proud of their fine ship; but to the eye of the primitive fishermen of the lagoons she must be a huge, ugly, black monster in comparison with their own craft.

On the top of one of the groups of poles we saw a small house, about the size of a large dog-house, which it very much resembled. It was brightly painted, and my eye soon detected a small cross, which told that it was not a lighthouse. There were two of the sailors of the ship at my side, and I asked them what the strange-looking thing could be, for it looked at first sight like an American traveller's trunk perched on the top of the piles. Jack's reply was, "Well, I think as it may be a joss-house, sir." This was said in no spirit of irreverence; the remark clearly indicated service in the China seas, and was a form of expression he had picked up there. We were nearing it, and seeing the cross, I found Jack was right in the conclusion he meant to convey. As we passed, a very rude figure of the virgin and child was visible; but in a corner we could distinctly see a black bottle. It was not like the wine-bottles of the place; it had a British-beer look about it. Jack and his mate began a series of speculations on this object, some of which were clearly not complimentary to the figures within the house, nor to their character for temperance; but I came to the rescue, and suggested that it was oil, and not rum or gin which had naturally come uppermost to the sailor mind, and in proof I referred to a small light we had noticed within when we were opposite the shrine. This was so satisfactory that Jack at once gave up the rum-and-gin theory, and adopted the one I had suggested; and I saw that his thoughts were away

back in the China seas again, for he expressed himself without addressing his words directly to his mate or me. "I wonder," he said, "what they can mean by them lights in joss-houses? All along China it's the same; they be always putting lights and burning things." I might have told Jack that "oblations of fire" were as old as the Vedas; that there was a seven-branched candlestick in Solomon's Temple; that the Jews to this day have a "perpetual lamp" burning before the Law in the synagogue; that the worshippers of Mithra of old and the Parsees of the present day worship the sun as the Source of Light, and fire as the Symbol of the Sun. All this might have been explained to Jack, for his going back in his memory to China, and putting the question he did, indicated more than the usual intelligence. But a command came aft to get a hawser ready, and our conversation ended. On looking back to the little shrine so queerly perched up, I saw a single fisherman had stopped his boat and was crossing himself, and no doubt uttering a Pater or an Ave.

One could not help comparing the two types of men, and the systems they belong to. In the simple primitive life of these lagoons we find a mode of existence that has gone on for centuries unchanged. The people are not bothered with modern science, or speculations in theology, but go on uninquiring and undoubting, full of faith and ready to worship—let us suppose sincerely too—whatever may be set before them. Jack, on the other hand, comes in a ship which is a miracle of modern science, and to enable this ship to sail where she wishes to go science has to perform such gigantic tasks as dividing two continents with a canal. But Jack himself

is not in a very satisfactory condition of mind. He has not much knowledge, and still less faith, and does not know, perhaps cares little, what to believe; and as to worship, "divine service" has long been familiarly known in the forecastle as "divine punishment."

I should say that the sea is not the best way to approach Venice. The islands and spits of land covered with villages and forts extending so far out produce an appearance as if Venice itself were on the mainland; and you could not have the impression, were you not already aware of it, that in stepping ashore at St. Mark's you were still on an island. On coming from the mainland, on the contrary, you see distinctly that the city is surrounded on all sides by water, and that it is, in truth, like "a sea Cybele fresh from Ocean." To leave, again, by the lagoons gives one a good idea of what I may perhaps be allowed to call the "suburbs" of Venice—that is, the small islands and strips of land dotted with villages; the whole having much the aspect of a flood having surrounded them for the moment. Poplar-trees in the distance, where the land is below the horizon, seem standing out of the water, and confirm the impression. Stakes everywhere with nets upon them indicate the pursuits of the people. Some small bits of islands, made into forts centuries ago, are now in ruins, and in contrast to them are the more modern earthworks, bristling with cannon. When we got clear out to sea there was a new breakwater in course of construction; and far to the right we could see islands and villages extending to the horizon, where the poplar-trees all seemed to have taken to sea-bathing.

We got into Ancona about two in the morning,

making the run in about ten hours; but it was done at slow speed. Here, again, breakwaters are being made, and dredging-machines are at work. Ancona has less need of them than Venice, for there is a very good harbour formed by a bay; but the arterial blood of the Suez Canal is tickling every place into life, and Ancona is influenced like other ports in this quarter. From Juvenal we learn that the place was originally like many old towns in this region of Greek origin. There is a fine old triumphal arch on the quay, built by Trajan, and there is another arch near it built by one of the Clements. From the deck of the steamer the old cathedral can be seen on the hill to the south of the harbour; it is dedicated to St. Cyriacus, and is on the old site of a temple of Venus. The line of coast which juts into the Adriatic at Ancona was known as the Cumerium Promontorium. When the Austrians held Ancona for the Pope, they fortified it very strongly. There was an old fort with works in the old style round it; but the Austrians adopted the detached fort system whose merits were so well proved at Metz, and from the deck of the ship a very good idea of such forts can be formed. Every height round the town is crested with one, and the leading feature of each is a large horse-shoe-formed work in the centre, which rises high towards what one may call its salient. There is a fine new quarter lately built in Ancona, with a large open square, which is named after Cavour, whose statue is placed in it. I had some hopes of time to go to Loretto, and have a look at the Santa Casa; but it was about twenty miles away, and as the ship sailed at 9.30 the Holy House must wait till another opportunity occurs to visit it.

The town of Loretto can be seen as you sail past. The domes and towers of the churches can be easily made out. It may be worth stating that the Santa Casa is supposed to be the actual house in which the Virgin lived at Nazareth, and that it came to Loretto from Kaunizza, in Dalmatia, in 1294, at which place it arrived three years before, from the Holy Land, having been carried off from its original site through the air in these removals by the Angelic Powers. It is built of brick, the original floor being wanting. It is said to be twenty-seven feet and a half in length, thirteen feet and a half high, and twelve and a half wide, with a door in the north, and a window in the west. These proportions are so very nearly that of a double cube, that one may almost suppose this was the original size. The Ark of the Covenant was not much, if at all, different. The coffer in the great pyramid is of the same cubical contents as the Ark of the Covenant, and yet not quite the same proportions. So it is quite possible that scientifically there may have been a sacred symbolism in this old brick house; and we must not forget that, in ancient times, all science was religious—what a contrast to these modern times!—and numbers, as we learn through Pythagoras, were particularly sacred. If this curious relic of antiquity could be stripped of its marble casing, and left standing alone, it would not differ much, either in size or proportion, from the Caaba at Mecca, which is simply a small rectangular building, standing in the middle of a square court. This square court had at one time 360 images; but these images were only rude, unsculptured stones. The Mohammedan Hadji to this day

circumambulates the "Holy House," for he gives it the same name as the shrine at Loretto; and these old stones, 360 in number, point to the ancient as well as the modern division of the circle, and also the ancient division of the year, thus combining a mathematical as well as an astronomical expression of numbers, telling that the follower of Mahomet, to this day, goes round the Caaba in imitation of the yearly course of the sun—a remnant of the old Sabæan and universal philosophy of the time, and the scientific portion of which even the iconoclastic Prophet could not destroy. If these speculations are correct—and they would be worthy of more particular inquiry—there may after all be found something really sacred in the Santa Casa at Loretto.

After leaving Ancona, the views from the steamer are very fine. You sail along the steep sides of Monte Comero, beyond which an open prospect presents itself; Loretto, and other towns, extending away inland, and the Apennines forming a blue distance. Slowly all these are left behind, fading into haze, as the ship steers away from land, and little else is seen till Brindisi is neared. As there is no high land, the Forte di Mare is the first prominent object you approach. This commands the entrance to the port. But one is more interested in the breakwaters to be seen around it, all of which are being constructed with a view to making this the port for Southern Italy, no less than the port for the East, as of old. One is reminded of those yugas, or cycles, of the Brahmins and Buddhists, where, after long ages, everything returns to the point they started from. This cycle has come round for Brindisi.

Heliotype.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

THE CASA VIRGILE, BRINDISI.

CHAPTER IV.

BRINDISI AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

VIRGIL died at Brundusium on his return from eastern travel. An English translation says,—

> "I sing of flocks, tillage, heroes; Mantua gave
> Me life; Brundusium, death; Naples, a grave.

There is an old tomb at the grotto of Posilipo, near Naples; the "opus reticulatum" of which it is constructed might be of Virgil's time; and there is the Casa Virgile at Brindisi to confirm the truth of the quotation.

On my first visit to Brindisi, in 1869, I came by train, which brings you along close to the coast all the way from Ancona. There are fine old towns, such as Bari, whose walls had a fishy smell in the time of Horace, and Trani; and there are what may be called forests of olive-trees. Olive-oil is the great produce of the locality, and at Brindisi it is worth paying a visit to one of the houses where the merchants keep this valuable commodity. They have large cisterns like tanners' vats. I saw a man from the country who had brought in a quantity. It was in goat-skins, like the Hindostan *mussuk*, only that the hair was inside. These were all emptied into the vats, where it is left for months to settle and become clear. There was but small standing-room in the place between these cisterns, and I was warned to take care

and not fall in—one may be fond of bathing, and yet not care much for a dip into olive-oil. They tell of a dog that fell in one day, but luckily was got out, dripping with this oil, so valuable here as a substitute for butter. A crowd hunted the poor beast with pieces of bread, rubbing them on the animal for the oil, and eating as they ran all through the town. Any one visiting these places had better be careful, or the dog's fate may be theirs. The place has a reputation for another product, with which I became acquainted on the first evening of my arrival. There was at that time no grand hotel there, and I put up at an inn kept by a Greek from Corfu. They could all speak English, and a son of the family performed the duties of waiter. He was a nice tall boy, but his face was so constructed that when he opened his mouth to speak or laugh, the operation shut up the eyes. He paid particular attention to me, and we became great friends. I asked what his name was, and he said, "Ulysse." Knowing he was from Greece, I said, "Oh, you are Ulysses of Ithaca." He understood the allusion; the mouth opened with a grin, and the eyes disappeared. "Well, Ulysses of Ithaca, what is there for dinner to-day?" Again the same facial expression appeared, and guess my astonishment at the announcement of "Ostriches, sir." It was not a joint of ostrich, nor even a single bird; he persisted in the plural number. The man noted for his capacity at meal-time, who said that a goose was too much for one person, and not enough for two, even he might be appalled at the prospect of a flock of ostriches for dinner. The heel of Italy's boot is not very far from Africa, and it was not

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COLUMNS AT THE END OF THE APPIAN WAY, BRINDISI.

impossible for supplies to come, and perhaps ostrich was one of the rare dishes of this southern clime. Speculations like that went through one's mind, when dinner at last solved the mystery. Ulysses of Ithaca came in, the mouth open and the eyes closed, bearing a plate of oysters. As my inability to understand him had assumed the appearance of doubt, there was an air of triumph as he placed the plate on the table, and said these were the "ostriches." The Italian word for oyster is *ostrica*, and Ulysse thought that he was pronouncing the English word to me.

It is curious to find that the Gulf of Tarentum and Britain were the two sources from which old Rome got her supply of oysters. Tarentum is now Taranto, and from that place the supply comes yet to Brindisi, and the quality is such that they may be recommended. Brindisi was Brindusium in the past. Brentision or Brundisium is supposed to be an Ætolian word (colonists from Ætolia being the reputed founders of the place), and to mean a stag's head, which is to this day the arms of Brindisi. The form of the harbour, being horned, or crescent-shaped, is supposed to have given origin to this. The Appian Way, which begins at Rome, ended at Brindisi. Two columns of Cipollino marble marked its termination, and one of these stands to the present day, almost perfect, on a terrace close to the harbour. The capital and some of the drums of the other column were carried off to Lecce, to make a base for a statue of the Virgin in the market-place, and the pedestal is nearly all that is now left. The capital of the one remaining is worthy of an inspection. It is Corinthian in style, but with a figure introduced,

looking like Jupiter or Serapis. Two columns with a crown over them go along with the stag's head in the armorial bearings of the town; and there is a tradition that at one time a large bronze crown surmounted these two columns, which are yet visible from the harbour. Perhaps the reason for this idea is that the two columns may be found represented in old sculptures, on the walls and other parts of the town, with a coronet still over them. In the centre of the market-place is a fountain formed of an ancient tazza, and it is ornamented in its centre with a bronze representation of the pillars, and a circling crown above them. If you drink a bottle of Brindisi wine (and a very fair wine is to be got here), the label will in all likelihood have on it the stag's head and horns, with the two pillars and crown. These two columns are so like to Jachin and Boaz, and Brindisi being an Oriental port in ancient times, one is inclined to ask, may there not have been some relationship?

The Casa Virgile is close to the two columns, and no one who has a few moments even to spare but will take a look at the old house. I sketched it on my first visit, and in those early days the woman who lived there did not quite comprehend why strangers should come into her abode. Since then I suppose she has got accustomed to it. I have doubts as to the age of the building. Some of the details have more the look of mediævalism about them than the classic look of old Roman Architecture. The round arches certainly indicate a date which belongs to what the French call *la Style Romaine*, and of that period it may be a very early specimen. If any of it belonged to the house where Virgil breathed his last, it is

a portion of the masonry to the right of the lower arch. I am now, from long experience, inclined to believe that all traditions have generally some form or another of truth as a basis—and this may have been in all probability the spot where the Roman poet ended his days, and yet the superstructure may not be of that date. The large stones, and more solid look of the masonry towards the lower part, which is so different from the varied patchwork above, helps to confirm this idea, and whether it be or be not the house where Virgil died, it is a quaint piece of antiquity. The fact remains, that the great poet expired in Brindisi, and this will always throw an additional interest over the place to the traveller that has enjoyed his works.

Amongst the many antiquities of Brindisi is a Templars' church. It is round in plan, as Templars' churches usually are, and in a ruinous condition, as if it had not been used as a place of worship for centuries. The roof is gone, but there are some fine old pillars, which no doubt belonged to some temple before they were part of a Christian church. Fragments of fresco adhere to the walls. When here on my first visit, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a very learned, and at the same time a most agreeable man, the Archdeacon Tarantini, who is a very celebrated archæologist, and well versed in the antiquities of Brindisi, which he has made a special study. On my last visit I renewed my acquaintance with the Archdeacon, and he took me to see his last discovery. It is an ancient underground church, or crypt, beneath the Church of St. Lucia. He supposes it to have been one of the first Christian

churches in Brindisi, and as old as the sixth century. It is very small, reminding one in this respect of the chapels of the Catacombs. Four fragments of antique marble columns support the arched roof, and very tall capitals in the Corinthian style connect the columns with the arches. One of these capitals is most beautifully carved, with much of the feeling of old Greek art about it. One would expect to find a cross in these capitals, and not finding it, one begins to believe that, like the fragments of columns beneath them, they are pre-Christian. But a closer inspection brings out four heads, heads of animals too, all having mitres upon them, and the Archdeacon declares that the mitre is not found in writings or pictures before the sixth century. This agrees with the date he ascribes to the church. The walls have been whitewashed; but this covering has peeled off in some places, leaving visible many fragments of fresco paintings. These fragments of art are very curious and valuable, as bearing on the ideas of the Church at an early period of its history. If Tarantini's speculations as to date are correct, these frescoes are three centuries older than those lately discovered in the underground Church of St. Clementi at Rome, and whoever has visited it will understand the importance of the still older frescoes in Brindisi. St. Nicholas and St. Basil can be made out; but the most interesting, and perhaps the most ancient, is a Virgin and Child. The Infant has the right hand in the act of benediction; but instead of the two forefingers and thumb being held up, as is now the manner in the Latin Church, the thumb seems in the picture to touch the third and fourth fingers, leaving only the two fingers erect. I understood the

Archdeacon to say this symbolized the two natures of Christ—the Divine and the Human; and that the Council of Chalcedon met to settle what was considered at that time a heresy on this very point. The Archdeacon believes that it was a church or oratory in itself; but the probability is that in later times it was the crypt of a church which stood over it. There are evidences of passages and stairs leading down on each side. If this were the case, it was a spot of great sanctity, and no doubt a much finer church than the modern one of St. Lucia, at present above it, whose aspect is of the most tawdry description.

The mails, which leave London on Friday evening, reach Brindisi early on Monday morning. The whole of this distance, *viâ* Mont Cenis, is 1477 miles. The "Poonah" left Venice on Friday about mid-day, and reached Brindisi on Sunday forenoon, giving us the most of that day and the night at that place. On Monday morning we took in over 300 bags of letters, for we carried, not only the India, but the Chinese and Australian mails, and shortly after six o'clock were steaming away for Alexandria.

The Italian coast on the west slowly recedes, and is soon lost to sight, but the Greek coast can be made out, and with the help of a map, the various islands can readily be identified. Cephalonia, with Ithaca behind, is easily distinguished; then Zante and Navarino can be seen, and the coast looks bare and rugged as you reach Cape Matapan and Cerigo. A fine view of Crete is generally obtained, for the steamer passes close along its western coast, which is bold and picturesque. In the winter the peaks of Mount Ida

are generally white with snow. I passed here in January, 1869; a Greek insurrection had been going on in the island for some time, which the Turkish authorities seemed unable to put down. At night we could see great fires among the mountains, as if they were beacons or signals. The Cretans have long pretended that Jupiter was buried in their island, and they have earned in past times a questionable reputation therefrom. Callimachus, in his hymn to Jupiter, says, "The Cretans are ever liars: for a tomb to thee, O King, the Cretans have constructed. But thou art not dead. For thou existest ever." It is supposed to be Epimenides which St. Paul quoted in his Epistle to Titus, "One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, The Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." The tomb, however, is shown to this day, and Captain Spratt, who surveyed the island for the Hydrographic Department of our Navy, gives a description of it. If, therefore, the Cretans are to be called "liars" on this account, I fear it would lead to a great deal of bad language, and if Callimachus had studied what may be called "tomb worship," he might have spoken differently of the Cretans.

After Crete no coast is visible till Alexandria is sighted, but if there is no land to interest the traveller, let him look over the ship's side, and watch the beautiful blue of the sea. It is not always the same, and it can be seen better in some places than in others. A few miles out from Alexandria, after leaving the deep water, and before reaching the impurities from the shore, you are in a good position to watch for this lovely blue. At times you could believe it to be liquid cobalt, or that mountains of

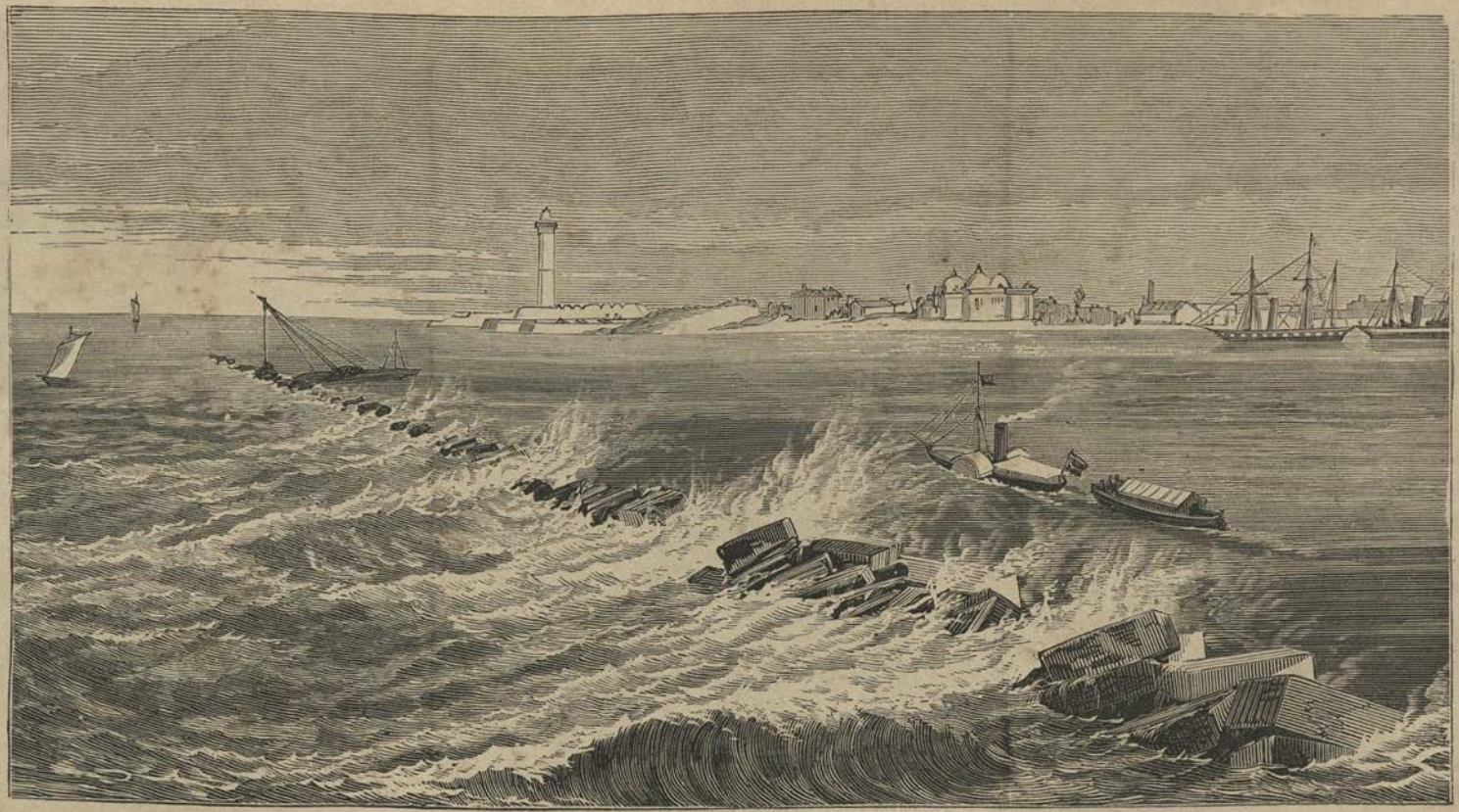
turquoise had been melted down into this ocean. Strange to say, the cause of this effect of colour has not yet been made quite clear. People seeing it for the first time jump to the conclusion that it is the reflection from the sky, but I have seen it when there was no blue in the sky whatever, so it is not a reflected colour. I believe that the blue colour of the Lake of Geneva presents the same problem for explanation, and probably that also seen in a glacier. I have always been inclined to believe that Goethe's theory of colour would solve the difficulty, but it does not seem to be in favour among the latest authorities in science, so for the time being the problem must be left in doubt. It is satisfactory, at least, to find that, although we may not be able to explain why blue is blue, we can still gaze into it, and derive a pleasure from its beauty.

We got into Alexandria about 11.30 a.m., Thursday, thus doing the trip from Brindisi in less than eighty hours.

CHAPTER V.

ALEXANDRIA AND EGYPT.

When we arrived, in November, 1869, at Alexandria for the ceremonies at the opening of the Suez Canal, the first news received was that an impenetrable mass of rock had turned up in the canal at the Serapeum; that it would be quite impossible to cut through it in time; that the canal itself, generally speaking, was a complete failure; that Lesseps knew this all along, and that the rock at the Serapeum would put the inauguration out of the question. There were people from all parts of the world, including an Empress, and an Emperor, Princes, and great folks of all ranks; and so Lesseps, unable to carry on the imposture any longer, had that morning blown out his brains with a revolver. Such was the intelligence that first came on board our ship when we got into Alexandria. Of course it was of Alexandrian manufacture. Alexandria had been all through jealous of the canal, and more particularly so of Port Said. It was to be a rival port. Port Said in its turn had a very free-and-easy way of talking about Alexandria. Port Said would in a short time be the Liverpool of Egypt; all the commerce of east and west would meet there; and, of course, all the commerce of Egypt would follow. With its great breakwater, a mile long into the sea, which would be made into a splendid



NEW BREAKWATER AT ALEXANDRIA.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

promenade, with cafés and music, all Egypt would come there to enjoy the sea breeze. So that Port Said would not only be the Liverpool, but even the Brighton of the land of Khem. And when that time arrived, Alexandria would relapse into forgetfulness and obscurity, the sands of the desert would encroach upon it, and soon the page of history alone would tell that there had ever been such a place. Was it to be wondered that Alexandria, looking at its upstart rival as depending on the canal for its success, regarded both as rank impostures? Such is the mode in which self-interest too often judges; and now we see more clearly how far wrong both parties were in this case. For, on my last visit, I found that Alexandria, instead of relapsing, as it was predicted would be the case, to a desert condition, is busy carrying out plans to extend its harbour accommodation. A long breakwater formed of artificial blocks of stone is being constructed, so as to entirely shut out all rough weather coming from the north-west, that being the only point of danger to the harbour; and when that is done, the vessels will be able to extend their anchorage more to the west. It is also a part of the plan to build quays with jetties, so that the steamers can come alongside and discharge their cargoes direct into the railway waggons. Already the train comes down to a temporary landing, and takes the Peninsular and Oriental passengers, so that they do not require to put up at an hotel for the day; but when the scheme is completed the steamer will herself be brought to the quay. At present they are taken on shore by a steam tender, but it will then be like the landing at Dover. As to the town of Alexandria itself, instead of

getting into a ruinous condition, what particularly astonished me was the amount of new building going on. Away in the direction of the Ramleh station great numbers of new houses have been run up. The Coptic church, which used to stand in a garden by itself, is now surrounded by houses. Everywhere there are building and constructive works going on, and from this it is pretty evident that the success of Port Said may be accomplished without the annihilation of Alexandria. One may recall to these rival ports the words Uncle Toby used in reference to himself and the fly, that there "is room in the world for both."

Prejudices of this kind are common to human nature everywhere. The Suez Canal was very much misunderstood in England. It is now believed by many that it was a political bias which led to this. But whatever the motive, it certainly was the fact that every Englishman considered the canal to be a delusion carried on by the French for diplomatic reasons, and that the sands of the desert would fill it up again as soon as it was made. In the early part of January, 1869, I went over the canal, at that time not finished, with a large party. We had the Duke of Sutherland, the Marquis of Stafford, Professor Owen, Mr. John Fowler, Dr. W. Russell, and others. M. Lesseps, knowing that the canal was to be described with both pen and pencil, not only came himself as a cicerone, but brought the principal gentlemen connected with the works, to supply every information. We were about a week going over the whole canal, and I believe that the result of this expedition was to put for the first time before the public in this country the real facts about the

LAKE MENZALEH, SUEZ CANAL.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

undertaking. The sand of the desert, so far as reported to be an obstacle to the making or filling up of the canal, turned out to be one of the most perfect myths on record. There was more trouble from the water than the sand. The north end had to pass through the water of Lake Menzaleh, and a solid bank on each side which had to be made was one of the most difficult parts of the whole undertaking. One of the clearest evidences that the sand would not interfere with the desired result was that large portions of the canal made by the Pharaohs were still in existence, and were in use as part of the sweet-water canal. The portions we saw were at Chaloof, which is now one of the stations on the railway. This canal is said by Herodotus to have been made by Neco, the son of Psammetichus, as early as the seventh century B.C., and Darius, the Persian, afterwards completed it. Its length was a voyage of four days, and its width was such that two triremes might sail abreast. It joined the Nile near Bubastis, and was connected with the Red Sea by means of sluices. So it was a fresh-water canal, and the present one runs almost in its course. The old galleys could come by this to the Nile at Bubastis, and then reach the Mediterranean. In making it 120,000 Egyptians perished, in the time of Neco. In the time of the caliphs it was extended up to Cairo, and was called the "Canal of Musr Cairo," and the "Canal of Fostat," an old name of Cairo. That portion of it seems to have been beautifully constructed, for it was called the "Canal lined with Marble," and the "Pearl Canal."

In January, 1869, our party visited the bitter lakes,

when the sluices were being made to let in the water from the Mediterranean side. At that date "les lacs amers" seemed a misnomer, for our party rode on horses and donkeys over the ground, and we met camels and goats also passing along. As far as the eye could see, all was solid land. In November of the same year I was at the opening ceremonies of the Suez Canal, and we sailed over this very ground on board a large steamer. Between the time of these two visits the place had changed from a desert to a vast sea—a sea so vast that ships were hull-down in the distance sailing upon it, only their funnels and masts visible above the horizon. The transformation seemed like enchantment, as if the wizards and genii of the east had been at work,—but, on consideration, it might appear doubtful whether individuals of that kind could have wrought such transformations. Engineers and contractors are our modern wizards and genii, and not only the bitter lakes, but the whole Suez Canal, is an evidence that they are far ahead of their ancient rivals.

The great breakwater at Port Said is another evidence that it was not sand, but water, which presented the difficulties to be overcome in constructing the canal. The beach at the Mediterranean end is flat and shallow. Through this the canal had to be cut till deep water was reached; but before doing this the breakwater was needed to preserve it from being again filled up, because the "Seven-mouthed Mile" brings down a great quantity of mud, and it is carried eastward by the currents at this part of the coast. Even the breakwater will not altogether stop the deposit of this mud, but it so lessens it,

Heliotype.

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BREAKWATER AT PORT-SAID.

that a small amount of dredging will preserve the requisite depth. The breakwater is about a mile long, and on the eastern side of the canal is another, which is more than half its length. They are both formed of large cubes of artificial stone.

Although the canal is a practical success, yet it is doubtful whether the English mails for the east will ever go by that route. Two days is the time ships require in its passage; coaling causes another delay, and Port Said is a good ten or twelve hours' sailing farther east than Alexandria. When all the improvements at Alexandria are finished, and the steamer can go alongside a jetty with the train upon it—with a steamer coaled and ready for sailing at Suez—mails and passengers need not be over twelve hours in the Egyptian transport.

Still it may be doubted whether overland passengers care for this very quick despatch. After being some days on ship, there is a desire for a change; an hour or so on shore is a great relief to the monotony of the vessel. And to those who are passing for the first time there is a desire to have a look at Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. Much of the interest of the trip through Egypt is lost now since the train goes by Zagazig instead of Cairo. This can be obviated by staying a week, and going on by the next steamer. In our case we were sent through to Suez by a special train during the night, so that very little was seen of the land of the Pharaohs.

At Zagazig I tried with a friend to get a glimpse of the old mounds, which is all that is left of Ancient Bubastis, but it was so very dark that my friend had to use his faith

and accept the existence of the mounds upon the assurance of my word. After leaving Zagazig the railway enters the desert, but it goes by a hollow, known as the Wadi Tomlet, also known as the Valley of the Saba Bir, or the Seven Wells. There are speculations, and with much appearance of truth in them, that this valley is an old mouth of the Nile, by which a portion of its waters reached the Red Sea. The canal of the Pharaohs went through this valley, and it was truly enough a mouth of the Nile, although artificial. The Seven Wells may indicate that some of the Nile water still finds its way underground by its old channel.

M. Lesseps told us that while engaged in the work of the canal, he had given some attention to the line of route taken by the Children of Israel on their departure from Egypt, and that this valley was, in his opinion, the way they went. I think he also supposed the passage of the Red Sea to have taken place at the north end of the bitter lakes. We need not doubt but it was at one time the end of that sea. This implies a literal acceptation of the history of the Exodus. Although I believe that it requires a symbolical rendering to be fully understood, yet M. Lesseps' theories had an interest to me, for the theory which has suggested itself to my mind implies that Sinai was a place of, perhaps yearly, pilgrimage from Egypt, and this may have been the route taken. There are many evidences that Sinai and its neighbourhood was a sacred place for pilgrims in ancient times, and one of the most striking proofs of this is that of the Wadi Mokattab, or the "Written Valley," from the rocks on each side being covered for miles with the names of pilgrims, many

of them in characters so old that they are not now readable. Pilgrims still go to this day, but a religious cycle having gone round, and the bulk of the population in these regions being Mohammedans, Medina and Mecca are the holy places now instead of Sinai.

CHAPTER VI.

SUEZ.

SUEZ has passed through many revolutions and changes, not only of faith, but of race as well. It comes into history as Arsinoe, from the mother of the first of the Ptolemies; it was also known as Cleopatris. At another period it was called Clysma, and by some this is supposed to be the origin of Kolzim, a name by which Suez is known to this day. The mountains, as well as the Red Sea at this part, have got this name attached to them. This word has also been translated "Destruction," and applied to the fate of Pharaoh and his hosts. Jebel Attaka, the high hill on the west, has its name translated "Deliverance;" and there is the Wadi Mousa, or the Valley of Moses, some miles farther south; all names connected with the old history, and of interest to every traveller, no matter how he may choose to translate the story.

My first visit to Suez was in March, 1862, on my return from India. It seems ages ago, the place has changed so much since that time! Soon the Suez of that recent date will be as lost and forgotten as the Arsinoe and Clysma of the past. Its very site will probably change. Since my first visit fate has often sent me there again. There is a dirty and picturesque bazaar very attractive to an artist, and I always look in while passing through. During one of my visits I made the

acquaintance of a small colony of Jews there, and from frequent visits to them, I at last got on such good terms, that I learned a great deal about their domestic affairs, much of which I fear was not quite according to the Mosaic law. I had an amusing adventure on one of my visits to this place with a Tartar Hadji from the Crimea. He was on his way to perform the Hedjaz again, and had with him two or three young Tartars who were going for the first time. As Burton's book was familiar to me, the idea occurred of pretending I had also been to Mecca, and was a Hadji. I was breaking down in my story for want of language, when a Lascar belonging to one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ships turned up among the crowd, and as he could speak Hindostani he acted as interpreter, and my claim to be a Hadji as having gone to Mecca was clearly established to the satisfaction of every one present, particularly to the delight of the old Tartar himself. It is a great compliment to Burton's book to say, that my knowledge of the ceremonies at Mecca, by which I was able to pass my examination in this case, was almost wholly derived from it.

The aspect of the desert about Suez is very striking. The whole landscape is like a slightly-done piece of toast; the colour of the sea from this contrast is deeper and brighter. When one used to come from Cairo by the train, it brought you over the high ground to the west, and the effect of the blue water, with no tint around it but the buff-coloured sand, which extended as far as the eye could reach, northwards and southwards, was peculiarly fine. It is strange now, looking north from Suez, to see the

masts of ships in the desert. The water of the canal is not visible, and the rigging of a vessel seen slowly moving along has a spectral look about it.

The hot sun acting on the air here has the tendency to make the outlines of the landscape dance and shake, and produce the effects of mirage; and one is apt to suppose that a ship seen away over miles of sand, under circumstances like these, can only be an optical delusion—an atmospherical effect, and not a reality. The term "ship of the desert" applied to a camel is very expressive, and it is generally supposed that the Arab uses these words. It is also supposed that he talks of a ship as the "camel of the sea"—which is likewise a good figurative phrase. Now, in reality, the Arab uses neither of these forms of expression. He has a generic word; it is *Merkab*, and means "the riding thing:" it is found in Chaldaic and Hebrew as *Rechab*, and, strange to say, the word "Rechabites" is derived from it, and in no sense does it relate to abstinence from intoxicating liquors. An Arab calls a camel "El Gimmel;" but he also says it is "El Merkab," or the riding thing. A ship rides the waves, and he uses the same term to it, but he never would transpose "Jahaz," a ship, for the word "Gimmel."

It is not many years since Ruskin was expressing his fears that cockney sportsmen might find their way to the region of Sinai. It did not then occur to him that the snort of the locomotive and the shriek of the steam whistle would soon be familiar sounds thereabouts; but so it is. The "Merkab" of the present day is the railway train. The camel of the desert is now the iron horse; passengers to India, China, and Australia ride on it through the wilderness. The real camel, of course, can be seen about

Suez, but it is quite possible you might pass through and never see one; but you could not fail to hear the voice of its successor. It is the same iron horse which is the propelling power through the Suez canal, where we may, to use the supposed words of the Arabs, say that the camel of the sea has truly become the ship of the desert.

The great sandbank at Suez had to be dug through for the canal. The stuff thrown out formed an embankment, and at the end of it the Egyptian Government have erected docks, including a graving-dock, with railway station and other buildings. This will probably be the nucleus of the Suez of the future. The offices of the canal are also on the embankment. Here also is erected a large bust, with an inscription on the pedestal telling that it is placed there by "La Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez AU LIEUTENANT WAGHORN." It is a most fitting place for such a monument, and the French deserve every credit for their taste and judgment in its erection. Waghorn is said to have been one of those prophets who was not honoured or rewarded in his own country. Well, it is a great thing for prophets to remember that there are other countries to honour and respect them. In 1868 there was an old hulk at Suez, painted in buff colour, to harmonize, I suppose, with the prevailing tint of the locality. That was the first ship of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. Her name was meant to be in a sense prophetic, it was the "Precursor," for she certainly has been the forerunner of a goodly fleet. Every vessel that now goes through the Suez Canal is only following the mission which this old hulk began. Like so many others, this old craft was Clyde-built, and of a type now extinct. There

need be no doubt about the development theory so far as it relates to steamboats, and the "Precursor" had long ceased to be adapted to the new condition of things. In her last days she was a store-ship of the Peninsular and Oriental Company for the supply of the fleet on the Indian side, but has now been broken up and disappeared.

The old vessel began a revolution, and has seen the end of at least one aspect of it. What changes have taken place in that short period! The Indian mutiny was a great event, and India becoming the Queen's, instead, as of old, the property of a "Company Sahib," was in itself a vast revolution. Perhaps the most wonderful revolution produced since the Peninsular and Oriental Company have run their splendid fleet of ships has been that in the habits and morals of the Europeans in India. Before this line started it used to be about a six-months' voyage round the Cape. The overland route reduced it to a month; and with this came many changes in India. The domestic or home life of England was carried there by this means, and certain old arrangements have passed away. I have heard officers (of the grumbling kind, no doubt) say that it is a change, but no improvement, and they illustrate their ideas by the remark that "in the old days we were never bothered with such things as divorce courts." Well, that was certainly an advantage, but we need scarcely suppose that even these grumblers would care to go back to the old state of things; and we must give Lieutenant Waghorn, and the line to the East which he originated, credit for the good which has been accomplished in a moral as well as in a commercial sense.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RED SEA.

We were to have left Suez on Friday morning, but cargo had to be taken out to make room for goods in a hurry for Australia; so it was Saturday morning, August 17th, when we left Suez. Our ship was the "Ellora," Captain Frazer, and the "Golconda," the weekly mail-steamer for Bombay, started about the same time. We had scarcely left when the usual instinct for betting commenced as to which should first cast anchor at Aden. From the appearance of the two vessels, the odds were against the "Ellora." When the "Golconda" reached that place we did not learn, for we arrived, coaled, and were off again, and she had not been seen or heard of.

The Arabs call the Red Sea Bahr-Soof, and the Gulf of Suez they call the Sea of Kolzim; the Coptic name was the Sea of Sari; and the old Hebrew name is almost the same as the Arabic. People coming here for the first time, and looking at the dark-blue waters, generally put the question, "Why is this sea called Red?" There are a number of explanations, and all seemingly doubtful. One is that the name comes from the colour of the sand; but then the sand is *not* red—at least, there is nothing in my colour-box with the word "red" attached to it which has the slightest resemblance to the tint of the sands here. Another explanation is the quantity of coral of a

red tinge at the more southern end of the sea. The coral is not visible as affecting the colour of the water, and even if it did, it would only be in spots, and a mere fraction of the extent of this mass of water; so that this is evidently only a guess. This equally applies to the theory which is most usually given in books, that the name comes from a weed, or plant, which grows in the water and yields a red colour for dyeing cloth. Father Lobo, who visited Abyssinia more than two centuries ago, gives minute accounts of this plant, "often eaten by me," he says; and he makes the word *soof*, or *suf*, to mean, as it does in the Hebrew, "reeds" or "sedges." There is guess-work and uncertainty on the face of all this, and it fails to meet the case, for the Red Sea was also called the Erythrean Sea. Now this name applied also to the Persian Gulf and the whole Indian Ocean; the word is supposed to come from "eruthros," which in the Greek means red. The sand at Suez, the coral at Bab-el-Mandeb, or even the extraction of a dye from sea-weed, will not satisfy any one as an explanation why such a vast mass of water is associated with this particular colour. The origin of the name here seems quite as difficult to get at as does that of the colour itself, without the name, in the case of the Mediterranean. This last is blue enough to have justified a name; but it is not so, and the Black Sea certainly is not black. Whence its name? Calling a sea the "Middle of the Earth" is strange; but we know that it was connected with certain cosmical ideas, and in that mythic region may yet perhaps be found the reason why black and red are given as names to two seas. The colour of the "Yellow Sea," which will come to be

noticed by-and-by, leaves no doubt as to the source from which it got its title.

In sailing down the Gulf of Suez the land on each side is visible. The burnt-up-looking mountains of the African side are particularly forbidding in their aspect. On the other side you pass the wells of Moses; the spot can be made out from the few palm-trees which owe their existence to the moisture there, and beyond that all is sand. There are mountains in the distance, and as you get south these increase in height. At last a number of peaks are pointed out, and you are told that Sinai is one of them; but I never was lucky enough in passing to find any one on board who could identify the particular peak. I remember on returning from the Abyssinian war we had on board with us Alumaiyou, the son of King Theodore, and his tutor, a Coptic priest of the Abyssinian Church. As the pupil had to read to him two chapters a day from a Bible in his own language, of course the priest was perfectly familiar with the names of places in Scripture history. He talked about Sinai for days before we reached it, and was most anxious to know which particular mountain it was. He gazed over the side of the ship, he borrowed binoculars, and the captain's telescope was continually brought into use, and some one at last, as an act of kindness, pointed out a peak as the real one. The binoculars and telescopes were brought to bear on it all the time it was in sight. After that he became anxious about the place where Moses crossed the Red Sea and Pharaoh came to grief. Having obliged him greatly to his satisfaction as to Sinai, and remembering the sailor-boy's story to his

grandmother, we promised him a sight of the place, and that he would see the wheels of Pharaoh's chariots at the bottom of the water; but a saving clause was added to this promise, that much would depend on the state of the water—that the slightest ripple would prevent one from seeing the bottom. As we were to reach Suez the following day, I feel sure that Alika Zenab added a word or two to his prayers that night having a reference to the wind next morning.

The strong devotional feeling of the Abyssinians is very marked, and this was not the only case which came under my notice; but whoever has been to Jerusalem may remember how they stand, or sit, in a corner, muffled round with white, gazing at the Holy Sepulchre. They place themselves there for hours, motionless as if they were mummies. On our march down from Magdala I met a man one morning who had been a soldier of Theodore's, but had deserted, as numbers did, towards the end of his career. To deter others, Theodore placed all their wives and children in a house, and set fire to it. When this man learned of the death of his wife and two children in this way, he renounced the world and assumed the cowl of the monk; and when I met him he was trying to make his way to Jerusalem, to serve, as he expressed it, "at the tomb of his Lord."

The Red Sea is never a particularly cool locality; but the month of August is noted as being the hottest in the year, and in our case, certainly, the heat was terrible, increasing as we went south. There are a few places in the world where the heat is so great, that it is said there

is only a sheet of brown paper between them and a certain very hot region. Talking to one of the ship's officers I alluded to this traditional sheet of paper, and said there could not be much more than it where we were; he replied that during the most of the year it was so, but that in the month of August the heat was so great that this sheet of brown paper got burnt up, and we had not even that protection from the fiery sources of our torment. On leaving Suez it was comparatively cool, but even there the vast extent of burning sand we could see gave warning of the sort of ordeal that was before us.

As we go on, the desert on each side almost seems flaming. There is the quivering of every outline from the movement of the heated air, and a tendency at all times to a mirage. Still, a breeze from the north keeps the ship in a state of tolerable coolness, but there are ominous doubts as to its chances of duration, and when it dies away our real misery is to begin. Sleeping on deck is the fashion, and every night increases the number of what seems corpses laid out in rows on the poop deck. As we near the middle of the Red Sea, the ladies find it impossible to exist at night in the cabins below, and they have their beds brought on deck. Wiping the perspiration from the face and neck is the only possible occupation. If you try to write, great drops gather and come down with a splash as if from a thunder-cloud. Men with bald heads seem to have a crop of pearls always coming up through the skin. All the pores of the body seem like perpetual fountains of water.

The sight on the forecastle is very striking at night. There are the crew of Lascars, and the Seedy-Wallahs,

or negroes, who do the stoking. The stewards also take refuge on the forecastle, and it is the only place for the second-class passengers. Among them are two Chinese women, a Malay woman, and a group of Ayahs from Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta. There are two Jews from Singapore, an English groom in charge of a horse, and a few others belonging to a better position in life, but who cannot afford to pay first-class fare; so it forms a varied collection. All come on the forecastle, except a lady or two, who do not like the thick crowding of such a mass. In the evening the whole place gets crowded, every inch of space is covered; the heat is far too great for fun, singing, or even conversation; each lays himself down to rest, and remains there absorbed with his own sensations till sleep gives him repose. Wherever there is a spot where a man can lay his body it is soon filled. The whole looks as if some magic power had charmed them all into rest and silence. The position of many, nay, of nearly all, was that of extreme exhaustion; suggesting, with the stillness, that it was the sleep of death. They were more like the bodies on a battle-field, whose sleep knows no waking. My last experience of this kind was in the streets of Paris during the Commune, and the death-like groups here brought back vividly its dreadful scenes. We had the moon with us in the Red Sea, and its light dimly shining through a vapoury sky only helped to make the scene all the more weird-like.

On the poop the narrow mattresses from the cabins are brought up and laid down in rows; we all come up in pyjamas, any further covering would be *un peu de trop* in such a climate. Where all are so much alike it is

difficult to make out your own particular bed; one hears grumbling from some fellow that he can't find his mattress, or that it is occupied by somebody else, but quarrelling even with the most cantankerous temper would be out of the question; and soon there is silence here as on the forecastle.

A portion of the poop is fenced off for the ladies. At Brindisi a little woman came on board with her husband, and bearing in her arms a very small baby. They were second-class passengers. The lady was pretty, and the baby evidently took after its mother. It was pretty and small to a degree. It had nice blue eyes. Mother and baby were great favourites. As we had few passengers on the Mediterranean side, the two were often on the poop; but after Suez, from the greater number of passengers, as well as the construction of the ship, we never saw them. At last we heard that the baby was ill, suffering from the heat. Further inquiries told us that it was very ill. Some of us went to see it, and found that it had got very thin; its blue eyes kept staring, and took no notice of anything; and there were fears that the poor thing would not reach Aden. The mother had no right to come to the poop, and sleeping on the forecastle was impossible, even in daytime she could not go there; and to be confined below in a cabin was next to death, and gave no hope for the infant. Accordingly, there was a small conference on the poop, resulting in a diplomatic mission to the doctor. This led to further negotiations with the other ladies of the cabin, and the captain, who was a good fellow, at once gave his consent to what was wanted, and the mother and baby were sent for.

Where I slept I could see dimly the corner where they were, and often an anxious hand adjusting the pillow where the little treasure lay. If it can reach Aden there may be hope. The heat is trying to the strongest; so, what must it be to a tender infant of five months old?

I have now to say something about the dangers of a voyage to India. What has been told relates to the discomforts only at this particular season. Shipwreck does occur, but that is at such rare intervals that it need not be counted upon. There are other casualties of a physical nature which may take place, but it is nothing of that kind I have to refer to at present. India has produced many heroes; men who have earned such titles as "Bravest of the Brave," *Sans peur et sans reproche.* Men who have been on many a battle-field, and through many dangers, though they may have escaped unhurt, have yet been conquered on the deck of a Peninsular and Oriental steamer. A voyage from Southampton to Calcutta, or even from Brindisi to Bombay, is a long time for ladies and gentlemen to be placed constantly together in one another's society—people soon get acquainted with each other on board ship. There is nothing to do, and time has to be killed in some way. Novel reading, or writing letters home to your friends describing the voyage, are good, harmless occupations; but when you come to play at quoits, cards, and chess, the same thing cannot be said of them. When it is seen that the same couple are always in the same game of quoits, or cards, and the same game of chess, one is apprehensive of danger. And when it reaches the point of walking constantly together on deck, looking over the

Heliotype. *From the* ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

POOP OF P. & O. CO.'S SHIP.

ship's side, to study the blue water of the Mediterranean, or watching together the sunset on the Red Sea, the peril is great indeed. There are so many ways of being obliging on board ship. There is moving the lady's chair when the sun comes round upon her; going down below for something she wants. There is lending of novels; the lady has, perhaps, forgotten some particular kind of envelope, paper, pens, or ink, and your ample store is at her service. At Alexandria she would like to see Pompey's pillar and Cleopatra's needle, and you of course are also most anxious to have a look at them.

The transit through Egypt is full of situations where a lady requires help from a gentleman. Nothing can be more dangerous than all this; people under such circumstances seem to each other the most charming creatures in the world, and the actual results are too well known. Do not suppose that it is only giddy young things who are thus influenced—probably they are the most liable; but respectable old warriors, under the novelty of the conditions, are in the net before they know where they are. I have seen a lady coming home with her two children, leaving her husband in India, and there was a parting scene at Southampton with a considerable flow of tears in it.

There is another aspect of existence on board ship which ought to be noticed, particularly when we are in the Red Sea in the month of August. We may have heard of "Hell upon Earth;" and I think that the nearest literal realization of these words was what I ventured down to see in the stoke-hole of the "Ellora." The descents of Ulysses and Æneas to the infernal regions do

not seem, from the description, to have had anything very uncomfortable about them. The heat certainly was not complained of. Virgil says,—

> "The gates of hell are open night and day;
> Smooth the descent, and easy is the way."

The descent to a stoke-hole cannot be told in these words, for it is difficult. It might be called smooth, for it is an iron stair; but the smoothness means slipperiness, and you only save yourself by holding on to a hot iron railing till you reach the Gehenna below, where, stumbling over a lot of coal in the darkness, you find yourself in a region so hot, that you could easily suppose you had just been pitched into one of the furnaces by mistake, and that you were a part of the combustion going on by which the steam is produced. A clanking iron door opens, and from it comes a glare of light and still more burning heat. With this, the living beings of the place become visible, and they are great brawny negroes who come principally from the coast of Zanzibar, and whose lot it is to live in this Gehenna of Gehennas. On deck, under an awning, which is watered on the top every hour or so, and with every appliance we can think of, the life is still insufferable, and what must it be down here? There are twelve boilers, six on each side, each with a blazing furnace; everything round you, even the floor you stand upon, is iron at a burning heat. The Hindoo ascetic goes through a torture, called the "Panch Agni," or five fires. He sits in the centre of four fires, and the sun overhead is the fifth. As a torture it ought to be comparative comfort in contrast to a stoke-hole in the Red Sea. The poor negroes,

accustomed though they may have been to an African sun, often faint at their work down here, and have to be carried on deck, where buckets of water are dashed over them till they come back to consciousness.

The cooks on board such a ship are not much better off so far as temperature is concerned; they have to be at work by six in the morning, and before that even, to get the morning cup of tea or coffee ready, and all day they are boiling, baking, roasting, and frying, till the evening, with a fire on each side of them in the galley.

The very slight breeze from the north just moves at about the same speed as the ship, and thus the motion of the vessel gives no ventilation. No wind at all would be better. Captains at times stop the engines for a little, to let this slight breath of air blow through and give a little ventilation, and in very hot days they even turn the ship round and sail for a quarter of an hour against the wind.

On leaving the Gulf of Suez, and passing through the Straits of Jubal, leaving Shadwan—an island as bare as a biscuit—on the right, land soon disappears on each side. There are islands at times visible on the way down. The first of these are the "Brothers," two bare rocks just cropping up a few feet above the sea—most dangerous neighbourhood—for a ship might be on them in a fog with no warning. There is a lighthouse now on one of these. Still farther south is one of the most dangerous kind of places which it is possible to conceive. It is a coral reef extending for some distance. It is nowhere visible; only the surf can be seen, and there are only a few feet of water over it. The Arabic name is

"Abdul Kheeson;" but our sailors call it the "Deadleys," a most expressive word in this instance, which had its origin, if I am not mistaken, in the loss of H.M.S. "Dædalus" on this reef. There is of course a lighthouse here; and I believe it is kept by four Europeans. Three of them are always in charge, and one is away on leave; for each has a three months' *congé* in the year. It must be a curious life in such a place, for there is no dry land; the lighthouse is perched on iron pillars, and the waves wash under them. All supplies must be sent from Suez, and that is a two days' sail to a steamer. The next land visible to steamers is the island of St. John. What this sun-burnt isle has to do with the saint, I do not know. Patmos has a valley with one tree in it, called the "Saint's Garden." No one could accuse this island of having even a single bush upon it. If St. John ever lived here, it would explain why he is always represented with an eagle; it must have been to bring supplies. There is a peak on the island about 1000 feet high; and from its shape it may have been an old volcano. The track of steamers is pretty nearly along the middle of the sea; and on this line Jebel Teer is the next island. This is also an old volcano; it seems to be a mound of ashes, with an extinct crater or two on the top. The next is a group of islands, with the name "Zebayer" attached to them. There are twelve bare rocks here of various sizes. There are a good many islands which come into view between this and Perim, Jebel Zoogur being one of the largest. Mooshedagerah is the small island on which the "Alma" was lost about thirteen or fourteen years ago. The Arabic word "Jebel" means a hill or mountain.

So any island with this attached will tell something at least of its formation.

On the mainland of Arabia, although not seen from the ship's course, we pass a most important region—that is from a political and religious point of view. It is called the "Hedjaz," and includes Mecca and Medina, associated with the whole history of Mahomet, and now the place of sacred pilgrimage to all his followers. Whoever visits this, once at least in his life, acquires a great merit from the journey, a merit giving the performer an extra title of entrance into Paradise.

At Medina is the tomb of the prophet himself, as well as those of Abubecker, Omar, and Fatima. There is also, strange to say, a vacant tomb for Isa ben Maryam, Jesus the Son of Mary. The ancient tomb-worship, a subject already referred to, and which will be considered again when we get to China, soon explained to me the myth about Mahomet's coffin hanging between heaven and earth. Historically, his coffin is said to be in Medina; symbolically, a coffin expresses the essence of the ancient system of religious ideas. When a man died he left this earth and went through the grave, or the tomb, to another world; he passed from this world to the next. Here men die; in the next they live for ever. Here we are in the world of death; the next is the realm of life. Hence the ancients said, *Mors janua vitæ*, "Death is the gate of life." Over the door of the so-called tomb of David at Jerusalem are the words, "This is the gate of the garden of paradise;" and it is the usual inscription on a Mussulman saint's grave. The coffin is the necessary way to heaven, and this is the most ancient of all

religious ideas. In this, I am not considering whether the ancients were right or wrong; I am only explaining the manner in which, by words or by symbols, they expressed their faith. To the founder of a religion this symbolism of the tomb got attached; hence the explanation why Mahomet's coffin is between this world and the next. That it hangs between heaven and earth is only another, and rather absurd, way of expressing the same idea.

Mecca is not only the cardinal point of the pilgrimage, but it may be said to be the central point of the Mohammedan religion, and to it every Mohammedan turns his face while in prayer. The sacred centre in Mecca is the Kaaba, which stands in the middle of a square, formed of colonnades and gates. It is a very small building; in French metres it is $15 \times 13 \times 12$. As the floor of this room is a few feet above the ground, its proportions must be very nearly that of a cube. We noticed in passing that the Santa Casa at Loretto seemed to be a double cube; perhaps these are only accidental coincidences, but they are worth noting. The Kaaba has no architectural features about it. It is a simple box built of plain stone. The most striking feature is a black curtain, which is placed over it as if it were a pall over a coffin. All the traditions at Jerusalem may be found at Mecca; and among them that of Adam's grave. The skull at the foot of the cross symbolically indicates the dead body of Adam; the old painters represented the whole body in a coffin. The hand holds a chalice, and from the wound in the side the blood flows into it—"the blood which is the life"—and the first man becomes again a living soul. The Mohammedans have no sacrifice

in the ceremonies of their religion, so that much of the old symbolism is lost with them. Prayer and praise may be said to include almost the whole practice of their rites, and prayer at the tomb of a holy man is so common that it strikes any one who travels in the East.

The Kaaba does not stand with its sides to the cardinal points; the door faces to the north-east. It is a very small opening, and is some distance above the ground; and there are no steps, so that it reminds one of the entrances to the round towers of Ireland. At the same corner is the celebrated black stone, which like the sacred rock at Jerusalem, is considered to be a veritable portion of Paradise. As these two stones came from heaven, they will, according to the legends attached to each, return thither again at the last day. At the corner of the black stone of Mecca is the celebrated well of Zem-Zem. The "Tawaf" is considered to be an important part of the rites, and consists of circumambulating the Kaaba seven times. It is often performed during the ceremonies. On the last it is repeated, kissing the stone each time, and the final three rounds are considered as peculiarly sacred; first, they pour the holy water over themselves as a bath; and they believe that "their sins fall from them as dust;" on the next round, they drink this holy water, believing it to be the water of life. On the last time, they kiss the black stone, and repeat the following prayer:—"Oh, Allah! I extend my hand to thee, and great is my desire to thee! Oh, accept thou my supplication, and diminish my obstacles, and pity my humiliation, and graciously grant me thy pardon." The pilgrim having now, by these ceremonies, made himself per-

fectly pure, puts on a dress of new and clean white cloth. On his return home these are laid carefully away, and preserved till his death, when they become the "white robes" in which he is to be buried, and in which he will appear before Allah.

As this has become an age of pilgrimages, one may be excused for saying a word on the subject. I have myself been to the source of the sacred Ganges, one of the most holy places of pilgrimage in the world. There I bathed and drank of the water, the same rite as at Mecca; and I was supposed by the Hindoos to have washed away all previous sin. I believe, myself, that the ceremony may have symbolized the washing away of all former misdeeds on my part; and am inclined to believe that it was from this idea the performance originated. The Ganges flows from under the throne of gems on which Iswarra sits; the water of Zem-Zem flows from under the precious black stone at Mecca, which is worshipped even to this day as Allah; and the waters from both these sources have the virtue of moral purification.

The old idea seems to have been this—certain spots, from some cause or another, became in the minds of men the place where the Divine Presence dwelt, or rather, the Divine Presence was symbolized as dwelling there. There is only a word or two of difference in the definition; but the ultimate conclusion deducible from the two statements becomes very wide. The journey or pilgrimage to such a sacred centre symbolized the whole journey or pilgrimage of life. It was the voyage from this world to the next. You passed from this into the presence of God, or, to adhere to the symbolical definition, to reach

the sacred centre, where the Divine Presence was represented. As an earthly journey, it typified the spiritual and real journey of the soul through the difficulties and dangers of this life. To go up to the visible Jerusalem typified the spirit's passage to the golden or invisible city. Jerusalem is the traditional burial-place of Adam, and the place of the Holy Sepulchre. All other places of pilgrimage belonging to the Christian Church, be it Roman or Greek, are founded on this, and have a sepulchral relic. According to the Council of Trent, the altar on which the mass is celebrated must have a portion of a human body within it; without this, according to the decree of the Church, it could not be the mass. The altar is thus a tomb, and on this shrine the priest goes through the sacrifice of the Eucharist.

By understanding the theory of the greater pilgrimages, we get a knowledge of the smaller. Let the place be Sinai, Jerusalem, Mecca, or the Ganges, we find that the journey to it is made as to the source of life. If pilgrimages were performed to teach the real journey of life to this source, which I believe was the case at one time, few would object to them. We have every reason to believe that the ancient mysteries were only the acting of a pilgrimage. The rites as performed in modern times by the "sons of light" do certainly contain this pilgrimage, and its application to our behaviour in life. All this is done without any pretence of miracle or the supernatural. The "free and accepted" does not find himself with science appealing against what he has been taught. He is told rather that science is to be his study.

If pilgrimages are to be a part of our faith in the

nineteenth century, they will require to be modelled something after this fashion, and then they will become good and useful. Torturing the body over a long and toilsome journey belongs to the period and to ideas of asceticism. The modern European will not do that now. The railway has settled that aspect of it. How long privations and hardships will characterize the pilgrimages of the east it will be hard to say. Screw steamers now take the pilgrims through the canal and down the Red Sea to Jeddah; by the same means they come from India *viâ* Aden. So it may be said that the "boiling of the peas" has already begun.

Still the mass of them go by land to the Hedjaz. In February, 1869, I was in Cairo when the pilgrims started. It is a great ceremony; the Khedive is present; and as the caravan starts, he says, "Go, and Allah be with you!" On this occasion the Prince and Princess of Wales, being in Cairo, accompanied the Khedive to witness the departure. The great point of importance in this caravan is that it takes out two carpets or coverings for the Kaaba and the prophet's tomb at Medina. I was at considerable pains at that time to get correct information about it, and the following may be relied upon as being pretty nearly correct in all its details:—

The Kisweh-el-Nebbee, or covering of the Kaaba, is of black cloth, with a green fringe. The Kisweh-el-Toorbeh, or covering of the prophet's tomb, has an ornamental border of Arabic inscriptions from the Koran. Both are made in Cairo. Two similar carpets are sent from Constantinople, and the Sheriff of Mecca also supplies the same number. The carpets are placed the one over the

Heliotype.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

HOLY CARPETS LEAVING CAIRO FOR MECCA.

other upon the roof of the Kaaba. When the new carpets arrive the old ones are cut up and distributed among the pilgrims as very sacred relics. The carpets which form the covering of the prophet's tomb at Medina are moved when the new ones arrive to the tomb of Abubecker, next year to Omar's, and, after being used at all the tombs at Medina, are returned to the place whence they came. After mending and stitching, they serve as a cover to the tombs of saints and holy men, till they become too ragged for any purpose, and they are then cut up in bits, and these fragments are sold to the faithful, and worn as amulets. The Cairo carpets, when ready to send off, are placed for a few days in the Hassaneim mosque; they are then removed to the Karamedan, where they are exposed for a day to the inspection of the faithful. Carefully folded up, they are enclosed within a richly-embroidered canopy, and a handsome camel has the honour of carrying them to their destination. So holy are these carpets supposed to be, that as the procession moved through the streets of Cairo the crowd rushed madly forward to touch and kiss the cloth of the embroidered canopy, and the guards had to use their sticks in defence. Flags and standards of every description are carried along with it. The men who go as pilgrims with this caravan also carry emblems of their various trades. I do not suppose that these emblems are thus carried during the whole journey through the desert, I speak only of the starting ceremonies. There is one noted figure in this procession. He is called the Sheik-el-Gimmel, and he goes bareheaded, and naked to the waist, seated on a camel. As he goes he rolls his head of black shaggy

hair. I was told that he does this the whole way to Mecca, and that he derives an extreme odour of sanctity from performing the Hadj under such peculiar and fantastic circumstances. The function is hereditary. Another important personage is the chief sheik of the descendants of the prophet in Cairo. This man performs a very strange custom when the pilgrims return. The faithful among the crowd throw themselves down on the ground, and he rides over them, his horse walking on their backs.

The marching and camping for such a long distance has to be done according to something like military discipline, and consequently, after passing out of Cairo, the pilgrims encamp for a day or so, to be organized for the journey. Their route is through the desert, and they pass Suez to the north, at Chaloof, now a station on the railway. They then cross the Sinaitic Peninsula, thus suggesting the resemblance to the Exodus. From the head of the Gulf of Akaba they proceed southward to Medina and Mecca.

If Mecca is the burial-place of Adam, Eve rests not far away. Her tomb is at Jeddah, which is the port of Mecca on the Red Sea. I met an officer belonging to the Egyptian Government, who had visited it, and gave me a slight description of it. If our first mother's size was anything like that of her tomb, her children are now miserably degenerated creatures. The tomb is about sixty or seventy feet long. There is an enclosure all round, with some buildings used as mosques. In the centre is a building with a dome, and in it what is called the Umbilicus. One could wish that we had

more details of this monument. The difficulty here is, to assign a reason why the umbilicus is at Jeddah, for Mecca is the true centre—"the point within a circle." It was so before Mahomet's time, for the Hindoos are said to have come to it as a place of pilgrimage in those past ages, and since the days of the prophet it has been the centre to which all have turned in prayer. Jerusalem was the same. Synagogues to this day are built, so that the worshipper prays to it; and it was called the "Terræ Umbilicus." The place pointed out now in Jerusalem as the centre of the earth is a vase in the middle of the Greek Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Within this vase is a round umbilical-looking knob, which is also called Adam's skull. All this is easily understood, but Eve's tomb at Jeddah is not quite so clear. The only suggestion I can make, and it is only given as such, is, that as the place is a seaport, it may be some old form of the *boat* symbolism, which was always feminine in its aspect. But let us wait. If an artist, with a pencil and a sketch-book in his pocket, could land and give us the necessary details it might be all cleared up.

Farther south, on the western side of the Red Sea, is Massowah; and south of that still is Annesley Bay, where our troops landed for the Abyssinian Expedition. Here was the old port of Adulis, from which comes the word "Zoulla," the name used during the war. This had been at one time a city of some importance, but scarcely a vestige of it is now visible. Our engineers, under Captain Goodfellow, excavated, and came upon the foundations of a Christian church. When our ships arrived they were a wonder to the people, and, more than

all, the elephants astonished them. We may judge of the present and past state of civilization in this quarter by the fact that at one time Axum was the capital of Abyssinia, and had a fleet which commanded the Bahar Soof, or Red Sea, and carried conquest all round its shores. There is still at Axum a chief called the "Bahar-Negus," or King of the Sea; but for ages past he has not had a ship to command, nor an inch of sea coast to defend. It is curious also that the Abyssinians have a tradition of a war which is called the "War of the Elephants," and however strange these animals may be to these people in the present day, Nonnosus, an envoy of Justinian, went to Abyssinia, by way of Adulis, and reports having seen 5000 wild elephants on his route. From Ethiopia, or Abyssinia, came the Queen of Sheba, and her journey must have been near to this. As she brought camels with her, the probability is that her route was by land, and not by sea. But her reputation as the origin of the whole Abyssinian nation is so suspiciously mythic, we had better leave her till her real position, either in history or mythology, becomes a settled question.

Abyssinia was at one time a great country, and so was Arabia, but frankincense and myrrh alone could not have been the source of this greatness; but whatever its source may have been will probably now soon be known. The Suez Canal has opened the sluices of a new life; and the capabilities of the countries on each side of the Erythrean Sea will now be ascertained. Abyssinia is ruled over by a number of feudal chiefs, each fighting against the others; and King Theodore

was only a more than ordinary successful chief. He exhausted himself in the conquest, and not in the improvement of his country. What is wanted there is order. The Red Sea is now one of the highways of the world; and the policeman, either as a ship-of-war, or a regiment of soldiers, from one or more of the strong powers, will keep order at no distant time along both shores—that is, if commerce of herself is not able to accomplish the task.

Perim is a long low island. There are some buildings around the lighthouse, and a few Sepoys may be made out with a glass in passing. A bazaar, a necessary accompaniment of native Indian troops, can be distinguished, and the British flag may be also seen keeping guard at Bab-el-Mandeb, or the gate of the Red Sea.

Bab-el-Mandeb means the Gate of Tears. To us it was the Gate of Rejoicing; but then we were coming out and not entering the Red Sea. Strong men were looking used up by the heat, weaker men were giving way, and many were knocked over. Stewards were getting scarce at the table; even the Lascars were breaking down. Children, all spotted with prickly heat, cried, and knew not what was wrong with them. One tender infant, already mentioned, hung, for a day or so, between this world and the next. The animals on board all felt it. A horse looked moist and damp, and showed signs of heat at the nose. The fowls ceased to cackle; the geese and ducks were quiet; even in the pig-house there was complete prostration. About six or seven young grunters lay huddled on one another gasping. As we sailed out

by the Gate of Tears it was almost a perfect calm, not a ripple on the water, only a slight undulation of the surface. This lasted for about a mile or so, when a breath of wind wafted past us, cool and refreshing. This increased to a mild breeze, and we felt that it came from quite another source than that which had been scorching us up in the Red Sea. It was, in fact, a stray puff of the monsoon. Nothing could have been more grateful. It was like the elixir of life, for all revived under its magic influence. Man, woman, and child, bird and beast recovered, and soon became something like their former selves again.

We passed Perim about eleven a.m. on the 22nd of August, and got into Aden about 8.30 p.m. I went on shore with the captain, to see the agent, Mr. Chapman, and it was after twelve before we returned. It was a delightful relief to be out of the Red Sea. On our return I found my mattress all ready, and when I got into my night-dress, and came on deck, I went down the ladder to lave my feet in the sea, in the pale moonlight. This was so pleasant that the idea occurred to me, why not jump in altogether? A second after I was striking out. Under such circumstances it was difficult to find an object to make for; but I had watched the screw all down the Red Sea, and seen the bright wake it left behind, so I made for it, as a sort of old friend; but the screw was having its rest, like everything and everybody, and little could be seen in the dark. I was told next morning that the sharks and I might have had a supper together, but that never occurred to me when I tumbled into the water.

We got under weigh about two a.m. on Friday, the 23rd of August.

The political importance of Aden is likely to be much greater than the commercial. It is the real key to the Red Sea. Perim is only a sentry-box. The Straits are about seventeen miles wide, and Perim is about two miles from Ras Bab-el-Mandeb, on the Arabian coast. Batteries could easily command this channel, but the thirteen or fourteen miles on the western side cannot be stopped by any guns yet invented, and there is no lack of depth of water in that passage; in many places it has not been fathomed. To command the Red Sea a fleet is necessary, and Aden is its harbour of shelter. What Gibraltar is to the Mediterranean, Aden is to the Red Sea; and by commanding that sea we command the Suez Canal. It will thus be evident that in proportion to the success of the canal, and its importance to the commerce of the east and west, Aden must acquire a corresponding political value. Whoever holds Aden, holds the key of the Suez Canal, and of the commerce between Europe and Asia. The French, foreseeing all this, wished, when they first started the canal, to get possession of Perim; and the story is told that a French man-of-war, coming round to occupy it, went into one of our ports in India—it was either Madras or Bombay—and the object of its voyage having been discovered, the governor at once sent off a small gun-brig to Perim, and when the Frenchman arrived he found the British flag was already in possession. This was only a few years ago, and most people will remember the talk it occasioned in the papers at the time. Since then the French have built a house

on the Arabian side, and tried to keep up the appearance of having a possession. This house can be easily seen by any one passing the Straits. It is a very harmless-looking place, but it indicates the importance of the locality and the value of the interests involved. This possession never can be of any danger to us with Aden in our hands.

STOKE-HOLE OF THE "ELLORA."

CHAPTER VIII.

ADEN.

ADEN is said, from some legend or another, to have been the Garden of Paradise. How this could have originated it is difficult to conceive, for it is a huge mass of volcanic remains, a "cinder heap," of pumice-stone and lava; stuff like the refuse of a furnace, suggesting gehenna rather than paradise. It certainly is not the source of any river—in truth, its remarkable peculiarity is a total absence of water. This state of things applies to the past. It is more Eden-like now, for it really can boast of water, derived from one of the condensers which were at Annesley Bay during the Abyssinian War, and the demand is such that it is kept constantly at work. It is said that at times there is no rain for years, but that must be rather an exaggeration; as the place, however, is a bare mass of rock, the rain, when it does come, runs into the sea as it would from the roof of a house, and tanks were therefore made to collect and preserve it, which are said to contain eighteen or twenty months' supply. These tanks are one of the sights at Aden: they are on the eastern side of the Peninsula, where the cantonments are fixed. Having seen Aden in 1862, I have been much struck with the great increase of the place since that time, especially on the western side, where the vessels anchor. On my first visit there was little else than an hotel, the

Peninsular and Oriental Company's offices, and a great pile of coal; now there is a line of buildings all along the shore, with winding roads and paths to houses and barracks all over the side of the hill. The Suez Canal brings vessels into Aden to coal, but there is little or no other trade at present; its commerce was at one time very great, but it has all gone. It is said that in former times there was a population of about 30,000 inhabitants, but the few Arabs, Jews, and Somalis, with a sprinkling of Banias from India, who now constitute the population, are not a twentieth of that number. It is evidently increasing again, and if the commerce of Arabia could be tempted to this outlet, it would become a very important place. The port dues, till lately, were high, and this caused the Arabs to take their produce to Mocha, Hodeidah, Jeddah, and other ports on the Red Sea, where steamers now call for cargo; the authorities, however, have now reduced the rates at Aden, in the hope of bringing back the old trade. Coffee is produced, but that is all sent to Mocha; honey and wax, and gums and spices of many kinds, also form part of the produce. The dry country on each side of the Gulf of Aden is the original source from which frankincense comes; it has produced a supply from the earliest times to the present day. The Queen of Sheba brought spices among her presents, which came from this country, and their excellence is shown by the statement that, "neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave to Solomon."

The monsoon, in the Arabian Gulf, begins to blow about the end of May or the beginning of June, and it lasts till September. It is caused by the flow—as it

may be called—of the cold air, condensed in the Antarctic Circle, into the regions in which the air is rarefied by the intense heat of India, Arabia, and other places. The line of its greatest force is north along the coast of Africa,—which tends eastward to Cape Guardafui. A branch stream of it passes between Cape Guardafui and the Island of Socotra, and dies away when it reaches the Arabian coast; but some of it turns west along the Gulf of Aden, and it was this side stream of the monsoon which welcomed us as we left the Red Sea. After passing Socotra, the main force of the moonsoon goes nearly straight east, trending only slightly to the north. The monsoon blows, generally speaking, from Africa to India, as far south as the Line, but in a milder form than in the course just indicated. It blows strongest in May or June when it begins, and it carries moisture with it which causes what are called the "Rains" in India. The greatest rainfall is at Mahabaleshwar, on the Western Ghats, for that is in the direct line of the greatest force of the current of air. In passing through the main line of the monsoon at this season we had only what the sailors called a "slight gale," and as we got south towards Ceylon it softened down. After September there is a rarefaction of the atmosphere in South Africa; and the cold season coming on in India sends the wind back in exactly the same line that it came. This is called the north-east monsoon, but it never comes with the force of the other. The word monsoon is derived from the Arab word *mousum*, and means *season*, as applied to the periods when the winds blow.

The phosphorescence of the Indian Ocean is at times very wonderful. What struck me here, as different from other parts of the sea, was the appearance of bulbs of light, some of them on the surface, bright and flashing; others were more or less deep in the water, but still luminous. They suggested the idea that they were stars which had fallen down and been drowned. The officers of the "Ellora" tell me of strange phenomena sometimes visible on these seas. They have seen the surface covered for miles with what seemed the spawn of fish, and at other times the whole surface of the ocean was milky white, or like the froth upon beer. They could give no suggestion as to what it was, or the cause which produced it.

The steamer in sailing from Aden to Point-de-Galle generally passes near to the Island of Minicoy. This is one of the Laccadive Islands, which, with the Maldives, form a long chain of spots on the map, extending for about 600 miles north and south. They are a series of coral reefs, and are so low in the water that in the distance one of these islands seems only to be a group of cocoa-nut trees growing out of the sea. They are nearly all inhabited, and the natives are anything but savages. They have a regular government, with a sultan, high priest, and judges, and send every year an embassy to Ceylon to do homage to the British Government. The people are mostly sailors, and said to be good ones too. They build ships, and can even repair and make sextants, and have schools for teaching navigation in some of the islands. They send a considerable amount of exports to India, one of the principal items being cowries, or the shells which are used in the bazaars of India as small

change; for there are many articles required by the mild Hindoo for which a pie, or farthing, is too large a coin. If Ireland had been one of the Laccadives or the Maldives the cure for her difficulties proposed once by a noted politician might have had a chance of being realized, for one of these islands about seven or eight years ago entirely disappeared. It sank into the ocean.

CHAPTER IX.

CEYLON.

A HIGHLAND woman was once asked what she would call her son, and she said, "Donald, Mactaggart, Archie, Macnab, Roderick, Malcom, Ian, Dhu, Dugal, Macpherson, Campbell, and that wull pe a praw strong name." If, according to this Celtic expression of ideas, names are a source of strength, then Ceylon is well fortified, and its titles are almost too much to repeat. Milton alludes to Ceylon in "Paradise Regained:"—

> "From India and the golden Chersonese,
> And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane."

It is a most unmusical couplet, but Taprobane is the old classical name of Ceylon. According to Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire Ceylon had the Indian name of Tamrapanna. E. Burnouf shows that this word was the origin of the Greek name of TAPROBANE. An article in *Blackwood*, in Nov., 1843, expressed doubts on this; but Pliny quotes Onesicritus, who, under that name, alludes to its elephants, and Eratosthenes mentions its pearls, and these are at this day words which are associated with Ceylon. It is the supposed Ophir and Tarshish of Scripture. With the Arabian voyagers it was Serendib, with the Malays it was Lanka-poora. "Poora" is derived from the Sanskrit, and means "City." It is the Tewa-Lanka

Heliotype.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

POINT DE GALLE.

of the Siamese; Seho, or Teho, with the Burmese; Elangey in the Tamil language of Southern India. With the Singhalese as well as the Hindus it is yet known as Lanka, the word by which it is understood to be referred to in the "Ramayana." The Portuguese seem to have repeated the Greek name; they called it Seilan, and the Greeks put it as Σαλιχη. From this come the words Seylan and Selindib, and our word Ceylon. Amongst its poetic names it is the "Pearliform Island," and the "Pearl-drop on the Brow of India." The modern word "Singhalese" is from the old Sanskrit Singha, a lion.

Ceylon, with its mountains and well-wooded hills, its fertile green valleys, with waterfalls and winding rivers, its ample vegetation and flowers—a spot where all is beautiful—might well have the tradition attached to it that it was the Garden of Paradise. At least one could not raise the objections which naturally arise to the mind against such a cinder-heap as Aden. Still, the footmark on Adam's Peak—the highest mountain in the island—is said to have been made when Adam was turned out of Paradise, and came down from the Seventh Heaven to Ceylon. This is the Mahomedan tradition. Lane, in a note to the 2nd chapter of the Koran, states, "The Mohammedans say that, when they were cast down from Paradise, Adam fell on the Isle of Ceylon, or Serendib, and Eve near Joddah (the port of Mecca) in Arabia; and that after a separation of two hundred years Adam was, on his repentance, conducted by the angel Gabriel to a mountain near Mecca, where he found and knew his wife—the mountain being

thence named Arafat—and that he afterwards retired with her to Ceylon."

The Buddhists claim the footprint on the summit as that of Buddha; and they call the mountain Samanella, a word derived from one of the many names of Buddha.

The Hindoos, again, claim the footmark as belonging to their gods, and make it the mark of Siva's foot. Here we have an ample supply of opposing traditions; but, as all the forms of faith seem to claim this mountain, the natural conclusion is that it must have been very sacred in the past. Another tradition is, that Ceylon was the Ophir and Tarshish of Solomon's time. It is still celebrated for its precious stones, although the dealers in these articles at Point de Galle are, perhaps, more famous now-a-days for selling gems whose origin has a closer connexion with Birmingham than with Ceylon. Cat's-eye is the noted stone of the island, but rubies, amethysts, sapphires, and topazes are found. The chief town in the district where the stones are got is called Rutnapura, or the City of Gems. The dealers in jewellery, tortoise-shell work, porcupine quill boxes, &c., complain of a falling off in their business on account of the Calcutta passengers going direct by the Bombay railway as the quickest route to or from England. The Suez Canal will do much for Ceylon. Of all Indian ports, Bombay must derive the greatest advantage from the Canal; but the geographical position of Ceylon will enable her to reap almost equal benefit from it. Coffee planting has so increased within the last few years that it overshadows all the other branches of industry, and the coffee bean is now the real pearl of Ceylon; its value is far above that of

rubies or sapphires. Notwithstanding this, however, coffee cultivation only began here about forty years ago, and it has had many vicissitudes; but at no period has it ever been so prosperous and progressive as at present. A rise in labour and in the general cost of production is, however, one of its difficulties just now. The value of native labour has risen within the last ten years, so much so that everything has increased in price to a very great extent. This increase in the value of materials and labour thus causes a difficulty at the present moment common alike to East and West.

The last legend is, that if Adam had been turned out of the Seventh Heaven, and come down to Ceylon in the present day, he would most certainly have turned coffee-planter.

Between Ceylon and the mainland is the Gulf of Manaar. There are a series of small islands and sunken rocks near its eastern end, called by the Mahomedans and Europeans "Adam's Bridge," and by the Hindoos named after Rama. The water is very shallow all along the line of this mythic bridge, so that only very small craft can pass. At its northern end, at a place known as the Pamben Channel, the Government has for years back been making efforts to deepen it, and to a certain extent they have succeeded, but more is required to let large vessels through. The Gulf of Manaar is best known from its being the place where the oysters are found producing pearls for India and the rest of the world.

> "For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
> And went all naked to the hungry shark;
> For them his ears gush'd blood."

For a number of years back the pearl-fishing has almost ceased. This has been owing to the destruction of the oysters by a more powerful dweller in these depths, who seems to have a Cleopatra-like taste for dining upon pearls. He has been described to me as a torpedo fish; but, whatever the species, he has a powerful set of instruments, by which he can crush or open the oysters and extract fish, pearls and all. So great have been his ravages that the fishing will not now make any profitable return, and it has been all but abandoned. The Government has engaged a naturalist to study the subject, with a view to circumvent this pearl-devouring monster.

From a Tamil invasion of Ceylon there are a number of Hindoos in the island; but the greater number of its people are Buddhists; and one of the prominent aspects of this religion is the worship of relics. The Latin and Greek Churches are not more devoted to fragments of saints' bodies than the followers of the Great Teacher. When Sakya Muni, one of the names under which Buddha appeared in India, died, seven kings came with armies to fight for his remains. After it was burnt they agreed to divide the ashes among them, and each king took his portion to his own country, and temples were built over them. One of the teeth was secreted, and after many adventures it came to Ceylon, where it still remains. It is needless to say that there are doubts as to its being the tooth of Buddha. It is even doubted whether it is a tooth at all. Some say it is a bit of ivory, others that it is the tooth of a large monkey or wild animal. It certainly is too large for an ordinary man's tooth. I asked a man at Galle how large it was,

but he would not tell me about it till he saw that I had no intention of turning the matter into ridicule; he then held up his forefinger, and said it was half the length of that. Be it what it may, it is most sacredly preserved in the Temple of Maligawa, at Kandy, and only brought out for exhibition on solemn occasions. It is the Palladium of Ceylon, and as such it is carefully protected by our Government.

There are a number of ancient dagopas, or Buddhist relic-holders, in Ceylon. One of these, the Jaytavana-rama Dagopa, at Anuradhapura, is 245 feet high; another at the same place, called the Abayagiri Dagopa, is 236 feet in height. Many of these buildings have been increased in size by kings building a new dagopa round the old one, as a work of merit. They are merely round, dome-shaped constructions, with a central cell to hold the relic. "The Mahawanso," translated by Turnour, describes the erection of one of these dagopas. In the ceremony at the commencement of the work, the king calls for the architect, and asks, "In what form dost thou intend to construct this dagopa?" The architect produces a golden basin full of water, and, throwing a few drops on the surface, he makes a bell-shaped bubble, and, pointing to it, says, "In this form do I propose to build the dagopa." The bell-shaped bubble on water exactly represents the general form of these monuments; and the manner in which the architect produces his "plans" contrasts very curiously with our "competitive designs" for public buildings at the present day. There are some other old constructions in Ceylon which are of interest to the legislator as well as to the archæologist, as indicating

what was done in past times for the agriculture of the island. These are "bunds," or dams. They are said to be of immense antiquity, and of very great size—in some cases the dam converts a whole valley into a lake or vast reservoir of water, which was thus preserved and applied to irrigation. The construction of these old works are megalithic, and are now mostly ruinous heaps, and quite out of repair. Still, they tell what was considered to be necessary in ancient times. It is the same idea which our Government is now trying to carry out in India; it is doing all it can to supply the means of irrigation by public works. In India this is done—and better done—more by canals than by tanks, for a canal serves the purpose of inland navigation as well.

At Point de Galle—the southernmost point of Ceylon—the pilgrim going "all round the world" has a choice of two routes. He can go either by Madras and Calcutta, from whence there is a line of steamers by Birmah to Singapore; or by Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, New Zealand, and San Francisco, calling at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands. We got into Point de Galle on the last day of August, and embarked the next morning, on board the "Travancore," for China.

On coming to Point de Galle for the first time, the traveller will be interested in the strange boats which are peculiar to this part of the world. Seen from some points of view they suggest the idea of a peculiar kind of sea spider, the long pieces of wood projecting into the water having much the appearance of the legs of that description of insect. In constructing their craft, a cocoa-nut tree forms the keel, and at the same time the

bottom of the boat. A long and extremely narrow box or bulwark is built upon it, so narrow that you can merely get your legs in. As such a construction would be certain to turn over, a second piece of cocoa-nut, at the end of two curved branches of a tree, forms a float and a balance. Both boat and counterpoise being so narrow, no resistance is presented to the water, and they go very fast. They have been known to go after ships with letters, and overhaul them when far out to sea. When under sail, and the wind gets strong, instead of taking in a reef, one of the men goes to the end of this outrigger, and his weight, acting like a lever, keeps the boat steady. The Singhalese name of them is "Sipari," but the Lascars give them a descriptive title in Hindostané, "Kitab-ke-kishti," or book-boats, because the two sides are exactly like the boards which enclose books such as those of Ceylon, Birmah, and southern parts, where strips of palm-leaves are used to write upon.

CHAPTER X.

PENANG AND SINGAPORE.

PENANG was reached on the morning of Friday, the 6th September. It does not, like Aden or Ceylon, seem to possess any traditional claims to its having been the Garden of Eden; and yet, from its climate and vegetation, Penang, as well as the Malay peninsula, might be thought to have very strong claims in this way. Rain is plentiful, and, although so close on the line, the heat is tempered by the humidity, and the result is a most beautiful and luxuriant vegetation. From the sea-shore, where the waves ripple up against green bushes, to the tops of the hills there is a rich clothing of tropical growth. There are palms, ferns, bread-trees, cocoa-nut-trees, nutmegs, and the coffee grows wild. Bamboos with their willow-like foliage are plentiful, and here and there some venerable trunk of old growth stands up like a giant. Streams of clear water are to be found running softly among bright flowers, and one of the sights of Penang is a waterfall of great beauty. A burn, not unlike those on a hill-side in Wales or Scotland, comes leaping down over rocks for about a hundred feet. There is a dense jungle all round, but a good road has been cut through to the foot of the waterfall, and the Hindoos have built a small temple close to the rocks. It is an old practice in India to select a beautiful or remarkable spot

for a shrine. From a place near the waterfall a cast-iron pipe conveys water to the town, about three miles away.

It is rather a sad fact that, in a beautiful climate like this, where Nature does so much, humanity remains so low in the scale. The butterflies and birds seem to harmonize with nature; the wild animals seem in keeping with the place they are in; even the snakes are bright in their hues, and as they glide past the eye is not offended at them. It is otherwise with man and his habitations in these regions. He is a blot on the fair face of nature. The miserable shed he lives in, formed of dirty-looking pieces of wood and matting, with a midden-heap and a cesspool at the door—mud and filth all round—conveys to the mind the feeling that it is a plague-spot; it is like the black speck on the bright colour of the fruit, indicating rottenness within. The little that man wants in such places is easily got, so he becomes an idle, lazy being. No exertion is needed, and whatever powers he may be endowed with are left dormant. He does nothing for himself, and is helpless to assist others. Under such conditions, his moral nature becomes as poor and wretched as his physical state. Vice and virtue are words without a meaning. Such is the too common result to those who at first seem privileged to live in a climate that can only be compared to a paradise. It is only a repetition of the old story. Paradise was a place with little to do and plenty to eat, and when the break-down took place a new condition of things was ordered. Hard labour was the command. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." Carlyle's "Gospel of Work" has a venerable antiquity to recommend it.

Although many of the native parts seemed to be unhealthy and wretched, particularly about the outskirts of the town, Penang itself is a well-kept place. There are wide streets and an ample supply of water. Facing the sea are the bungalows of the merchants, with large compounds around them. There is a place with walls, embrasures, and ditches, which is called "The Fort." It may have served the purpose which its name implies at one time, and even to this day it may pass for a fort in Penang; but I should not like to be one of its defenders if an iron-clad or a modern gunboat were to open fire.

There are some places which are celebrated for the many types of men which may be seen at them. The bridge of boats at Stamboul is very cosmopolitan. Alexandria is good in this respect, but not equal to Constantinople. The great fair of Nijni-Novgorod is well known for bringing together the whole of Russia, all the types of Tartars, Chinamen, and every kind of humanity from Central Asia. Peshawer is noted, again, for having in its bazaars all the various costumes of India, mixed with Patans, Caboolies, and the tribes of the Hindoo Koosh. There is not a race from the Persian Gulf on the west to the Grand Desert on the east but may be found represented in Peshawer. Bombay is also favourable for ethnic studies. Penang is well entitled to a place in such a list, and it presents a mixture of types quite different from any of those above named.

The Malay ought to be the native of the place, for Penang is only separated from the Malay peninsula by a mile or so of water; but he is quite eclipsed by the

numbers of Chinese, who seem as settled and fixed as if the place were their own. Hindoos, principally from the Madras Presidency, are in large numbers, and have been settled for generations. They still follow their own religion, but many have forgotten their native tongue. Mahomedans are plentiful and easily recognized. There are men of the Malay type from Birmah; others from Siam. Java and Sumatra have their representatives. Singhalese also may be found. Add to these Europeans and half-castes of every origin, and you have a good gallery, as it were, wherein to study all the types of humanity which are to be found from the Arabian to the China Seas. With each race you find the temples of its faith. The mosque of the Mahomedan, the joss-house of the Chinese, and the temple of the Hindoo may be found in close companionship in Penang. With these there is the Church of England, and I noticed two or three Roman Catholic churches—one dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. So here is a good field to study forms of faith as well as types of men. As they all seem to live peaceably together, we might do worse than take a lesson from Penang.

Penang is called now "Prince of Wales' Island," and there are indications of great devotion on the part of the Penangians to the royal family. At the waterfall there is an "Alexandra Hotel," the very name almost making one believe he is in the vicinity of Hyde Park Corner. It is largely decorated with pictures of the Prince and Princess and their children, the Duke of Edinburgh, and other members of the royal family. The native name of Penang is Pulo Penang,

which is Malay, meaning the *Island of Betel-nut.* Any one coming out to India, or the regions hereabout, for the first time, is rather astonished, and disgusted to some extent, to see almost every native with his mouth filled as it were with blood. The first idea is that the mouth is bleeding; but, as there are no indications of pain, another idea suggests itself, that he may have just left his temple, where he has been performing some horrid idolatrous rite in which the drinking of blood formed a part. Every person you meet—man, woman, or child—has his lips and teeth glistening with a bright red juice. This is the betel-nut, and it is simply the equivalent to our practice of smoking, chewing, or snuffing tobacco. The betel is not unlike a nutmeg; it is cut into small bits; some of these are rolled up into a particular kind of leaf, called "pawn;" a little wet "choonam," or lime for building, is added, and although none of the articles are red, that is the colour produced after they are chewed in the mouth. This is no low, vulgar habit; it is common to all classes. At all durbars, even at those held by the Governor-General of India, attar of roses and pawn—named from the leaf in which the betel-nut is wrapped up—is given to all who attend. If you visit a native gentleman of any rank, he will put attar of roses on your dress and present a mouthful of pawn rolled up in gold-leaf when you leave. The "Light of the Hareem" has always close at hand an ample pawndan, with the pawn-leaf, betel-nut, and lime, all prepared, and so constant is her practice of keeping the mouth full, that a spittoon is one of her most necessary appendages. Such is the character of the article to which Penang owes its original name.

Penang now receives as well as supplies similar drugs. "Licensed Opium Shop" is a sign common in the Bazaar; and a small black board, with "Grog Shop," often varied by the words "Spirits," "Ale," and "Toddy," the last being made from the juice of the cocoa-nut, in yellow letters on it, is also frequently to be seen here. The places with these signs seemed very small and dirty, and had the appearance of being of Chinese proprietorship. They seemed to be patronized mainly by sailors and half-castes.

Although any kind of money will pass in Penang, yet the word "cent" is so often used that we come to the conclusion that we are in a new monetary atmosphere. From Penang all down the Straits of Malacca to Singapore and China the "dollar" is the coin, and the cent, as one of its divisions, becomes a word of constant use. The money-changers' shops in the Bazaar are just now full of a new copper coinage produced by our Government for the "Straits' Settlements," as the locality is officially termed. Penang is celebrated for its "lawyers," but they can only be called on to practise in courts over which Judge Lynch presides. For a retaining fee of two shillings I saw the services of three of these advocates secured.

The Straits of Malacca are formed by the Malay peninsula on the east,—the "Golden Chersonese" of the ancients;—and the Island of Sumatra on the west. Their navigation makes captains of ships anxious; for there are many sunken reefs and shoals, dangerous spots, where a vessel gets aground, and is doomed without a sign of warning. Instead of the light-ship at One-

Fathom Shoal, there is to be a new light-house built on screw piles.

The Dutch have extended their settlements from Java into Sumatra, and our Government, it seems, have renounced that island on condition of their giving up all claims on Borneo; but in this arrangement the Dutch are said to have the best of the bargain. Java itself was a most valuable acquisition, for after paying all the expenses of government in that island, including a small army and a few vessels of war, the Dutch Government clears three millions sterling. A steady surplus of three millions is what few Governments can boast of. Our Indian Government has a hard struggle to make ends to meet, and it seldom succeeds. Why should not Sir Richard Temple be sent down to Java to acquire the art of getting a surplus? If it were the result of the system of government, it might be learned; but it is said to be owing to the great fertility of the island. It is close to the line, with an ample supply of moisture, and in many places there are, it is said, about fourteen feet of rich virgin soil. India is a barren land in comparison to this. In Ceylon the coffee-planters have to import manure, so that, beautiful and fertile as that island seems, it is nothing to Java. The Dutch have kept a watchful eye on this source of golden eggs, and have been jealous of strangers or travellers coming to the island. Java was one of the many places converted by the followers of Sakya Muni to Buddhism. No missionaries have ever done what was accomplished by the Buddhist monks during the first few centuries of that faith; they did not go in ones and twos to a locality, they sent a whole army

of monks. The place all at once "glittered with the yellow robes." This is the language in which the old documents describe the success and triumph of their religion. In Java it succeeded well; for the island is yet full of architectural remains of their temples, and the Dutch Government have been for years engaged on a large work to illustrate them. When completed it will form an important addition to our knowledge of Buddhism.

The Malay peninsula, although with roads in places, and villages and towns marked on the map, is said to be still in large portions in a condition of primitive jungle. The tiger, the rhinoceros, the elephant, and other brutes are still the landed proprietors. There is a light-house at Cape Rachada, kept by convicts, and they are supposed to be safe enough; for the sea is on one side, and the jungle on the other—the latter being carefully watched by the gentry I have just named. Before getting to Singapore we pass the southernmost point of the mainland of Asia. It is called Tanjong Bolus—the first word being Malay for Cape, and the second its local name. "From the Suez Canal to Bhering's Straits, and from Cape Tcheliuskin to Tanjong Bolus," would express the length and breadth of Asia; and as it is a good-sounding mouthful it might come in well into any speech on an Eastern question. The Rajah of Johore, who visited England a year or two ago, has his possessions on the mainland here, and he is reported to be a favourite with the Europeans in Singapore.

Singapore is the head-quarters of what is called the "Straits' Settlements," and it boasts of a Governor and a

Government House. The house is a very grand edifice. On thinking over the settlements in the Straits, and supposing they were all united in one mass of *terra firma*, it does not strike one that it would be a remarkably large territory; and one is therefore inclined to inquire whether there is any principle upon which the size of Government Houses is regulated. If the one in Singapore is a fair standard in relation to the space governed, the Government House in Calcutta ought to have extended at least over the whole Maidan and Choweringhee. In fact, I question if the whole island of Singapore would be large enough for the residence of the Governor-General of India, if it were built in relation to size of territory, and the Straits' Settlements were to be taken as the standard.

Singapore is really a most beautiful spot. The approach from the sea is very fine. There is a large open bay surrounded by islands of various sizes, all green with foliage from the sea to their highest point. The bay, thus protected, forms a magnificent harbour. The Peninsular and Oriental Company have a wharf in a narrow channel formed by one of these islands. Close to their ground is the residence belonging to the Rajah of Johore; and behind that again is a hill with a flagstaff, from whence every ship coming down the Straits is seen and signalled. I went up to see the view, and found that the man in charge was an old artilleryman from the Madras service, with a few convicts from India as assistants. The Andamans are now exclusively the convict establishment for India, but the Straits used to be so.

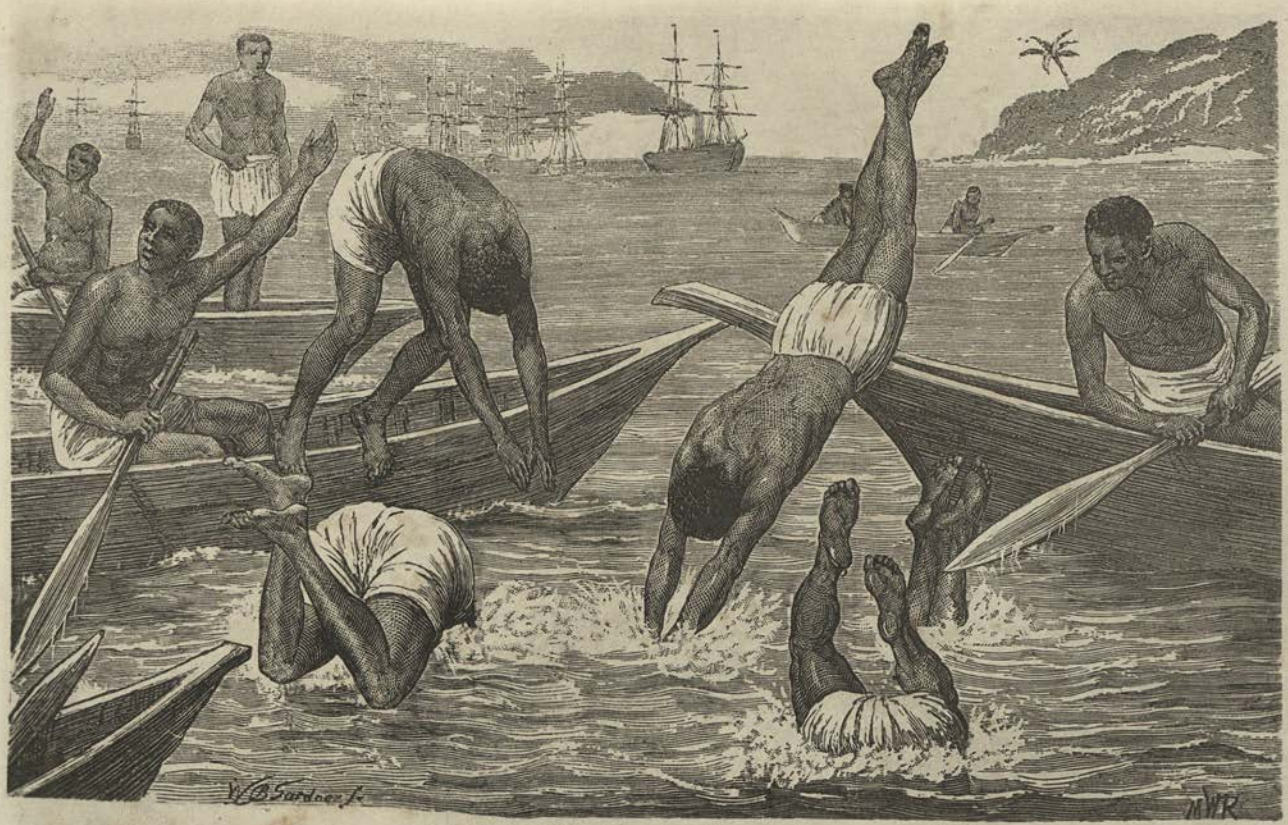
The population of Singapore is somewhat similar to that of Penang, but judging from the greater frequency of "Licensed Opium Shops," the proportion of Chinese is larger. There is also a touch of Chinese architecture in many of the houses, showing that they are strong enough to introduce their own builders. The streets of Singapore are all good; so are the roads leading out of the town, and there is a scheme for a railway of about three miles in length, connecting the town with the harbour, for which our Government was requested to provide assistance, but it refused to do so, and therefore, if the railway is to be made, the people of Singapore must do it themselves, which, I understand, they are well able to do.

The word Singapore is not Malay, but of Hindostan origin. It means Lion's-town, from Singha, a lion. The word Singhalese is from the same root.

The Malay peninsula is noted for its Fauna, and when a Peninsular and Oriental steamer comes in, men and boys appear with birds of every plumage for sale. Should you sail in a boat here, and watch the bottom of the water where it is shallow, you would see wonderful denizens of the deep, and the natives come round with coral, shells, and whatever is likely to sell. The air, the sea, and the land are all rich and beautiful in their productions; flowers and fruits are plentiful, for here you are close to the line. Walking-sticks seem to be largely cultivated; you cannot move a step without having a bunch of them pressed upon you. You can fit yourself according to taste from the reed-like cane of the sentimental swell to the strong shillelah-like bludgeon,

which would be useful for an Irish fair or a garotting attack.

The diving boys here are very clever; they surround a vessel as soon as she arrives, and hover round her till under weigh again. Really they seem quite as much at home in the water as if they had been born with fins and scales. When a sixpence is dropped over it never reaches the bottom; the boys tumble in after it, and fight and struggle below for the prize—the successful one coming up again to the surface with an air of triumph. They are noisy, amusing rascals, and talk a peculiar kind of broken English. I heard one of them making an appeal, and he tried to explain that the steamer "now go soon, you no need sixpence any more; throw it down; poor boy dive. Suppose you got sixpence in pocket; not good—sixpence make hole in pocket—better throw to poor boy; sixpence good for poor boy. Yes, throw de sixpence; all right. All the boy go down." Thus they go on, usually getting a coin, or perhaps a few coppers at last, for they will dive for a penny. After a babyhood and boyhood spent in the water, if they accumulate enough capital, they continue life in the walking-stick and bird line.



DIVING BOYS AT SINGAPORE.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS (*Heliotype*).

CHAPTER XI.

HONG KONG.

On my first visit to India, anxious friends warned me "to take care of tigers," "and be careful about snakes," but none of these kind counsellors said a word about mosquitos or prickly heat. Now, who that has been in India troubles his head on the matter of tigers or snakes? But it is different with the other oriental plagues. If a man carefully inspects his bed before laying down, it is not the snakes, but mosquitos about which he is anxious. Every bed in India is covered with gauze curtains as a defence, and should one mosquito even manage to break this blockade it is a night's rest gone, and the poor suffering wretch is a mass of red swollen spots the next morning. But no defence of this kind avails against prickly heat, from which, however, some constitutions are exempt. The poor unfortunate who is visited with an attack certainly feels as if clothed with misery. Bright red spots come out all over the body; they are small spots, but they increase till the red becomes a bloated mass in places. Job and his comforters is appropriate reading when in this state. You feel as if you had changed clothes with a hedgehog, and put your portion of the costume on outside in. Your mind naturally recalls stories of victims rolled in barrels, with nails through the staves. As your misery goes on for days

and weeks, you begin at last to think that you have been metamorphosed into a pincushion as a punishment for your sins. This is the acute form of the disease, which luckily does not always torture to the pitch just described; but at all times there is a wish to use your nails, and if a convenient post should present itself you have a constant desire to "bless the Duke of Argyle." For about a month now I have been thus "blessing" and wishing to die—my comforters consoling me daily with the statement that "prickly heat is so very healthy."

Two or three days before getting into Hong Kong we were threatened with a typhoon. To the passengers in general this was not the best of news, but to one with a war map of red spots all over his back, a typhoon, a cyclone, or a tornado—anything in the shape of cool air—would be welcome. Between Singapore and Hong Kong is the best region for typhoons, and independently of wishes resulting from the prickly heat, I had a desire to see one. Great pains are taken now to get up things of this sort in theatres, but I prefer at all times to see the real phenomenon, and so it was with feelings of hope that I noted the barometer going down. We saw captain and officers busy getting ready on board for any emergency; sails, masts, and yards were taken in, and everything that could move on deck was made secure; the Law of Storms was the subject of conversation; the speed of the engines was reduced, and we cruised about on the watch. Our great object was to find out the direction in which the typhoon moved, so as to be able to dodge it, for the central point of the storm action is very limited; but if

you allow the ship to get into its centre, and sail in its course, you may be in it for days, whereas, if you see the way it is moving, it can be passed in a very short space of time.

No typhoon came, we had very rough weather for two or three days, and we got into Hong Kong a day after our time—other vessels arriving later. There had been rough weather at Hong Kong, and some slight damage had been done to the shipping.

Typhoon is Chinese, and is formed of Phoon, *wind*, and Ty, *great*, from which it will be seen that a typhoon is no particular kind of storm, but only a great wind. The region is very liable to great winds, which do much damage to ships when caught unawares, and a fleet of Chinese junks, after one of them, is often nothing but a floating mass of ropes, planks, and matting. On board the good ship "Travancore" there was not much chance of danger of that kind, and I confess to a regret that I had not an opportunity of describing a good typhoon.

The view, as you sail into the harbour of Hong Kong, is very striking, and on our entrance there was a warm discussion among the passengers as to whether it most resembled Aden or Gibraltar. The lion's back of the latter place has no counterpart here, and the hills are too green to be like Aden, but there is sufficient resemblance to both these places to justify a comparison. The steamer, passing round a point, enters a harbour, with high hills on the right, and houses along the base. Thus far the description will apply to the other ports alike, but in details a difference is apparent. The

mass of shipping at Hong Kong is greater, the town is larger and has a very fine effect. It is built up the steep side of the hill, and from the sea the houses look as if placed on the top of each other.

It is most surprising to be informed that this large, well-built town had no existence thirty years ago. Only in 1841 was the place taken possession of in the name of her Majesty, the spot being still called "Possession Mount." Since that date the whole town has come into existence and is named "Victoria"—Hong Kong, from a "Fragrant Stream," being the name of the island. The Queen's name is most intimately associated with the whole place; the highest point in the island is called "Victoria Peak;" the principal street is the "Queen's Road." In the Public Library there are copies of the Queen's Diary, with a very affectionate inscription to the people of Hong Kong on the fly-leaf signed "Victoria." In another case in the library is the Duke of Edinburgh's reply to the address presented to him while at Hong Kong.

The Town Hall is a new building, containing the public library, a museum, theatre, concert and ball room, and chamber of commerce. The island, principally formed of granite, furnishes the stone used in building, so that the houses are all strong and substantial. Hong Kong is much better entitled to be called "The City of Palaces" than Calcutta. Not only are the buildings themselves finer, but the effect resulting from position is infinitely more striking. The Government House stands high on the face of the hill, surrounded with beautiful trees. Away east towards the "Happy Valley," where

the wooded knolls are crowned with palatial houses overlooking the town, with the harbour and shipping, the range of hills on the mainland of China forms a grand background to the view. Few views in the world can equal this for variety and effect. "The Happy Valley," as it is called, is a lovely spot about a mile and a half from the town. The lower part is rich in foliage of every kind, while the granite masses of rock above, and the lofty hills give a grandeur to the beauty below. It has been formed into a race-course. There is, perhaps, not another race-course in the world like it; that in Simla is the only one I can recall as bearing the slightest resemblance to it. There is one curious incongruity at this spot: just behind the grand stand are the cemeteries of the Protestants, Catholics, and Parsees. The ground of the cemetery rises, and it has exactly the effect of an extensive grand stand filled with monuments of those whose race is run, but suggesting that they are still taking a part in the contest that is going on. The association of ideas is not a happy one, but it would now be difficult to remedy the unseemly connexion.

So much is European in Hong Kong that it is difficult for a stranger to distinguish what is really Chinese. One ought to wait and see a purely native town before even attempting to judge of what comes before one's eyes. I have heard people talking of India who had only seen Calcutta or Bombay. This is something like judging of a house by one of its bricks, and in the case of Calcutta, Bombay, and Hong Kong, we can hardly say that the brick belongs to the house. A newcomer into a country can scarcely avoid manifesting his ignorance,

and he is apt to arrive at hasty conclusions. Here I see many who are pure Chinese in features and costume, but their caste or rank I have no power of estimating.

In the harbour we have been surrounded by a large number of the water population, and one cannot help seeing a good deal of their manners and customs. There is constantly a number of boats round the steamer waiting to be employed taking people on shore. The family who own the boat—consisting generally of three generations—all live on board of it, and they all use the oar and help to work the boat. In most cases there is an old woman, who is evidently the grandmother, and does her work well; then there are babies and children, and the average number on board is four grown-up people and two children. Where they stow themselves away at night is a mystery not yet solved to my own satisfaction, for the space is very confined. There is a loose deck which covers the main sleeping place, at one end of which is the kitchen, and at the other the joss-house or family altar. I persuaded the inmates of one of these boats to lift the hatch, that I might see the altar, and found that it occupied the whole breadth of the boat and about two feet of the length, which is a large expenditure of space, considering the circumstances. There was one principal figure with cups of what seemed oil and water before it, a place for lights, food of various kinds, and plenty of small idols or fancy figures. The family devotions I did not see, for the principal part of the family were hard at work pulling me on shore. I have seen more than one of these families at dinner, and

was rather astonished at the quantity and apparent quality of the food, as well as their power of cooking so much in such a small space. The dishes were all laid out on the hatch or lid over the sleeping place, which formed at the same time both table and seats. I counted five dishes, each containing a different kind of food; in addition, there was the great dish of rice, which might be called the *pièce de résistance*, and also a pot with what seemed to be soup, from which they all helped themselves. All the food seemed not only clean, but delicate and savoury. Each dish was composed of more than one material, a fish and a vegetable being cooked together, or some kind of meat and vegetable making a compound. Every one has a small bowl and a pair of chop-sticks, the bowl, filled with rice, being held in the hand; with the chop-sticks he picks up morsels of the delicacies from the platters on the table, and then pushes a lot of rice into his mouth after them. Their cleverness with the chop-sticks is astonishing to a stranger. An Oriental, who eats with his fingers, cannot manipulate the morsels or convey them to his mouth more dexterously than a Chinaman can with his two slips of wood. An elephant can take up a pin or the heaviest of loads with his trunk, and the chop-sticks have this same variability of power; the smallest particle of food can be picked up and carried from the dish to the mouth, and mountains of rice can be shovelled in. Tit-bits are gathered from corners of the dish and made into one heap, and the whole is caught up and dipped into any sauce with an ease that no knife and fork could surpass. A man with his bowl held up to about a foot from

the head, which is a favourite way of eating, and with the two slender bits of wood in rapid action between the bowl and the mouth, is exactly like a monster insect with its antennæ at work. This dexterity is of course the result of a long education, begun very early in life, for we see very small fellows with chop-sticks in their fingers, and no accidents resulting from their use. If there is a baby in the family, it keeps its mouth open, and the mother's chop-sticks act for it till it is able to use a pair for itself.

These instruments for food struck me very much in contrast with former experiences in the East. The use of the fingers for conveying food to the mouth is the universal rule. In India, from a Coolie to a Maharajah, from a Sudra to a Brahmin, the use of a knife, a fork, or a spoon to eat with is altogether unknown. The chop-stick is a development beyond this, and is common to the whole of China, Mongolia, and Japan—a vast mass of people. On the western side of the Himalayas chop-sticks or any such aids to eating are entirely unknown. There is something very peculiar in this marked distinction in habits of two races. I have no doubt but there is an ethnic meaning underlying this difference, and its study might help to throw light on the origin of the race.

From Hong Hong it is customary for travellers to visit Macao and Canton; but I learned that the Imperial marriage would be celebrated at Peking on the 16th October, and adapted my movements accordingly. We reached Hong Kong on the 16th September, and left on the 18th for Shanghai.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHINA SEAS.

From Hong Kong to Shanghai the coast is fringed with a multitude of islands of various sizes. Some are mere rocks of a few yards in extent, others are large and cultivated. Fleets of fishing-boats may be seen busy at work, and junks of all kinds are constantly knocking about. Tales of rough weather during the north-east monsoon are recounted on board ship, and the place where such and such a ship was lost is pointed out as we go along. Such tales are not very cheering to a timid landsman; the supposition comes naturally into his mind that we might all be thrown upon one of those desolate rocks before to-morrow morning, and he frames a question or two accordingly. The inquiry no doubt will be as to the character of the natives, and the chances of the shipwrecked who fall into their hands. "All pirates, sir," is the answer; and the fate of ships and their crews becomes a new theme for yarns, which do not tend to soothe the feelings of the nervous. Our pilot was a good hand at telling such narratives, and, as he must have had considerable experience in these seas, I will endeavour to convey a general impression of what he said. It would be impossible to repeat all his tales, but a slight *résumé* of the information he gave us will give some idea of the state of piracy on the China coast.

Within the last few years, he said, a good deal has been done to put down piracy, and so far matters are improved. The various Powers have small gunboats all along the coast, and should any vessel get wrecked, and her crew be ill-treated, so soon as the news gets to Shanghai or Hong Kong, the island is made for, and a justifiable chastisement is administered. As these pirates have lately had more than one dose of this kind, they are now more careful in their treatment of European ships. Still it is not above a year and a half since one was taken and carried off close to Hong Kong. Their plan with a European ship is to kill all the crew, as dead dogs tell no tales; then, after taking whatever they want from the vessel, they set her on fire or scuttle her. With native junks the plan is different. They seldom touch a European ship now unless she becomes a wreck; but with junks they are not so particular, for Chinamen do not seem to have any energy for self-defence. This seems strange under such circumstances, for they know the certain fate which awaits them. The captured junk is taken to the pirates' village, the property on board is divided, and the craft is broken up for firewood. The crew are not maltreated, for they never show any resistance; they are divided among the principal men of the gang, and are kept as slaves to work and do the most menial of duties. Should any gunboat visit that place—and the Chinese Government have now some small craft for cruising about these islands and looking after pirates—these unfortunates are concealed in underground places made for the purpose. A number of men are placed beside them, with large knives, and should any of them attempt to shout, so as to

call the attention of the people searching the village, they are instantly cut to pieces. These prisoners have almost no chance of escape, and slavery for life is their doom. Some have been known to be ransomed, but negotiations which are necessary for such transactions are dangerous; and the sharp watch which is kept now, together with the desire to catch the pirates, makes them adverse to any proposals of this kind.

Our pilot related one case where he managed to release a captured junk. He had been knocking about some of the islands south of Shanghai, and, seeing a junk in the hands of the pirates, he bore down, and a well-directed shot or two from a gun made them leave the junk and go off as fast as they could in their own boats. As a salvage case, it was a profitable bit of business to the pilot, but it made him a marked man among the pirates, and one day, not long afterwards, he fell into their hands. The head of the gang had him, as he thought, at his mercy; the pilot was at bay, and the pirate stood before him with a spear, intending to exact a ransom equal to the rescued junk, or dispose of him with the spear. While this anxious negotiation was going on the pilot managed to catch hold of the spear, so that he passed inside of its point, and drawing a revolver he entirely changed the conditions under which the treaty was being made. He explained that any movement on the part of the pirate or his men would lead to instant death. He then announced to him that there was a reward offered by Government of 500 taels for his head, dead or alive—a piece of information not quite unknown to him—and that, instead of paying for the released junk, these 500

taels could now be easily earned. The pilot's vocation taking him often about the neighbourhood of these fellows, and taking into consideration the fact that he might again fall into their hands, he thought it as well not to push matters to extremities, and came to a general kind of agreement to let bygones be bygones, and not to injure each other for the future. The pirates, to their credit, have kept to their word, and these very men have helped him to save both life and property from wrecks; and to secure their services in this way, he has been very careful to see that they were paid a certain sum for each life and bale of goods, the preservation of which was due to their exertions.

Supposing this story to be in the main true, so far as it relates to the character of these pirates, it suggests what ought to be the policy employed in putting them down. No doubt doses of grape-shot, and burning junks and villages, may sometimes be necessary; but wherever it can be done, the plan of making them help in case of wreck ought to be adopted. These people have been wreckers and pirates for ages, and have never known any other idea but that of plunder; but as soon as they find out that saving life and property is a more paying kind of work, they will be certain to follow it. On the Admiralty charts for this coast the word "Piratical" is added in an underline to the name of many of the islands. This tells of the past, and, indeed, of the present also, but it is a condition of things the days of which are numbered.

The "Hwang-hai," or Yellow Sea, is clearly named

from its colour. There need be no uncertainty on this point, as in the case of the Red Sea. The Yang-tse-Kiang and Hwang-ho, or Yellow River, both send down such large volumes of turbid water that the sea is yellow for many miles, and beyond that a yellowish grey extends far into the ocean, till at last it is lost in the pure water of the deep. From the contrast of the yellow with the dark blue beyond it, they call the latter the "Black Sea." The yellow is the yellow of ochre, indicating that the rivers have passed through a soil of ferruginous earth. The water seems thick with the yellow matter in it; so much so is this the case that a Yankee is reported to have said, "Call that water? Why, it's more like what we make bricks with in our parts." After sailing for a day or two on yellow water, I more fully appreciated that provision of nature which has made the whole ocean blue. Had the sea been all yellow, like the Hwang-hai, it would have been a very dull, monotonous affair. Such a colour is suggestive of bile and all its associations. Yachting and sea-bathing would have been out of the question. The fish found in such waters are said to be poor and tasteless. No Greek brain could have produced the myth of Aphrodite from such a sea, and the more modern reality of the British sailor never could have been achieved from such an origin; but it is easy to believe that it is the natural element of junks and Chinamen. In looking over the Yellow Sea, which extended in every direction to the horizon, it had much the appearance of a desert of sand, suggesting a great liquid Sahara; and had one been a tired traveller, it would have betokened nothing more drinkable to the

thirsty throat than that weary plain. The only visible oasis was our ship; all else was a dreary waste.

On Sunday morning, 22nd September, we were off the Tung-sha light, which means "Eastern Sands," and applies to the bar at the mouth of the Yang-tse. We had to lie to for an hour or so waiting for the tide, when we steamed on through the yellow mud. The junks, sailing-vessels, and steamers visible going and coming on our line, told that a port was near. At last spots rose out of the horizon, which gradually became trees and fields with houses and animals. After a time we could make out trees on our starboard side, and then at last we appreciated the fact that we were in the estuary of a great river. The Yang-tse, the third river in the world, is about ten or twelve miles wide at its mouth. We sailed a few miles up it, and then entered the tributary on which Shanghai stands, called the Woo-Sung, and which we reached about mid-day, being six weeks and two days since we started from Venice; and here the Peninsular and Oriental line ends in this direction.

Two days were spent in Shanghai waiting for a steamer to Tientsing. There are two lines belonging to different companies. My berth was on board the "Sin-Nan-Zing," a paddle-steamer, and on the Wednesday morning we were again "ploughing" the waters,—there is a literalness of truth in this word when applied to the earthy stream of the Yang-tse,—on our way down to the Yellow Sea. By the next morning we were in the "Black Sea," passed the Gulf of Pechili, and very soon found ourselves in the dirty-brown water of

the Peiho. At Taku the forts were being repaired, after remaining for many years in the state in which the French and British troops left them. Gangs of men were carrying earth, and making them all as smooth and fresh as if they were just constructed for the first time. The casemates—all the embrasures are casemates—are strong and substantial in appearance, and they are said to be now armed with Krupp's guns. The operations at Taku are stated to be only part of a large plan of work going on—the meaning of which is war at no distant date, but against whom the war is to be directed is not as yet clearly known in these regions. Alarmists see in it another Tientsing massacre, which will not be confined to one town, but in every place in China where there are foreigners a wholesale extirpation of them is to take place. Others talk of war between China and Japan as imminent. The Corea was formerly a part of the Chinese Empire, but Japan now claims it, and high words, it is said, are passing in official circles in relation to this matter. Another theory is that Li-hoong-Chang, the present governor of Pechili, and the ablest man at present in the front of Chinese politics, has ambitious plans of his own. He has been hard at work for some time past organizing an army, and now he has one of the best that has yet been produced in China. According to this theory, Pekin being in Pechili, and the possession of this army making him master of all the northern part of the Empire, he intends to be master of Pekin, and consequently of the Emperor also, without, however, having it in view to declare himself Emperor—which no Chinese mandarin could be supposed to con-

template. These are the rumours which pass from mouth to mouth in this quarter. The forts and the guns, however, are no rumour, and there are two new forts higher up the Peiho, one close to the right bank, and the other about a mile from the river on the north, said to be for defending the road from Petong, by which the French got to the rear of the North Taku Fort in the last war. The army is being drilled for European tactics, and ships of war on the European models are being built.

Li-hoong-Chang is a noted man in this part of the world, and is said to be a thorough-going Conservative, as all the mandarin or governing classes are considered to be in China—that is, they are opposed to the admission of foreigners into the country, and to all the ideas and results of European civilization. Railways and telegraphs are the advanced guard of this invasion, and against these they struggle by every power that can be brought into play. The teaching of Confucius, to preserve the ancient institutions, is the policy they strictly adhere to. Like the Hebrews of old, they try to keep themselves pure from the contact of nations around them. Their borders are ever troubled by the Britishites, the Frankites, the Yankites, and the Russites. The latter might be called the Amorites, from their doings on the great river which is their border—and the kings of all these nations are conspiring against the peace of this Israel of Celestial renown. As a railway is hopeless, tramways are being talked of as a sort of thin end of the wedge, and as a still finer point to the thin end of this wedge, a traction engine and an omnibus have lately arrived at Tientsing. The

hope is that they can be run on some of the roads, and then the Chinese will not have the graves of their ancestors to defend against railway engineers making a line across the country. Before they can be run, however, permission must be obtained, and Li-hoong-Chang was invited to inspect these two new "foreign devils." Li-hoong-Chang applied no bad names to the vehicles, but, on the contrary, after having a ride on the traction engine, with which he seemed highly pleased, he quoted a sentence from Confucius, the purport of which is, that "he who smooths the way is a doer of good." Whether this was merely politeness, or an indication of a willingness to sanction any improvement that would mend the ways of his country, is not yet known.

The country round Tientsing was flooded for many miles, and in some places it looked like a great inland sea. This took place last year also, but the inundation was then much worse, and life and property both suffered great loss. It is supposed the cause of this catastrophe is that the Hwang-ho has broken its banks up country, and that some of its waters find their way into the Peiho.

The Peiho, or North River, is celebrated for its "bends"—something like the "Links of Forth"—many of them so angular that steamers have to run their bow into a cabbage-garden, and a hawser has to be carried out and made fast on the other side before the place can be passed. This makes the navigation of the Peiho slow, and gives an anxious time to the captain. His last great difficulty is the "Everlasting Bend," and then it is pretty plain sailing up to Tientsing.

At Taku the country is open and flat; and what strikes one is, that as far as the eye can see, there is a crop of ancestral graves. They are circular mounds, like mole-heaps, and are so thick and close that the whole country has the appearance of being one vast burial-ground. They recalled to me the saying of the Arabs, that, when a man dies, "he has gone to the greater number."

CHAPTER XIII.

TIENTSING AND THE PEIHO.

TIENTSING, or the "Celestial Ford," is a very large place, and is believed by most people to have a greater population than even Peking itself. The Grand Canal joins the Peiho at Tientsing, causing it to be a great centre of commerce, and consequently the narrow river is in many places impassably crowded with craft. Being one of the open or treaty ports, there is the "settlement" or quarter where the Europeans have their business houses. This is first reached on coming up the river, and, as compared with Shanghai, it contains a very small population. Ever since the massacre, the Foreign Powers have been particular not to leave the place unprotected; hence there is a good show of war vessels flying the English, American, French, and Russian colours.

On my return from Peking I spent a couple of days at Tientsing, and a friend, who kindly undertook to be my guide, conducted me first to the scene of the massacre. He had been in Tientsing at the time, and was familiar with every detail. The Shanse temple was our next point of attraction, and to one who has visited many temples all over the world, and has made them a subject of study, this particular one has peculiar interest. Here we find the theatre and the temple combined, and this is a combination to be found all over China. The drama has long

ceased to be religious, but the Passion Play at Ammergau may remind us that such was not always the case. Dancing had a symbolic meaning, which it first acquired in the temple as one of the services, and the festivals and ceremonies which had a reference to the actions of the deity grew at last into theatrical performances.

Among the Greeks Bacchus is said to have invented or built the first theatre, and the rites which were gone through in his honour are supposed to have given birth to the drama. In the old Greek plays there were but four performers, and it is supposed that the harlequin, clown, pantaloon, and columbine of our modern pantomime are only the continuation of the ancient caste of characters. The theatre, although still connected as a building with the temple in China, has, as in other places, ceased to give religious performances, and I understand the pieces are now historical and comic. There was no performance going on when we visited the building, for the place was all shut up. It belongs to the merchants from the province of Shanse, living in Tientsing, who meet in it about once a month and use the place as a club, the temple and theatre being only necessary adjuncts. There are tables where they eat and drink, and manage to combine friendship with business. A temple, a theatre, an exchange, and a club all in one is a strange combination to our Western ideas, but, when properly understood, it is a very good arrangement, and no doubt exactly suits the tastes and habits of the Shanse merchants. The place is kept in good order, delightfully clean, with plants and flowers all round. At Han-Kow, on the Yang-tse-Kiang, I afterwards visited a similar establishment. It belonged to the

merchants of the province of Keangse. This seems to indicate that they are more or less common all over China.

There are two Mahomedan mosques in Tientsing, and we paid a visit to one of them. I was anxious to see if the type of physiognomy of these people was in any way different from the rest of the population. I thought at first that they were less Turanian than their neighbours, but this may have been fancy on my part. Protestants and Roman Catholics have often to act together in China, owing to a condition of mutual interests and dangers, which could never happen at home; and from a somewhat similar cause these followers of the Prophet have the feeling that Christians are their brothers in faith. On this account they are always glad when any European appears among them, and as I aired a few words of Arabic, and talked to them of Mecca and the Kaaba, and the Holy Well of Zem-Zem, they were delighted. They gathered round us in quite a mob. One of the principal men led us into a side house and produced a copy of the Koran in Arabic, which he assumed I could read fluently. He opened it at the first chapter, which is called the El Futtehah, and is equivalent to the Lord's Prayer. As he passed his finger along the line I was able, from memory, to repeat a few of the words, and they were all highly pleased, and I presume that they took me, as well as my companion, a staunch Presbyterian, for Hadjis, and faithful believers in Mahomet. When Islam conquered Egypt and all the northern part of Africa, the savage but brave apostles of the sword at last reached the Atlantic, as their limit in that direction, and, dashing their

horses into the sea, expressed their regret to Allah that there was nothing more to conquer to the faith. Eastward the space was greater. There were those deserts of sand round Khiva we have heard so much of lately, and which Vambery describes; and after the fertile region around Bokhara and Samarkund was passed, there remained the terrible deserts of Tartary and Mongolia to be got over before reaching China. The whole of India was conquered, and then these barren tracks were crossed, and Mahomedans are to this day found, not only at Tientsing, close to the Pacific, but the rebellion in Yunan among the Panthays is a Mahomedan movement in the very south-west province of China.

Chinese beggars are notorious for their efforts to excite charity. They exhibit sores and deformities, stick pins and bits of wood into their flesh, and burn joss-sticks on their hands and arms; but in most cases these are tricks. They can put clay on their arms and paint it to look like a swollen sore; and it is by a similar process that they can afford to, or rather seem to, put pieces of wood into their flesh. Such practices are very easily understood; but I could not explain to myself, nor could any one solve, the mystery of a strange device of one of these beggars to attract attention, which we saw one morning. We found a man lying all his length on the ground, while with his left hand he collected the loose earth about and stuffed it into his mouth. It was not in small quantities, like a pinch of snuff, but almost a handful at a time! We watched him in the act of mastication, and when he had swallowed one mouthful, he stuffed

in another supply. How long he had been at this, or how long he could continue to have the appetite to go on with such a breakfast, we did not wait to see. He certainly swallowed about a quarter of a pound of earth while we looked on. "Eating dirt" is an oriental phrase, but always understood to have only a metaphorical sense; yet here was the reality, and one would like to have a medical opinion as to the effect of such matter on the internal organization.

Tientsing is inclosed by walls, square in plan, which seems to be the case with all the towns hereabout. The walls are very old and ruinous. There are large suburbs all round, extending beyond the river and the Grand Canal, the European settlement forming an extension on the south. Although the whole area is large, yet it is far short of that of Peking; but then it is covered closely with houses, which is not the case with the capital, and it is this fact which justifies the opinion as to its more numerous population. We were much impressed by its teeming crowds and great traffic on the evening of our departure.

My journey to Peking was much facilitated by the kindness of some friends, also on their way to the Capital, who included me in their commissariat arrangements. Mr. Howard, of Sassoon's, had engaged a boat and a servant for me, and Mr. Giles, of the Consulate, had my passport in order, so that I was ready to start at any moment. My friends had adopted what is considered the most comfortable way of doing the journey—that is to go as far as Tung-chow by boat on the Peiho. We sent off our small fleet of boats at

once, so that they might get clear of the junks and past the bridge before we joined them. Captain Nazimoff, commanding the Russian man-of-war, had kindly proposed to pull us up in the evening in his gig. We all thought afterwards that the captain let himself in for a great deal more trouble than he had calculated upon. There may be such an authority as a harbour-master at Tientsing, but, judging from appearances, I should say, No. Junks seem to go where they like and anchor as they like—the result being a hopeless state of confusion in which we got entangled. Innumerable times we pulled up between rows of these antediluvian-looking Chinese junks, and found ourselves in a *cul de sac*. This was wearisome, but our nerves were more than once tried by the risk of two great junks coming together and crushing our frail gig, squeezing our bodies into a jelly, and depositing us in this state at the bottom of the Peiho. Captain Nazimoff's strong fellows struggled well through all this, but it was getting dark, and as we found one of our own boats in the confused mass, we objected to let our friend trouble himself any further. At last we got him to turn back, but not before producing two bottles of champagne from the stern-sheets of his gig, and these had to be poured out as a drink-offering at our farewell. The sunset was fading into darkness, and we were near enough the bridge to see the masses of dark figures moving upon it. It seemed to be a bridge of boats, and one boat is taken out at times to let the vessels pass. We were nearly an hour before we could get through. The bridge was crowded with people wanting to cross, who, in the darkness, looked like fiends from

another world. Those in the boats, as they made vain struggles to get along, howled and bawled, cursing and swearing. Those on the bridge did the same. As we passed, some hundred of them rushed over upon our boat in a hurried and frantic sort of way, but fortunately we got through without an accident.

Not far above the bridge we found the rest of our fleet. Dinner was nearly ready—after which we soon turned in, for we were to make a start early in the morning. We had each a boat—a long, flat craft, with a house nearly all its length. The fore-part of this house is for the passengers; the after-part for the crew. Sails are used when the wind is favourable, but when it is ahead the men go out and track along the bank. Next morning, when I got up, I found the boatmen busy putting up the masts and making everything ready for the voyage. I thought, from the distance we had come the night before in the dark, that we must be in the country, or at least in the outskirts of the town, but as far as the eye could reach there were houses along the river-side. The principal object before us was the ruin of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which was burned on the day of the massacre.

We were to have a cup of tea before going off, and while waiting for it I was asked if I had ever tasted a Canton oyster, to which inquiry I had to give a negative reply. "Are you aware that Canton is noted for its oysters?" and a confession of total ignorance on this matter had to be made. "Would you like to taste one?" The reply was, that I had come to China to see it and get knowledge, and that knowledge of Canton oysters would no doubt be valuable. I had begun to think that the

Chinese might have some special way of cultivating oysters—some system, perhaps, as old as the time of Confucius—and that Canton oysters would no doubt be of excellent flavour; but my speculations were stopped to watch my friend's movements. A wine-glass was produced, and the yolk of an egg deposited into it; a drop or two of water and the same of vinegar was added, then a little salt and pepper. I was asked to shut my eyes and swallow the contents. This I did, and were I to trust to the dictates of my palate I should swear that it was a veritable oyster which went smoothly down. We had them every morning during our journey, and I can recommend this particular breed of oysters with confidence.

It was some time before we got clear of the suburbs of Tientsing. We found it nearly all flooded, houses submerged, others being left in a state of ruin as the waters receded, gardens swept away, and masses of drifted wood and stuff deposited everywhere. It suggested to one's mind the idea that the morning after the deluge must have left appearances something similar to this. At last we found ourselves beyond the city and its surroundings, and within the narrow banks of the river, which is very canal-like in its character. Although a river in its natural condition, yet the Peiho from Tientsing to Tung-Chow is a portion of the Grand Canal. To what we call "Grand Canal" the Chinese apply the name of "Yuen-liang-ho," or "Grain-Tribute-River." It was made to bring the tribute-rice from the provinces to Peking, and this portion of the Peiho from Tientsing is a part of this water-communication. As will be explained hereafter,

the population of Peking is military, and not a labouring one. Nothing comes from the capital; everything goes into it; taxes have to be paid in kind, and have to be transported from all parts of the empire, and hence the name of the canal. The country here is perfectly flat, and a railway could be constructed with the greatest ease. I may say that there is not a single spot between Tientsing and Peking which could possibly involve an engineering difficulty; but then there is a most serious obstacle, and that is the mandarin ideas and policy. Once bridge over this one great difficulty and any one could plan the line in a country like this.

The Peiho is noted for its "bends." At one time you are sailing direct for Peking, at another you are off at right angles, and then you find yourself on a line that would, if continued, take you straight back to Tientsing. The sails take you sweeping along one side of the bend, but round the next the men have to jump out with the towing-ropes and pull against both wind and tide. We could land and walk along the banks, and at night we came to an anchor, for the boatmen required sleep. We passed houses, villages, and towns on the way. At Ho-si-woh we met Admiral Jenkins, commanding the American squadron in Chinese waters, and his flag-captain—Captain Baldwin—and party on their return from Peking. Mrs. Little, of our party, being an American lady, the admiral boarded our fleet to pay her a visit. Afterwards we all landed, and in our walk through the town we came upon a temple with a theatrical performance going on. Our entrance attracted all eyes from the actors, and we had to beat a retreat to

avoid being mobbed. The lady in our party seemed to be a novel attraction which their own stage did not boast of, and the female portion of the crowd seemed particularly anxious to get a sight of her.

Although the distance is only sixty-five miles by land, we were full five days in doing it by the river. On the last day we saw the pagoda of Tung-Chow early, but afternoon came before we arrived, for we had to zig-zag up to it as if it had been a fortified position. Here we were to leave our aquatic mode of transport and do the remainder of our journey by land. We were fifteen miles from Peking, so it was too late to start, for we might find the gates of the city shut, and that would be awkward. M. Bakhméteff, of the Russian Legation, had come down to meet my friends, bringing a chair for the lady, and he had also arranged quarters for us in a temple, where we had our dinner and passed the night. This experience gave me another aspect of Chinese temples. In every house here you will find an altar as one of the most prominent features, where incense is burned and ceremonies are performed, so that the house may be looked upon as a temple. Our experience in the Ta-Wang-Meeaou, or Temple of the Great Prince, was evidence that it could be used as a house and suffer no desecration, and temples I understand are used all over China as places of accommodation. "Beth" is the Hebraic word for temple; it also expressed house; and "bait" is the modern Arabic form, and still used in the sense of "house."

The priest of this temple was old and blind. He had two young priests as attendants, mere boys, who were to

him instead of eyes; one was always beside him, telling him what was going on, and he gave the priest a minute description of each of us as we passed. I was conscious that my movements, with a sketch-book and pencil, were exciting some interest; through vicarious eyes the blind man had knowledge of all I did. I wanted a sketch of the old priest, and I knew from long experience what an amount of interest that excites in the mind of an Oriental. When I went up to him he felt me all over with his hands, and the boys' tongues were adding details in a very voluble manner. I wanted his portrait, but in the first place he was taking mine. A rather ample beard seemed, to his fingers, a point of great importance. Many details were added by the two boys, who kept up a constant stream of information, and I am certain that that old priest has as perfect a picture of me in his mind as I have of him in my sketch-book. The sketching of him followed, and the tributary eyes watched every touch of the pencil, reporting the same to my model; and I believe he knows every detail of that drawing as accurately as I do myself.

Finding he was a Buddhist priest, I wanted to ascertain whether he knew the ancient Sanscrit Mantra, which is still so sacred among the Lamas of Tibet, so I pronounced the sentence to him, "Aum Mani Padmi, Hoong." What are called "Praying Machines," or the "Rotary Calabash" of Carlyle, contain nothing but this Mantra, and when understood it is not a prayer at all. It means simply adoration to Mani, or Buddha, that is God on the lotas, or throne—Amen. Praise, not prayer, is its true meaning. When the old man heard these words it was like an

electric shock to him. It was beyond his experience that an outer barbarian could possibly know anything of these sacred sounds. He seemed very much interested and pleased. I got him to repeat the words, to see if he had the same pronunciation as I had. There was a slight difference between us, but I claimed to be the better authority, for I had acquired my knowledge of the Mantra in Tibet and India, which were nearer to its original Sanscrit source than Tung-Chow.

Next morning we were off on horses, donkeys, or chairs, each according to his taste. The servants had carts for themselves and the luggage. The first place of note we came to was Pa-li-Chiaou, or Eight-mile Bridge. This was the scene of one of the engagements when the allied French and English troops forced their way to Peking in 1860; and from the name of this bridge the Duc de Palikao derives his title. I heard of such phrases as "Duc de Pillage," and "Count de Massacre," as titles which his conduct had earned for him at the time. How far the honorary rank conveyed by these terms was justified by deeds I know not, but I was in Paris in the last days of August, 1870, when this same worthy announced that the city would illuminate if it knew all that *he* knew. A day or so afterwards the news of Sedan came, and we all remember the result.

All the way from Tung-Chow to Peking there is a road, paved with large slabs of granite, which is two or three centuries old, and, judging by appearances, one would suppose it had never been repaired since its first construction. It is about twenty feet wide; each slab is about two feet broad, and from three to eight or

nine feet in length. A splendid piece of work it must have been when new and in good condition, but now it is in complete ruin; the rain has washed away the earth from the sides, and the stones have tumbled down; and wheels passing along for centuries have made deep ruts, which are now chasms, dangerous for horses and pedestrians. Even in this state there is a large traffic on the road. The chief means of conveyance in this region is a wheelbarrow of a peculiar make; and it is absolutely necessary to have a man in advance, who guides the wheels past the ruts. Should it get into one, unloading the barrow is the only means of extrication.

It may be noticed that all the roads about Peking are in a similar condition to what is described here. Everything which might be called the Public Works Department seems as if left to ruin and decay. Orientals never were noted as road-makers; a track made by those who passed along is all that is understood by a road in the East. Where a road was really constructed, the idea of keeping it in repair never seemed to have been thought of, notwithstanding a statement relative to the very road in a narrative of Lord Macartney's embassy, which left England in 1792, by W. Winterbotham. He describes the road from "Tong-Tchew" to Peking as "a foot-pavement of uncommon breadth and beauty," and as being "kept in perfect repair by labourers regularly disposed, and constantly employed."

The traffic along this road, and also upon the rough ground on each side of it, is immense, and in this respect it has more the appearance of a street in a city than that of a country road. The number of tombs along each

side suggests a comparison of it with the Via Appia. In some parts these tombs quite lined the side of the road, and thus formed a perfect counterpart to the old Roman way.

About half-way we rested and lunched at one of these places of the dead, and soon afterwards the high walls of Peking came in sight. A populous suburb at last takes the place of the tombs, and after being much stared at as we pass along, we got to the Chi-ho-Mun, or Gate of Chi-ho, and under its high arch we pass, and are "in small-eyed China's crockery-ware metropolis."

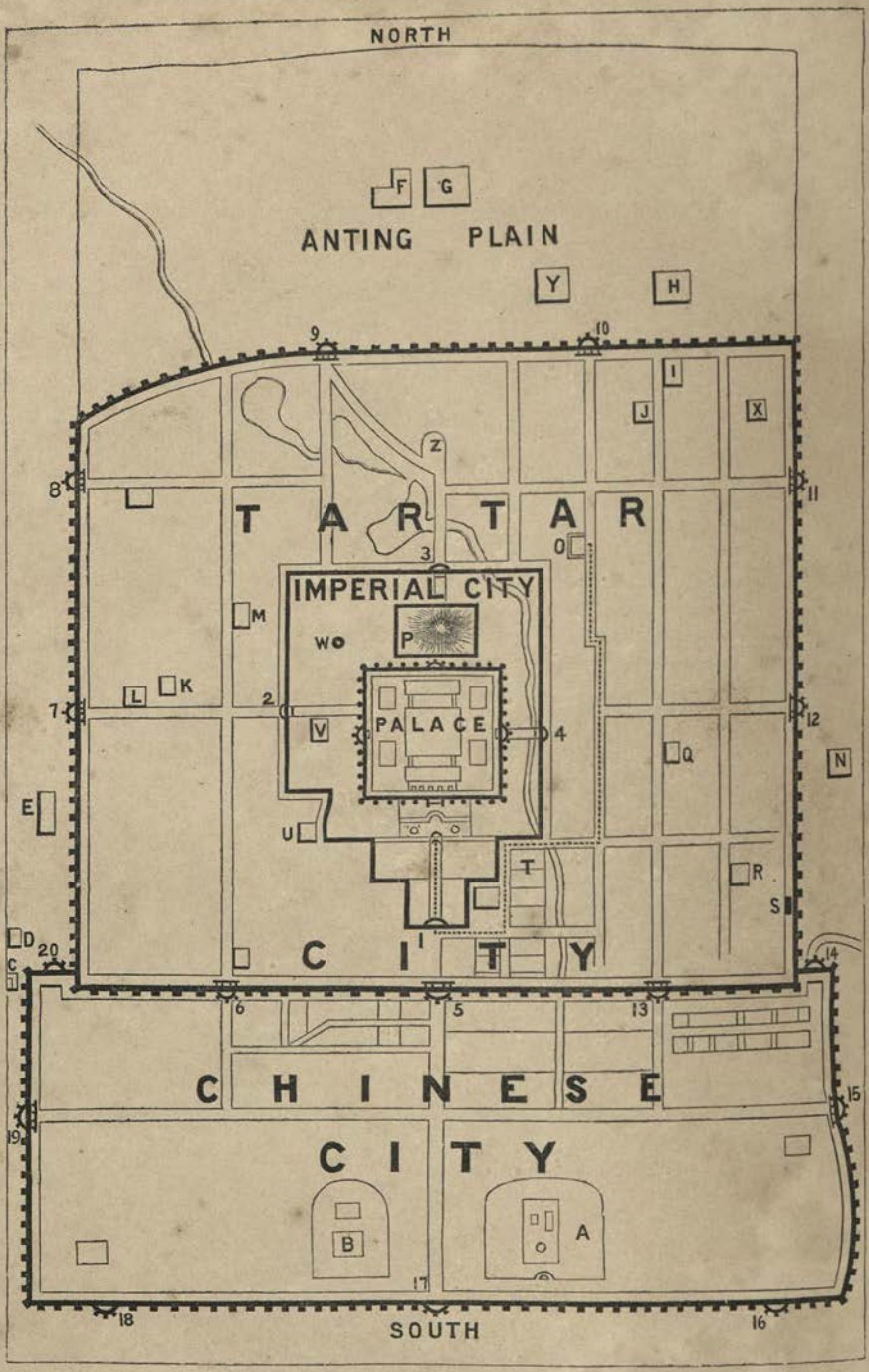
CHAPTER XIV.

PEKING.

One wonders upon what authority Byron used the phrase "crockery-ware" as descriptive of Peking. The Imperial palace and some of the temples are roofed with glazed tiles, and there are a few Pailos, or ornamental gateways, inlaid with what we now call Majolica. To such the word "crockery-ware" would be applicable, and probably some account of these places suggested the epithet; but as a general description of China's metropolis it is decidedly misleading. Imagine about sixteen square miles of tumble-down bricks, dirty earthen tiles, dusty or muddy thoroughfares, open stagnant sewers, and unlimited filth of every kind lying about, and you have a general and very correct idea of Peking. When you have looked at the great wall of the city from the outside, and passed through the high archway, which is impressive from its size, you expect to find a place of corresponding importance within; but, on the contrary, you see only the beginning of a street, with low, one-storied miserable houses, in no way different from the villages you have passed on the way. It was certainly disappointing, but I hoped as we went along that we might see something better. Our progress did not realize these hopes. There were the same unswept dirty streets, or lanes, with dull walls on each side—the same low, mean houses. If we

came to one of the wider streets it seemed to be only an ampler space for filth. Here and there were large open spaces, where houses had stood. Nothing but mounds of bricks and tiles remained, from which dogs barked at us. Even where there are houses of anything approaching the better class, they are enclosed within walls, and out of sight, so that the very worst impression is produced upon one passing through the streets of Peking. The idea which formed itself in my mind was, that, although the capital city, it was only in reality an extended village. The temples, monasteries, and similar buildings are only spots in this vast unsightly region, and do not affect the general conclusion. The Imperial palace is certainly an exception; but as it is within high walls, and no one is allowed to enter, it did not influence my impressions.

The plan of Peking reminds one of the New Jerusalem, and yet one cannot see how any connexion between them could arise. "The city lieth four-square, and the length is as large as the breadth," and "had a wall great and high." In both cases the walls face each to a point in the compass. In the number of gates the resemblance ceases, for Peking has as one of its titles, "City of the Nine Gates." To one accustomed to study plans of churches the eye is struck with the threefold division of the city—the Imperial palace, or "Prohibited City," set apart in the centre, as if it were the *sanctum sanctorum* of a temple. No doubt this is only accidental, but as the plan of the city dates back to the days of Kublai Khan, or the thirteenth century, there is no saying what amount of symbolism he may not have brought from the more western



PLAN OF PEKING.

PLAN OF PEKING.

A. Temple of Heaven.
B. Temple of Agriculture.
C. T'ien-ling-ssu, a Buddhist Monastery, with old Pagoda.
D. Po-yung-Kwan, Tauist Temple.
E. Temple of the Moon.
F. Hei-ssu, Lama Temple.
G. Hwang-ssu, Lama Temple.
H. Jih-tau, Temple.
I. Tung-Ho-Kung, Lama Temple. [attached to this Temple.
J. Wen-Miao, the Confucian Temple. The Hall of the Classics is
K. Ti-Wang-Miao, Imperial Confucian Temple.
L. Pai-ta-ssu, Buddhist Temple.
M. Hu-po-ssu, Buddhist Temple.
N. Jih-tou, Temple.
O. Bride's Palace. The dotted line from this will show the line of the Midnight Procession to South Gate of the Imperial Palace.
P. Mei-Shan, Artificial Hill of Coal.
Q. London Missionary Society.
R. Examination Hall.
S. Kuang-hsiang-t'ai, Observatory. [Bearing Nations.
T. Quarter of the Foreign Legations, and Ambassadors of the Tribute
U. Mahomedan Mosque.
V. Peh-tang, French Ecclesiastical Mission.
W. White Ming Pagoda.
X. Russian Mission.
Y. Russian Cemetery.
Z. Drum Tower.

1. Ta-Ching-Mun.
2. Si-hua-Mun.
3. How-Mun.
4. Yung-hua-Mun.

} The Four Gates of the Imperial City.

5. Chien-Mun.
6. Shun-chih-Mun.
7. Ping-tzu-Mun.
8. Si-chih-Mun.
9. Te-sheng-Mun.

} The Nine Gates of the Tartar City.

10. Anting-Mun.
11. Tung-chih-Mun.
12. Chih-ho-Mun.
13. Hai-te-Mun.
14. Tung-Pien-Mun.
15. Sha-huo-Mun.
16. Cheang-tzu-Mun.
17. Tung-ting-Mun.
18. Nan-si-Mun.
19. Hang-yi-Mun.
20. Si-pien-Mun.

} Seven Gates of the Chinese City.

NOTE.—The scale of this Plan is too small to give all the streets. Only a few of the wider thoroughfares are indicated.

parts of the East. A confirmation of what is here guessed at may be found in Gutzlaff's book. He says, "They have endeavoured to model their government after nature, and the laws of the visible heavens. Even their military standards and royal palaces are supposed to have resemblance to celestial objects."

It may be as well to state that the population of Peking proper is Tartar or Manchoo; that is, it belongs to the same race as the dynasty, and is not to be confused with the Chinese population, which lives in a separate walled city on the south side. These Manchoos are a military body, drilled, armed, and organized accordingly. As the arms are the bow and arrow, the military model on which they are formed may be said to be rather archaic; but that does not affect the original idea upon which the city was planned. They constitute an army, a living bulwark, round the Emperor in his palace. They are the equivalent to what in Europe would be called the guard. It was to feed these unproductive soldiers that the Grand Canal, or the "Grain-Tribute-River," was made. They are paid and fed out of the Imperial resources, and have certain drills and exercises to go through, which are their only occupation. They amuse themselves with pigeons and birds, almost every man carrying a bird about with him on a stick, or in a cage; and they have flocks of pigeons with whistles attached to them, so that when they fly through the air, the whistles sound. I speak from experience when I add that, if a "Foreign Devil" should try to use a sketch-book in the streets of Peking, he will find this idle population to be his worst enemy. Pigeons, birds,

and everything is forgotten for the moment, and a most unmanageable mob is the result.

Like some god surrounded by the celestial hosts, throned in dignity, and thus secluded from contact with the powers of evil, the deified Emperor of China, encircled by his protecting army of Manchoos, seems defended against all outward danger or influence from his enemies. The abstract and mythical ideas of old are repeated in this sacred monarch, who in his secluded position is said to as "lonely as a god." The ancestral tablets of the deceased Emperors of the dynasty are placed together with those of the Deity in the Temple of Heaven, making them as it were the equals of God, with whom they are worshipped. That his palace should be looked upon as a sort of celestial abode, or third heaven, is what one might expect from the conditions of the case, and the high-sounding names given to each part of it proves that such is the case. The outer south gate of all palaces and houses is a place of honour and importance; in the Imperial palace it is called the Ta-Ching-Mun, which seems to be a high-sounding title capable of various meanings, as "Front Gate," "Gate of the Dynasty;" but it may be rendered also "Bright," or "Refulgent," and it is also named the "Great Pure Gate." It is by this gate only that the Emperor enters or leaves his residence. Having passed this, you are within the walls of the palace, and then come a succession of gates and halls of a very celestial character, if we may judge by their names. The first is the Tien-Ngan-Mun, or "Gate of Heavenly Peace;" then follows the Tuan-Mun, or "Gate of Order;" after that the Wu-Mun, or "Gate of the

Mid-day Sun; and beyond this is reached the T'ai-Ho-Mun, or "Gate of Great Felicity." This last leads to the T'ai-Ho-Tien, or "Hall of Great Felicity,"—or more correctly, "Heaven of Great Felicity,"—and also to the Pao-Ho-Tien. The word Tien indicates that this is another "Heaven," or "Hall of Secure Felicity." Beyond this is another gate called the Chien-Ching-Mun, or "Gate of Steadfast Purity;" and this leads to the Chien-Ching-Kung, or "Palace of Steadfast Purity;" and here are the apartments occupied by the Emperor. Experiences of the streets of Peking, or of its pig-tailed Tartar population, would not be likely to suggest that the one was planned, or the other organized, from anything that could be called a heavenly model. But the description just given will show that the capital city of the Celestials is not without a design, and that too, seemingly, of a very ancient symbolical character, pointing to the old idea of the invisible and the visible Jerusalems.

All these gates and halls are upon the axis of a line running north and south. This is the case with all palaces, Yamuns, or official residences, houses, and temples in China. The buildings attached to the great tomb of Yung-Lo—the most important of the Ming tombs—are also arranged on the same plan, showing a continuity of idea carried through each. The popular way of understanding this arrangement is that it has a reference to the *Fung-Shui*, a very peculiar deification of wind and water, which occupies a large place in the common superstitions of this country. The cold wind (and in Peking in winter it is a biting, frosty wind) comes

from the north. The solid wall, with no door or entrance on that side, is a safeguard against this. From the south, on the contrary, the warmth of the sun is felt; and hence the House, the House of the Dead, and the Temple, are all made so as to face this genial part of the heavens. The Christian Church is built with a reference to the rising sun; and the Temple of Solomon was the same, although, strangely enough, instead of placing the altar on the east, the entrance opened out so that the sun's rays would shine in as he rose. The plan of the Chinese temples suggests that they had a reference to the sun in his meridian glory, his highest point of power and influence.

On the north of the palace there is an artificial hill about 150 feet high, of which I shall have to speak again when describing the Ming tombs. It is said to have been formed of coal from the northern provinces; and is hence called the Mei-Shan, or "Coal Hill." The earth from the pools and ditches round the city was heaped upon it; and, being planted with trees and having pagodas and shrines erected on prominent points, it becomes a striking object in the city. This, it would seem, was a common practice with the Chinese. Lieut.-Gen. Twemlow, in "Notes on Ethnography," says,—"The Chinese stored coal in fortresses for the use of the besieged, by making mounds, covering the coal or charcoal with soil, so as to make ornamental walks and terraces."

As I am describing palaces, it may be as well here to say something about the British Legation in Peking, as it is an old palace; and it will be of interest to many to

have an account of the first ground occupied by her Majesty's representative in the Chinese capital. The spots selected by the Chinese authorities for the Foreign Legations give us a curious glimpse into the ideas and shifts of the mandarin class. Men of ancient family, whose rank and position have been established through centuries, are supposed to have a high feeling, and a liberty of action which is denied to stuck-up parvenus. Among the dynasties in this world, surely there are none that could better afford to be above smallness than that of which the Emperor of China is the head; and yet in all our transactions with this Power, we find it acting under the very meanest of motives. No advertising shopman ever took more unfair advantage of his rivals, or condescended to more questionable shifts, than the officials of the Son of Heaven have practised. Does the Emperor of China need to be advertised, as if he were a quack pill? When English officers were captured in 1860, they were placed in cages, and taken about as evidence of the greatness and glory of the Chinese Government, and of its triumph over the outer barbarians. This advertising policy is nothing new with Chinese officials. In 1793, when Lord Macartney's mission was on its way to Peking, with presents from the King of England to the Emperor, he went up the Peiho from Tientsing,—the route at that date as it is to this day. Native boats were supplied by the mandarins appointed to attend on the embassy; and on Lord Macartney's boat was placed a flag with the words in Chinese characters:—"Ambassador bearing *tribute* from the country of England." The full meaning of this will be understood

when it is explained that the Son of Heaven admits of no equal on earth; and this has also to be remembered when the story of the Imperial marriage is told. China is bounded by almost impassable deserts and mountains on the west and north, where no great Power existed to contest her supremacy. On the seaboard is Japan, Formosa, and the Loo-Choo Islands. The people of the Corea seem to have preserved a kind of independence, or rather a modified dependency on China. All these countries were at one time under Chinese control, but these were the Powers with which China had to deal, and they were called the "Tribute-bearing Countries." In this enumeration I have forgotten to include the Mongols, who are a kindred people; but at this day these tribute-bearers are reduced to the Mongols, the Coreans, and the Loo-Choos—at least, these were the only people who brought tribute and presents on the occasion of the Imperial marriage. Well! when in 1860 the Residence in Peking was forced upon the Chinese Government at the point of the bayonet, and places to live in were required, the locality selected was in the quarter where the Mongols, the Coreans, and the Loo-Choos put up on their annual visits; and by this most miserable dodge, the Western Powers appeared to the people among the "Tribute Bearers" to the Son of Heaven. What the flag was intended to advertise on Lord Macartney's boat was here accomplished in another way; and the difference of dates indicates a traditional policy underlying each event.

As I had brought letters to Mr. Wade, our Minister at Peking, and to others of the Legation, I got quarters

there, and was most kindly attended to during my stay. As one of the "Tribute-Bearing Nations," I had brought my pencil and sketch-book as an offering to the Imperial marriage. As to how it could be employed, no one could tell me. The Imperial palace was surrounded by high walls, concealing everything from the view; and as to asking for permission to see any of the ceremonies, that was quite out of the question. As I had been honoured by Royal Commissions for pictures on former occasions, I had made an application before leaving England for one in connexion with the Imperial marriage; and it might have been granted had our Court not been perfectly informed as to the exclusive ideas which dominated at Peking; and the refusal, under the circumstances, was justifiable and necessary. Letters from the Tsung-Li-Yamun, or Board of the Foreign Office at Peking, had been sent out to each of the Legations, requesting that all connected with them would remain within their walls, and not endeavour to see anything of the nuptials. I was asked to sign a document to the effect that I would not intrude myself upon the scene. As I had come all the way from London with this special object, it was not likely that I should stultify my character by a promise of that kind, but on the contrary, I considered myself at liberty to use any amount of stratagems, treasons, or plots, for the accomplishment of my design; and how I succeeded by a sort of midnight ambush will be told in its own place.

The British Legation is known to the Chinese as the "Ta-Ying-Kwo-Foo." *Ta* is "Great," *Ying* a contraction of *Yinghili* or England, *Kwo* is country, and *Foo*

a palace. As it will give a good idea of the way in which foreign languages become transformed when reproduced by the Chinese, the names of the other Legations are here added. The Russian is called "Ta-Go-Kwo-Foo." *Go* is in this case derived from *Muscov.* The Prussian is "Ta-Poo-Kwo-Foo." The Chinese cannot or do not pronounce the letter *r*, hence *Poo* has to do duty for *Proo*. "Ta-Mei-Kwo-Foo" is the American. This peculiar way of distorting language has made it most difficult to identify words and names of places of other countries which have found their way into Chinese literature.

The British Legation was originally the palace of the Duke Leeang, the representative descendant of one of the thirty-three sons of the second Emperor of the dynasty; so that the proprietor is a member of the Imperial Family,—a sixth or seventh cousin of the reigning Emperor. At the time of the Convention of 1860, he was absent as commandant of a distant garrison; and, as Lord Elgin was about to leave Peking, he, with the assistance of some of the chief authorities, managed to get a lease of the house. The rental agreed upon was 1000 taels, or a little over 300*l.* a year. There is a high wall surrounding the ground, which encloses about three acres; and, according to the theory of European International Law, it is British soil. The palace may be described as a miniature of the great Imperial palace, the halls being fewer in number and smaller in size; they are all arranged on a line running north and south. Some of the rooms are fitted up as offices, and Mr. Wade and his family occupy those

toward the northern end. The hall at the extreme end, which would no doubt have some such name as "The Place of Serene Felicity," is fitted up as the principal drawing-room, and contains a large portrait in oil of her Majesty. There are other residences for the accommodation of the secretaries, interpreters, and officials connected with the Legation. At the north-west corner there are some buildings known as the "Students' Quarters." Young gentlemen coming out for the Chinese Consular Service have first to learn the language. This they do in Peking, and it requires two or three years' study under native teachers. The students have a very good library of Chinese and Asiatic works of reference. There is a small number of attendants of a semi-military character who take charge of the Legation, and act as escort to the Minister when necessary. The whole forms a large population—in fact, a small nation in itself—confined within these three acres of British soil. As there are no amusements or attractions in Peking for Europeans, they have had to find them among themselves. There is a reading-room, a billiard-room, a theatre, a fives' court, a bowling-alley, and a skating-pond for the winter. Matches with each other, and with the members of the other Legations are got up; dinners and other social entertainments are also frequent, and thus life is made tolerable to those whose fate it is to live in this far-away land. Fortunately the best feelings exist amongst the members of the various Legations, and the intercourse resulting from it helps much to make a dull life pleasant. As they are all quartered close together in the same locality, it makes

this intercourse easy, and for this benefit they ought to be grateful to the Chinese authorities, and forgive the motives which brought them all so near among the "Tribute-Bearing Nations."

Up to 1865, some buildings on the southern side of the Legation were used for the hospital in connexion with the London Missionary Society, at that time under the charge of Dr. Lockhart; but as it was found necessary to get more accommodation for the staff, Sir R. Alcock knocked down the wall and included the buildings. The hospital was removed to another part of the city, where it is still active, and doing good work, under the charge of Dr. Dudgeon.

Mr. T. F. Wade, C.B., our present Minister at Peking is a well-known Chinese scholar, and one, too, of the highest repute. His knowledge of the language, and of the thousands of characters in which it is expressed, is unequalled by any other man living. This is admitted even by the Chinese *literati* themselves, who confess that even they have not a scholar to compare to him.

Will such bodies as comets or planets, moving in space ever come in contact? This question has often been mooted; but I do know that wanderers, who move about from duty or pleasure on this globe of ours, do often meet, and that in the most out-of-the-way corners of space In Paris, during the Commune, Mr. E. B. Malet, C.B. had charge of our embassy, and as that was the only post-office by which letters could be sent to England, I was brought a good deal in contact with him. From that point our comet-like orbits separated, and our paths through space lost each other till they met again in

the British Legation at Peking. At both points of contact I have only memories of service and kindnesses most freely rendered, and which ought to be gratefully acknowledged.

The following list of names which belong to Peking may be worth giving. Pe-king is *Pe*, "north," and *king*, "capital." A pre-existing city was called "the capital of the kingdom of Yen;" during the Kin dynasty it was known as the "Western Residence." In A.D. 1151 it was made the Court, and called the "Central Residence." Kublai Khan continued this name, when he fixed his Court there in 1264. The ordinary name is Ta-tu, or "Great Residence." "Northern" and "Southern City" is used to distinguish the Tartar from the Chinese portions, which are also known as "within the walls" and "without the walls." The Tartar city is also called King-Cheng, or "Capital City." The Mongols gave it the name also of Khan-palik, or "City of the Khan." This word became Cambalu.

CHAPTER XV.

MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

THE young Emperor of China is about seventeen or eighteen years of age. It is a custom of this country, however, for every one to add a year to his age, and the Emperor has the privilege of adding two; so that, nominally, he is nineteen or twenty. He was a boy of about seven when his father died. On the approach of the allied French and English troops upon Peking, in 1860, the late Emperor announced that he would go off to Mongolia on a hunting excursion. It was a usual thing for the Emperors of China to do this in ordinary circumstances, but it seemed a strange resolution with an enemy at the gates of the capital. This led to the supposition that the *chasseur* himself was being *chassé*. He never returned. He is said to have led a life too common among Oriental princes. The destruction of his summer palace, and a treaty forced upon him by a victorious enemy, were calamities which the pleasures of the chase in Mongolia did not seem to counterbalance, and after a slow illness he died in 1862.

The mother of the present was not the Empress of the late Emperor, but she had to be raised to that rank when the throne became vacant for her son. There were thus two Empresses,—the one called the Empress of the East, also "The Most Illustrious and Merciful Empress," and

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MIDNIGHT PROCESSION—THE BRIDE'S CHAIR.

the other the Empress of the West. This latter lady is the mother, and is called "The Most Illustrious and Blessed Empress." These two ladies have acted as Regents during the minority of the young Emperor; and public report speaks highly of the way in which they have performed their duties in this capacity. To them fell the task of choosing an Empress as wife for the young occupant of the Dragon Throne.

The manner in which the Imperial bride was selected is as strange to our minds as any among the peculiar customs of China. The process which was gone through on this occasion was not a competitive examination, and yet it reminds one of that system; neither can it be said that it is the same as eliciting the best shot at Wimbledon, and yet that came into my head when I heard the matter explained. No young man in China, wishing for a partner, can go about among the "small-eyed" beauties of his country and select for himself. Still less can an Emperor do this. Unlike a European monarch, he acknowledges no other king or rank of his own kind, and hence there is no prince's daughter who can be asked for as his wife. There are princes and princesses in China, but they belong to the Imperial Family, and cannot intermarry. He must take his wife from the people, and she must be a Manchoo and belong to the Eight Banners—that is, the division of the military population. To this class, about a year before the marriage, an order was issued, that every girl of a certain specified age should be sent to the palace. One would naturally suppose that such an order would have been obeyed with the greatest alacrity, and that

hearts fluttering with hope would have crowded forward, each trusting that such a prize might fall to her lot. One would also imagine that such arts as were practised for Cinderella's slipper would be largely used to produce whatever might be considered the ideal type of female loveliness in Peking; that dress, ornaments, cosmetics, and whatever could add a charm to the young candidates would be in large demand, and freely used. Strange to say, it was the very opposite of all this which took place. It would seem that families do not like their daughters to become the wife of an Emperor, not even to become his Empress. A girl is in a sense lost to the family when she enters the Imperial hareem; they are kept so secluded that the relatives seldom or never see them again, and it brings the parents and family into a position and prominence which is not unattended with danger.

For these reasons every plan is tried to avoid sending children for such a competition, and every device is resorted to. Lameness is imitated, and deformities are artificially produced. As this was understood at headquarters, it was ordered that cripple and blind were all to be forwarded; neither deafness, dumbness, nor any deformity was to be an excuse for not appearing. The result was that about six or seven hundred girls came to the palace, and these were brought up before the two Empresses in batches of ten. The two ladies minutely inspected each candidate, spoke to them, and put questions as to their families and education, and other matters doubtless they might deem important. It would be a curious thing to know upon what principle these ladies acted in making this selection; whether they had most in

their minds a wife for a son, or an empress for China—whether good looks, or a good heart and disposition, were the chief consideration. No one seems to think intrigue had to do with the decision. From what has been already stated, had any intrigue been used it would have been to escape the high honour. We must assume that the bride was chosen entirely upon her merits.

The result of the first examination was that about fifty or sixty young ladies were selected, and their names and families noted, so that details could be inquired into. One most important matter is the horoscope, which had to be thoroughly gone into in every case to see that it agreed properly with that of the Imperial bridegroom. This duty devolved on the Astronomical Board, which has most important functions in connexion with every act of an Emperor, or event of his Government. The officers of that board are called "The Inquiring into Heaven's Officials," and are merely astrologers, who select lucky days, and who inquire into horoscopes to discover the reasons of droughts, rains, and calamities of the weather which affect mankind in the middle kingdom. Nearly every detail of the marriage belonged to the functions of this board. The Emperor's horoscope, the bride's horoscope, the proper or fortunate day for the marriage, even the hour and minute were all matters about which Heaven had to be questioned.

The fifty or sixty girls were again summoned to the palace, and about one half were weeded out; the other half were ordered to remain for a time, so that the two Empresses might have an opportunity of a closer study of their dispositions and characters. I understood that they

were for some weeks living in the palace, and at last another reduction of the list took place. This went on till it came down to a tie of two, and at last, by this strange process, an Empress of China was evolved into the history of the world.

As the Eight Banners include every rank, down even to hucksters in the streets, such might have been the position from which the Empress made this sudden spring into her exalted sphere. As it happened, she belonged to a good family. At first there was a rumour that her grandfather had been beheaded about ten or twelve years before, and that her relations were all in disgrace in consequence. This turned out not to have been the fact, for the grandfather's name figured in some of the marriage ceremonies, and the father was raised, on account of the new relationship, to a rank corresponding somewhat to our title of Duke. He is a literary man, and is the only Manchoo who ever took the high prize of Chwang-Yuen, which is the equivalent to Senior Wrangler in our Universities, and is the highest literary rank in China. Report has it that the young Empress is educated, and of a literary turn herself. I heard her described as not being particularly beautiful, even according to Chinese ideas—a Chinese lady, who had seen her, being my authority. She has wonderful eyes, so bright and clear that one can look deep into them. Her manner is commanding, and rumour ascribed conduct to her which confirmed this character. It may be worth noting that she has not the small feet of the Chinese, as the Manchoos do not follow that very absurd custom.

An Emperor of China is allowed to have a large hareem,

and when the Empress was chosen a further selection was at the same time made as a commencement of the Imperial household. Four other young ladies were elevated to this position, and I heard them described as "second-class wives." It seems strange to us to learn that one of these girls stands in the relation of aunt to the Empress. It is stated that these young ladies are much more handsome than the Empress, indicating that she had been selected for her abilities, while they owe their position to their good looks.

A charming lady, endowed with almost every good quality of mind and person, jumps up out of the dirty streets of Peking and becomes an Empress! Four other lovely creatures also appear out of this Oriental city, and suddenly become Princesses! With this tale, as if from the "Arabian Nights," we only want a Genie to build a palace for them. Well, a new palace had been constructing in the Tartar city; it was all ready, and appeared on the scene when wanted, just as if our friend the Genie had produced it. In this the bride-elect and her four companions were placed, and ladies from the Court were appointed to teach them all the necessary details of Court etiquette, and instruct them in all matters required for their new sphere of life.

There is a strange bit of romance told regarding the Emperor while this competitive examination was going on for his bride. He had a dream, which he confided to his mother, that he had fallen in love with a young lady, and the lady of the dream was hunch-backed. As lame and deformed were all ordered to the palace, a girl with a hump-back was really found among the number, and

the Empress took the dream as an omen that this was the person who ought to be his wife. She was one of the first fifty or sixty selected, and medical men were consulted as to the possibility of curing the deformity. Anxious to accomplish this they tried many plans, but all in vain. At last, it is said that a very powerful man, described as a farrier, was sent for. He tried by force alone to push in the hump, and the operation ended in the death of the poor girl.

It must be remembered that during all this time the Emperor had never seen his Imperial bride. The first gaze can only be obtained on the night of the marriage, when she is carried to the Imperial palace. For a lover this would be a very hard condition of things, but Imperial love (if the word may be used in this case) must be a very different feeling from that which belongs to mankind in general. One could suppose an ardent youth placed as the Imperial bridegroom, trying to imagine what his intended might be like, and that possibly an ideal of her might grow up in his mind, and that something akin to the sentiment of love might arise in his heart. The story of the dream of the hump-backed girl would almost justify one in giving him credit for something of this kind. Other parts of the programme, however, render it doubtful whether any feeling which we could dignify with the name of love could possibly exist in the case. The next strange detail—and each detail of this Imperial wedding seems more startling than another—would indicate that the heart cannot have much to do with the affair. It would seem that nearly a year ago, about the time when they began to select the bride, "a teacher," or

a "Professor of Matrimony" (such is the rendering of the title, as given to me), was appointed to the Emperor. This functionary was first stated to be an old woman, then two old women, and at last they changed to two young ladies, and ultimately to four. The number of "Professors" is, I confess, doubtful, but the main fact came to me from so many, and such varied, sources, and was so firmly believed, that I must give it as a veritable part of the history. The dismissal of these ladies would take place on the event of the marriage; but rumour states, and it is looked upon as a most favourable omen by the people of Peking, that the first bud in the garden of Imperial felicity had made its appearance, and that, as a necessary consequence, one of the Professors would be raised on the day of the marriage to the dignity of a "second-class wife." One feels staggered at hearing, in this nineteenth century, of an education of this kind as a preparation for the holy state of matrimony, but it must again be remembered that we are among Easterns, who belong to a system which has scarcely changed from the times of Solomon. Still no idea can be formed from this of the real character or feelings of this young man. The position of the Emperor of China is a most exceptional one. He is placed apart, and exists under conditions which separate his life and fate from that of all human beings on earth. Every thing he does, and the conduct of every one about him, is rigidly defined in a book of ceremonies. Every event in the Emperor's life, from his birth to his death, is regulated by this authority, which is said to extend to as much as two hundred volumes. Who can tell what is

the real character of an Emperor of China? He is so shut out from all the world that he is called, among many titles, the "Solitary Prince;" and his own people describe his isolated position by saying that he is "as lonely as a god." State officials cannot approach him except in a prostrate attitude, and must go through their duties according to the dictates of this book of two hundred volumes. Not a remark, not even a word or smile, to express or communicate a thought or feeling is permissible. Thus he sits apart, and has been so from his cradle. One wonders if a soul so isolated as this from all other souls can possibly have grown and been developed. Can a heart so carefully kept away from contact with all other hearts ever feel like the rest of mankind? What he is no one can really find out. That "divinity which doth hedge a king" surrounds this man with a bulwark which none can pass. A writer wanting to describe such a character can get no materials to work from; only his own inner consciousness avails as a resource. No artist desiring a sitting need come to Peking. Photographers have tried every means, but found all to be hopeless. I heard of one who offered to leave the camera all arranged, so that his presence would not be required; but the Son of Heaven would not allow, even to the Light of Heaven, this privilege of portraiture. It is highly probable that there is nothing in the two hundred volumes as to how an Emperor ought to sit when being photographed. Had he tried to do so, the chances are that he would have looked in two or three directions during the operation, and the result would not have been a flattering likeness. What he might have thought, or how the satellites about him

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IMPERIAL MARRIAGE, THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU.

might have acted, on seeing a lot of smudges as the likeness of the occupant of the Dragon Throne, it is impossible to say. My opinion is, it was a lucky thing for the photographer that his request was not granted.

This seclusion of the Emperor has also to be carried out in relation to the Empress, and it resulted that all the ceremonies of the marriage were hid from the vulgar eye. When he does go out beyond the walls of the Great Palace, the way is cleared by guards, and not a soul is visible. No one dare look; even the guards have to turn their back to the line when the Son of Heaven approaches. The extreme of Oriental seclusion is the rule in all Imperial hareems, so that an Empress has to be still more strictly guarded and secluded than even an Emperor. These are curious conditions upon which to get up ceremonies and pageants. The Unseen is what has to be dealt with, and with it as a first element everything had to be arranged. It is curious to see how all this was managed, and it will be my purpose now to describe it in detail.

In the dusty streets of Peking a line of route was selected from the bride's Foo to the Imperial palace. For the centre of the way the path was made even, and sprinkled with new sand to make it yellow—the Imperial colour. For about a week before the marriage there was a procession every morning along the whole of this route of what the "Foreigners" here call the bride's *trousseau;* but, on inquiring further, it was explained that they were the articles sent as presents from all parts of China; and as these articles are all taken to the quarters in the palace where the Empress will for the future reside, the Scotch

word "plenishing," which a lady here has applied to them, describes most nearly their real character. Every morning, shortly after daybreak, there was an extended line of these presents carried along in charge of mandarins, bannermen, police, Imperial porters—I don't know the Chinese word for them—in red dresses with white spots. These marriage gifts presented a great variety of objects. Some were large cabinets, others small jade dishes, chairs, goblets, vases, washhand-basin stands, gold and silver articles of all kinds. The smaller things were carried on yellow tables, where the articles had to be secured. They were bound by stripes of yellow and red silk, forming a combination of the Imperial and Nuptial tints. To see these articles of Imperial house-furnishing the people of Peking came out in crowds every morning, lining both sides of the route all the way. One morning the articles to be carried were more precious than the others, so the procession started before daybreak, and the sightseers who came were rather disappointed. It was explained that this was to prevent any accident from the roughs of Peking making a dash and trying their hand at a game of grab. There was another attraction for the public—the drilling of the men to carry the bridal chair of the Empress—and this was a most important part of the wedding. The Imperial porters were drilled so as to be able to carry it steadily, and to relieve each other quickly, and it was rumoured that, as a test of the men, a vase filled with water was placed in the chair to see if they could carry it without spilling. Crowds came to see the chair when the announcement was made that it was coming

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THE BRIDE'S PALACE, PEKING.

out, but at these times it never did come out, and always seemed to take advantage of the public by going through its drill when not expected.

One of the first excursions after my arrival in Peking was to the bride's Foo. This is the palace which appeared, as if by enchantment, when the bride had been selected. I went to it by the newly-prepared Yellow Way, which terminated at its gates. It is the custom to decorate the house of the bride for some days before a marriage in China, and this, together with the procession amidst which the bride is carried through the streets in a chair, gives that publicity which may be considered as the equivalent to "publishing the banns." On the gates of the bride's Foo there was a gorgeous display of silk of the brightest colours—red, blue, yellow, and green—all bordered and fringed, and masses of silk tied up into bunches and stuck all over. It could scarcely be called a canopy; it was simply a framework supported upon red posts, round the lower part of which yellow dragons twisted themselves; and on the pedestal of each was "Shih," the Chinese character for happiness. This character was painted in bright red on everything connected with the marriage. The form is that of two "Shihs"—to indicate, I presume, *double bliss*. Some friends from the Legation had gone with me that morning, including one or two of the ladies. When we first got to the place there were a few scattered groups of Chinese about, and they began to gather round our party. I got out a pencil and began sharpening it. This strange performance on my part produced a great interest among those who were looking on. What it could mean they could not at all

comprehend. They have no such articles as black lead pencils among themselves. When the sketch-book came out, the interest and excitement increased rapidly, and the crowd began to enlarge considerably. "Foreign Devils" are so scarce in the streets of Peking that they are generally objects of attraction, but a Foreign Devil with a sketch-book in his hand is a still greater wonder. In the present case there was a She Foreign Devil with a sketch-book—one of the ladies began to make a sketch along with me—and this produced an overwhelming excitement. The crowd increased enormously. Where it all came from was a mystery. The great idle population of the capital is, I suppose, the only explanation. The whole street, and it was one of the wide thoroughfares, filled seemingly with thousands of people, all eager to see what we were doing. Those around who could see were quite satisfied, but then there was a surging mass beyond who could not, and did not comprehend what was going on, and who became more and more restless. The result was that they squeezed and pushed; those nearest were forced in on our party, and we were jostled in such a way that sketching was impossible. One of the ladies who could express herself fluently in Chinese expostulated and explained, but all to no purpose. There was no antipathy in the crowd towards us, they were perfectly good-natured; it was only idle curiosity to know what we were doing. In their eagerness to get near where we stood they were pushing and some were quarrelling among themselves. At last our position began to get serious, when some of the officials of the palace came out and cleared a way by which we were able to get within a gate,

where we remained till the streets became clear. I have been specially bombarded from Sebastopol on the supposition that I was an Engineer officer sketching the ground for new batteries and trenches; I have gone through all the trials of the spy-fever in the Franco-German War, and they were trying enough; an Italian at Brindisi once brought out a gun to shoot me when I was sketching; and I have been pestered with crowds in the streets in all parts of the world, but never was so completely baffled as on this occasion in the streets of Peking, and that, too, by a good-natured crowd. It is a great principle, when you have a duty to perform, never to own "beat," and even here I managed to accomplish my purpose.

The 16th of October was the day appointed for the marriage to take place, or rather the night between the 15th and the 16th had been selected by the "inquiring-into-the-heavens officials." It was the night of the full moon. The son of Sirach says that "from the moon is the sign of feasts," and quite as ancient an authority seems to regulate matters in the capital of the Flowery Land. In the Legation, and among the very small European society of Peking, the question—how to *see the marriage*—was much discussed. It was clear that any chance of seeing either the Emperor or the Empress was quite out of the case; but if they could not be seen themselves, surely the glitter of their greatness might be within the reach of our vision. Even this came to be doubtful, for along the whole length of the newly-made Yellow Way—and it was two or three miles in length—we could notice that barricades were being erected at the end of every

street opening upon the route. Bamboo frames, with curtains, were being put up to shut out any chance of a view. On inquiry, it was stated that those who govern in these matters—the Board of Rites and Ceremonies, with their two hundred volumes—had no intention to let the public see any part of the procession, and, as has been stated, there was a special letter sent to the different Legations, requesting each minister to prohibit his countrymen from going out on the line of march on the 15th or 16th of October. The request was laughed at in more ways than one. One naturally asks, For what purpose is a grand State procession got up if nobody is to see it? A few did see it, that I know, but no one officially. A few dogs got on to the Yellow Way, and no one seemed to disturb them; so they, with the police, or bannermen, alone had the privilege of gazing on this Imperial pageant. All these preventive arrangements, and the letters to the Legations, made it very difficult for me to know what to do. Two or three plans had been proposed to me for breaking this blockade. At last I accepted an invitation from a lady, Mrs. Edkins, whose husband is at the head of the London Missionary Society in Peking. This lady, from her position, had many friends in the city; she knew of a shop on the line of route where she had hopes of a peep, and most kindly offered to make me one of her small party. My friend, from a long residence, could speak the language, and that was an important point, particularly to one who knew not a word of it. I had also had evidence of her ability and determination, which gave me hopes of success; and the result proved that I had judged correctly. But before recounting the evening

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PROCESSION FROM IMPERIAL PALACE TO BRIDE'S PALACE.

part of the story, I must tell what took place on the 15th.

On the day before the wedding a tablet of gold was sent to the bride. In an ordinary marriage this is written with colours on red paper, and contains the names and other particulars about the happy couple. In this case the tablet became a document raising the bride to the high dignity of Empress of China. With it were also sent the Sceptre and Seal. The temple-like chair in which they were taken is called the "Dragon Car." The appointed officers presented these "to Ah-Lu-Té, in the name of him who sits on the Dragon Throne, the Sceptre with which she is to rule, and the Golden Tablet and Seal by which she is invested with Imperial authority." On the afternoon of the wedding-day, about four o'clock, a procession with the bride's chair—it is called the "Phœnix Chair"—left the palace. It was headed by a Mongul Prince and Mongul chiefs in extra grand costume. The fifth Imperial Prince, known as Tun, and a celestial excellency of the name of Ling, were in full command of the ceremonies. The Mongul Prince carried what might be called the Chinese Pallium, or Symbol of the Emperor's Supreme Power, in his hand; this is understood to be about as sacred as the Emperor himself, and gives the highest dignity to the ceremony. Thirty white horses in gold and yellow trappings were near the beginning. The procession consisted principally of banners and very tall triple umbrellas of various colours, with dragons and phœnixes embroidered on them. There were round, square, and heart-shaped fans on very high poles. "Golden melons" on the end of red poles formed another of the

symbols carried. At last came the Imperial canopy, or Yellow Dragon umbrella, which, like the Chatta of Buddha, is a triple one. This was followed by the bride's chair, covered all over with yellow silk, with a golden crown-like top to it, ornamented with the dragon and the phœnix. There was no barbaric pearl and gold about it; on the contrary, nothing could have been more simple and chaste in its decorations. So unpretending was the whole of this procession, that I heard it compared, much to its disadvantage, with the marriages of persons of inferior rank. According to theory, this ceremony purported that the bridegroom was sending the chair to bring his bride to his house, as is the custom in all Chinese marriages. The chair stands in front of the bride's house till she leaves, and this is one of the principal points in a Chinese marriage, as it gives validity by publicity. With the invisible, but very important, difference, that the bride is within the chair, the procession that returns is identical with that which conveys the chair to the bride's house. The golden tablets were another addition, in the present case, and on the return they were carried before the Imperial umbrella —the tablets, the umbrella, and the chair forming one group. At the end of all a strong troop of cavalry brought up the rear.

Brilliant yellow carts and chairs had been seen about the palace for a few days before, and were said to be for the ladies of the Court, but none of them appeared in the procession that night. There were two very common Peking carts at the end, among the cavalry, and they were supposed to contain the bride's ordinary attendants. The four or five second-class wives were to be taken to the

palace the next morning, so the chairs and carts may have been for them and for their attendants; but it illustrates the laws about marriage here that they did not enter by the south or Imperial gate, like the Empress, but by one of the north gates. She alone has the right of entering by the "Great Pure Gate", or "Gate of the Dynasty."

It will give some idea of Peking and a royal marriage if I describe how I managed to get a peep at the bridal procession. It was said that it would leave the bride's place about twelve o'clock at midnight of the 15th, so as to arrive at the palace before two in the morning, for after that hour it would be unlucky. This, of course, is one of the important matters belonging to the "inquiring-into-the-heavens officials." Good and bad luck is their particular department, and it is all important when it relates to a marriage.

It turned out that the procession started about eleven, or shortly afterwards. Our party arrived at its selected point about nine o'clock. There were four of us—a lady, a little girl very anxious to see the bride's chair, and an old Chinese woman who was our guide. The shop was a poor and wretched establishment for smoking opium. Its miserable character was the foundation of our principal hope of safety. It was at the corner of a narrow lane, and had a back door in this lane which could be reached without passing the barricade which was near the opening into the wide street where the procession would pass. Still the nearness of this barricade was a matter of anxiety, but we got to the place and slipped in quite unseen. I saw a good many people within, but they were all friendly and devoted to my adventurous leader. We sat down in the

back yard, because the front shop was still full of customers smoking opium. As we sipped small cups of tea, we saw the opium smokers led out at intervals by the back door; and at last we were taken through to the front. We passed a back apartment with two or three men lying full length on mats, and busy inhaling the soothing drug. They took no notice of us, and we passed into the front portion of the place, which was quite dark. The windows are made of thin paper, pasted over a framework of wood; and when we inserted our fingers through it, we could look out, and saw everything as clear as a full moon would allow. There were a very few lanterns hung out by way of illumination. There were soldiers, or policemen—for they are about the same in costume—scattered about doing nothing; and as all the shops were closed, it gave the place a desolate look. It reminded one of the streets of Paris during the fighting with the Commune, when shops and windows were all shut, and not a soul was visible except the soldiers in the street. The new-made way in the centre of the road had that morning had a fresh supply of gravel put on it, and it was yellow enough to be considered of the Imperial tint. One of the first passers that we saw was a dog, suggesting that the celebrated Derby dog had come over expressly to Peking for the Emperor's marriage. The feeling was strange to find ourselves with only a sheet of paper, and the sheet of paper with a hole in it too, between us and this so strictly guarded way. We could hear every word that was uttered by the men on duty, and there were some of them sitting just under our nose. We were taking the greatest care to be still, and only whispering with scarce a breath of

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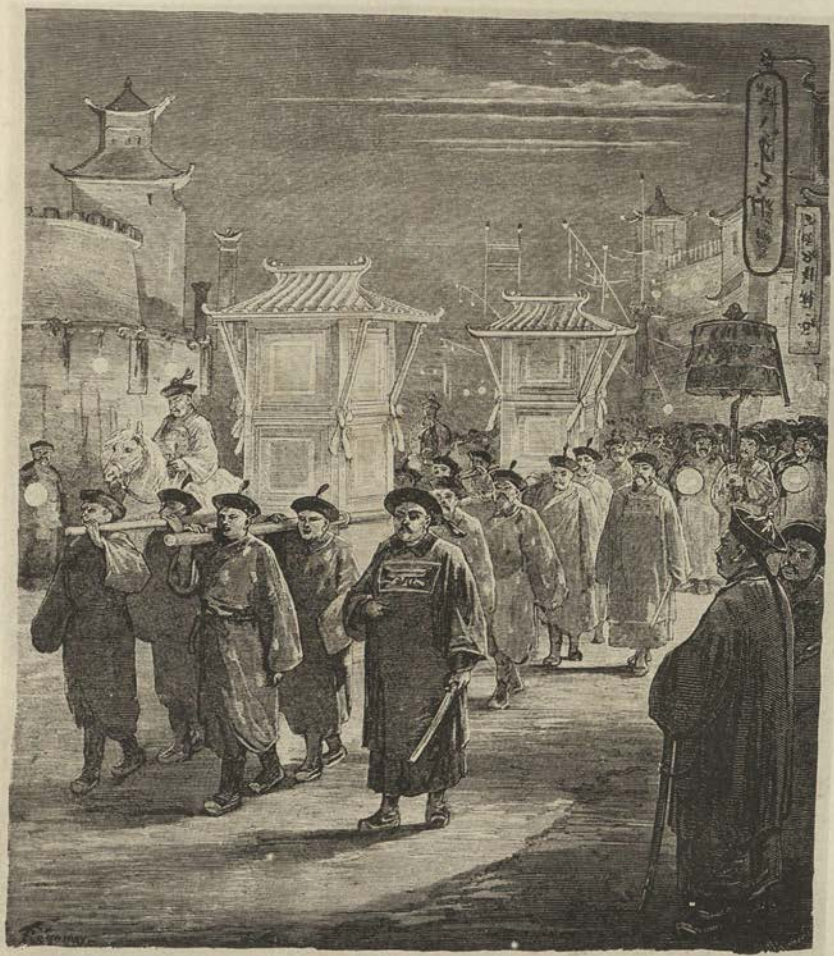
HOW THE CHINESE SAW THE MARRIAGE.

sound, when to our horror we saw a bannerman approach the door; the door opened and he entered, his clothes touching mine as he came in. He looked not to right or left, but disappeared into the back shop. It was a moment or so ere I could learn what it all meant; but it turned out that these men had been a long time on duty that day, and not having their accustomed pipe of opium, they were feeling and suffering much from its want; and knowing the shop this man had made a dive. The people of the shop explained that he would not tell of us even if he had chanced to notice that we were there, for he was committing a crime in coming in, and he would not inform on himself by telling about us. It turned out to be quite as they put it, for others came in during the night, and went out again, and they appeared to keep down their heads as if not wishing to see or be seen in passing.

We had a peculiar illustration of Chinese character in the conduct of one of the guardians of the street, who was in charge of the barricade in the side lane. The crowd seemed to trouble him, and as he called to them in a loud voice to keep quiet, his throat became quite sore with the exertion, and at last he appealed to them not to torment him any more. This seemed to have the desired effect, for he did not appear to be much troubled with the crowd afterwards. It appeared to me to show that a Peking mob is particularly good-natured and obliging. We had another illustration of our position. Groups of mandarins on horseback were constantly passing, and they found a soldier, on the other side of the street from us, asleep. What a noise they made about it! More than a dozen people were all talking at once, and the poor fellow, who perhaps wanted

a smoke of opium, got a beating on the spot. What our fate would have been had these mandarins found us out I cannot tell. This with the bannermen popping in for their smoke of opium had rather a tendency to disturb our sense of security; yet when a mandarin came past with some horsemen to inspect the road, and see that it was well guarded, he inquired of the men in front of us if all the people were prevented from looking. We laughed to hear the prompt answer, that "none dared to do so."

At last the groups of cavalry came oftener and in larger numbers; and at length, nearly at twelve o'clock, the head of the procession appeared. The white horses and the banners, the high umbrellas and fans, looked pale and ghost-like in the dim light, for the clouds had covered the moon as if they had heard the declaration that no one dared to look. There was a long hiatus in the line, and then about 200 lanterns went past, all decorated with Chinese characters for "happiness." This was the most effective part of the procession. Then came the golden tablet, sceptre, and seal, followed by the Imperial umbrella and the bride's chair, this time with the Imperial bride within. There stood close to her chair a figure with a burning joss-stick. The first suggestion was one, given in fun, that it was a light for the bride's pipe,—a palpable impossibility, for the chair was closed all round, and she was completely muffled up in the bridal dress. It turned out that this was one of the astronomers, or "the inquiring-into-the-heavens official." The joss-stick was all marked so as to indicate portions of time, and he was timing the procession, so as to arrive at the palace at the "fortunate moment" which had been calculated beforehand.



Heliotype. *From the* ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

MIDNIGHT PROCESSION—THE BRIDE'S TABLET, SCEPTRE, AND SEAL.

The whole thing was scarcely over when the door of the opium shop was besieged by the bannermen who had just been actors in the scene. Their desire for the soothing drug was evidently strong; but before the door was opened to them, we passed through to the back part again, and, after another cup of tea, made for our quarters. The streets of Peking were very deserted and quiet, indicating that few or none had been abroad, like ourselves, to get a peep at what had been taking place.

A marriage in China is a long series of ceremonies, which is tiresome to read, and must be still more tiresome to go through. The principal points can be given. As soon as the bride reaches the bridegroom's house, they sit down together—the one trying to sit upon the other's dress, for by that omen they each hope to have the upper hand in their married life. They drink a cup of wine together—the two cups being connected by a red ribbon—and they exchange cups while drinking. There is drinking of tea, and numerous repetitions of eating various kinds of food. One great feature is, that they worship heaven and earth together, and this in the Emperor's case never takes place with any of the second-class wives. They also worship their ancestors. What with the eating and drinking, visiting relations, and being visited, the festival lasts for many days. An Imperial marriage is essentially the same; with only such variations in detail as necessarily result from the rank and position of the parties.

Emperors in China are generally married before they come to the throne, a circumstance which made the present event an exceptional case. The last was that of Kanghi, which took place in 1674. The marriage of an

Emperor, and that of the heir to the throne, cannot be the same in details. The two Regent Empresses was another exceptional feature demanding distinct rites. Their rank in the State, especially the position of one of them, as Empress-Mother, demanded from the young bridegroom that reverential homage which is due to ancestors. The Regent Empresses did not "kotow" to the Emperor and his bride; on the contrary, the newly-married couple had to "kotow" to the two Regents. It may be here mentioned that the *kotow* is the mark of obeisance due to the Imperial Majesty of China. The young man was Emperor, but at the time of the marriage he was not the acting power.

A day or so before the marriage three princes went to the Temple of Heaven, presenting there, at the altar, incense, sacrifices, and costly offerings; at the same time informing Heaven that he who sits on the Dragon Throne was about to "marry Ah-Lu-Té, the wise, virtuous, and accomplished daughter of the family of Chung, duke and member of the Hanlin." Other princes performed a similar ceremony at the Temple of the Earth. This was to inform Old Mother Earth of the event, for another ceremony was gone through to make it known to "all under Heaven." The Imperial Ancestral Temple was also visited by one of the princes and attendants, with incense and sacrificial offerings, to inform the ancestors of the Emperor that he was about to take unto himself a wife.

The Golden Tablet is called "the Permission," because it denotes that the Empress-Dowager and the Empress-Mother "allow" the Emperor to marry Ah-Lu-Té. When taken to the bride's palace and about to be read, a

master of the ceremonies exclaims, "Listen to the will of Heaven!" We of the West say that "marriages are made in heaven;" and no doubt, according to Chinese ideas, this particular one received special attention. The Dragon is the symbol of the Emperor; and the Phœnix that of the Empress, and from this the whole ceremonial is called in official language "The Union of the Dragon and the Phœnix." The two vessels which held the wine used on the occasion were of gold, and called the "Dragon Flagons." The word "Dragon" is linked to almost everything connected with the Emperor, and it consequently figures largely at the marriage along with the Phœnix. There is the "Phœnix and the Dragon Couch." On each corner of it were placed long pieces of white jade, of almost priceless value, and supposed to be talismans of a magic and mystic power. They are called Shu-i, or "Heart's Delight," from their power of conferring happiness and joy. "The Phœnix and Dragon Robes of United Peace"—these were the night robes. Dragon lamps and Dragon ornaments of every kind are about the palace. The usual idea is that the Dragon of China is only another form of the old serpent which comes so mysteriously into all the ancient faiths of the world. The Brahminical gods have much to do with it, and so likewise has the Egyptian worship. Serpents figure on the crown of the Pharaohs—the first King of Abyssinia, according to tradition, was a serpent. It is not confined to the East, or to tropical climates, which produce more abundantly this form of life. The serpent mounds of the New World, and Jormungand, the great Midgard serpent of the Scandinavian legends, are proof of this. Which-

ever way we turn, this serpent may be found. It is in the Garden of Eden; and as the Brazen Serpent, it was a type of the Prince of Peace. The Phœnix does not appear so much among the ancient ideas.

When the Phœnix Chair has entered by the "Great Pure Gate," or "Gate of the Dynasty," and passed the many gates and courts, with high-sounding and flowery names, it reaches the great central court leading to the throne-room. A herald then proclaims, "The orders of his Sacred Majesty the Emperor are fulfilled," and according to the report, as I heard it in Peking on the present occasion, the Empresses of the East and West then came to receive the bride. They placed Sycee gold and silver —that is, uncoined pieces of these metals—in each hand, and, crossed her arms on her breast. The Empress thus supported a vase containing wheat, maize, rice, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and other articles to symbolize all that the earth produces. She then stepped from the chair upon a small golden saddle, and thus entered the dwelling of her future husband. It is a question as to whether this ceremony with the saddle is a Mongolian or Manchu custom; but the conclusion seems to be that it is neither, or is equally common to both, and that it most probably has come down from the time when the horse was the greatest of all sacrifices, and when everything connected with that animal had a signification. In the "Mahabharata" there is a description of the horse sacrifice. Colonel Tod, in his "History of Rajast'han," says that "the Aswamedha, or sacrifice of the horse (the type of the sun), practised by the children of Vaivaswata, the 'Sun-born,' was most probably in-

troduced from Scythia into the plains of Ind." In Circassia I remember having met a bridal party, and at the head of it was the bridegroom with the bride on the pommel of the saddle before him. I learned afterwards that it was the custom of the Circassian tribes to go through the performance of attacking the bride's house and carrying her off on horseback. Plutarch states that carrying off the bride by violence was a custom among the Spartans. Among the Tartar races this carrying off of the bride is always done on horseback. This suggests that, as the Emperor of China could not, in keeping with his dignity, come out and have a struggle in the streets of Peking for his wife, the saddle at the door was intended to symbolize the ancient customs.

It is reported that the Emperor was asleep when the bride arrived, and that he had to be wakened, and said the necessary prayers in rather a hurried way. The Emperor of China gets up very early in the morning, for he has an audience at five a.m. Under such circumstances, an hour after midnight—the procession passed the opium shop, where I saw it, about twelve o'clock—is rather late to have to sit up, and he may be excused if found napping. The ceremony of arranging the bride's hair in the manner in which it is worn by married women took place the next day. It consists in removing the hair on the temples so as to make the brow have very sharp corners on the top. The hair is also plaited in a particular manner, and made to project out in a peculiar way by means of silver, or, in the case of an Empress, golden skewers. On the third day after the marriage they both appear in very gorgeous costume, that is to say,

in the "Dragon" and the "Phœnix" robes. The dresses worn on this occasion were made in Peking, and were covered with pearls and all kinds of precious stones, and were said to cost the incredible sum of 180,000*l.* each.

There are some stories current, which, if true, would indicate that the young Empress must be a person of some decision of character. She is said to be able to read and write her own language—accomplishments which are not uncommon among Chinese women, and to be well read and a high proficient in Chinese literature: it is supposed that it was this merit which won her the Imperial prize in the competitive contest which has already been described. One morning, shortly after the marriage, she was exhibiting her capability of writing to the Emperor, and he was astonished at the beauty of the characters which she formed. They were thus engaged —she was making quotations from books—when an official announced that breakfast was ready. The Empress turned round on the attendant, and, with indignation, asked if she was to be interrupted in the high delights of literature by such a common-place affair as eating and drinking. This sort of thing would seem rather melodramatic if it came from a young lady in England, but to the Chinese mind it has not this look about it. They have had literary Emperors of whom they are proud, and a literary Empress will be quite to their taste; and from all that is known and heard of her she seems quite entitled to this reputation.

There is another story told of the Empress, which is quite in keeping with the character indicated above.

When her credentials—that is, the golden tablet, sceptre, and seal—arrived, declaring her to be Empress, it became the duty of all her relatives to kotow to her in that rank. When her father performed this ceremony, it would have been in keeping with the customs of the country for her to let him off easily; that is, she should have affected not to wish such a manifestation from her father, and ought to have attempted to lift him up while prostrate on the ground before her. She showed no tendencies of this kind; but, on the contrary, she was every inch an Empress, rather by her manner and action demanding, instead of prohibiting, the obeisance of all her relatives. I do not know what kind of garments an Emperor of China wears, but if he has articles for the inferior extremities like those worn in Europe, it is more than probable that this lady will very soon attempt a trial at wearing them. She is two years the senior of her husband—an advantage in one way, but placing her at a great disadvantage a few years hence with younger rivals; but any rival had better have a care of such a sovereign.

On the third day the Emperor held a Court, and received the princes and high officials, when he was congratulated by his most loyal and loving subjects; an ordinance was read from his Majesty, announcing his marriage, desiring that it should "be known to the princes, nobles, and rulers of the realm, and to all under heaven." For a week before and a week after the marriage all courts of justice and criminal courts were shut up, and a pardon was granted to all criminals, even to those under the extreme sentence of death. One of the many things I wished to see in China was an execution, but on inquiry

I was told that owing to the Emperor's marriage there would be none during that year.

Chinese music is not very familiar to Europeans, and yet there is a national style. It comes into most of the Imperial ceremonies, and was introduced into every part of the wedding. The names of the tunes are given in the official programmes, and they are worth repeating, for they are characteristic not only of the event but of the Chinese mind. When the "permission" is first read to the Emperor that he is "allowed" to marry Ah-Lu-Té, the band plays "The Emperor triumphs." Had he won his bride from a host of rivals, and carried her off on his horse, this tune would have expressed something. On the wedding-day, when he appears in his dragon robes, "The Conqueror comes" is performed. The probability is that these are always played on state occasions, in the same way as "God save the Queen" is in all our royal programmes. "Peaceful, harmonious, and tranquil," and "The Accomplishment of joyful bliss" were headings of music performed. "We come for the Phœnix" was played when the procession went for the bride; "Perfect Peace" was the last tune in the list, and we hope it is meant to indicate that there will be no curtain lectures in store for the husband in this case.

Almost nothing has been said about the four second-class wives; all the interest has been centred upon the Empress. They were supposed to be taken into the palace the day after the marriage, and to enter by one of the side gates, the "Gate of the Dynasty" being closed to them. Doors may open to let them in, but in

their case do not open again to let them out. They are now entombed for life. Should the Emperor die, that brings no release to them. There are palaces to which such ladies are sent, and in which they are guarded as sacredly as when the Emperor is alive. This is no doubt one of the reasons why there is such a strong objection to sending girls to the palace with the chances of such a fate before them. The four second-class wives and the "Professor of Matrimony," who rises to this honour, are only the beginning of the imperial establishment. It has been stated that the full complement of the harem will be nine second, twenty-seven third, and eighty-one fourth-class wives. Symbolism is so strangely mixed up with everything in the East, that nothing surprises any one acquainted with it. To find that the number of concubines in a court is determined upon the same principle as that on which a temple is constructed is certainly foreign to all our Western notions; yet such is the case. These multiples of nine are all expressed in the great Temple of Heaven, and will be explained in their own place. All that is essential to relate has now been given about this wonderful marriage. With such a story we feel as if we were among the times, and witnessing the customs described in the "Arabian Nights." It is more like the period of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, than the reign of Victoria the First. What Assyrian tablets relate, is at this day the actual life in Peking. All the ideas and philosophy upon which the Chinese system and government are founded are supposed to be the oldest in the world, and they have come down almost unchanged to the present moment. It is thus that we have a

"Sacred Person," for that is one of the titles given to the Emperor; a divine ruler whose acts are the "Will of Heaven," and who announces them to heaven and earth, and to all under heaven. Even the dead are informed as to what he is doing. The grand Oriental idea of being supreme over everything is assumed and acted on. He is a priest as well as a king. No one dare approach him without the most abject homage; prostrations due only to a god are exacted in his presence. He is surrounded by soothsayers, concubines, and eunuchs. His palace is a celestial city in itself, and his soldiers around him are armed with the primitive bow and arrow. It was something to have been in the midst of this, and to have got even stolen glimpses of such a strange state of things. It was like getting an actual peep back into the most ancient times, and seeing with one's own eyes what is only read of in books. The account of it has to be added to the latest page of history and yet it seems of the oldest. Chronologically it belongs to the present; philosophically it belongs to the past.

Heliotype.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING.

CHAPTER XVI.

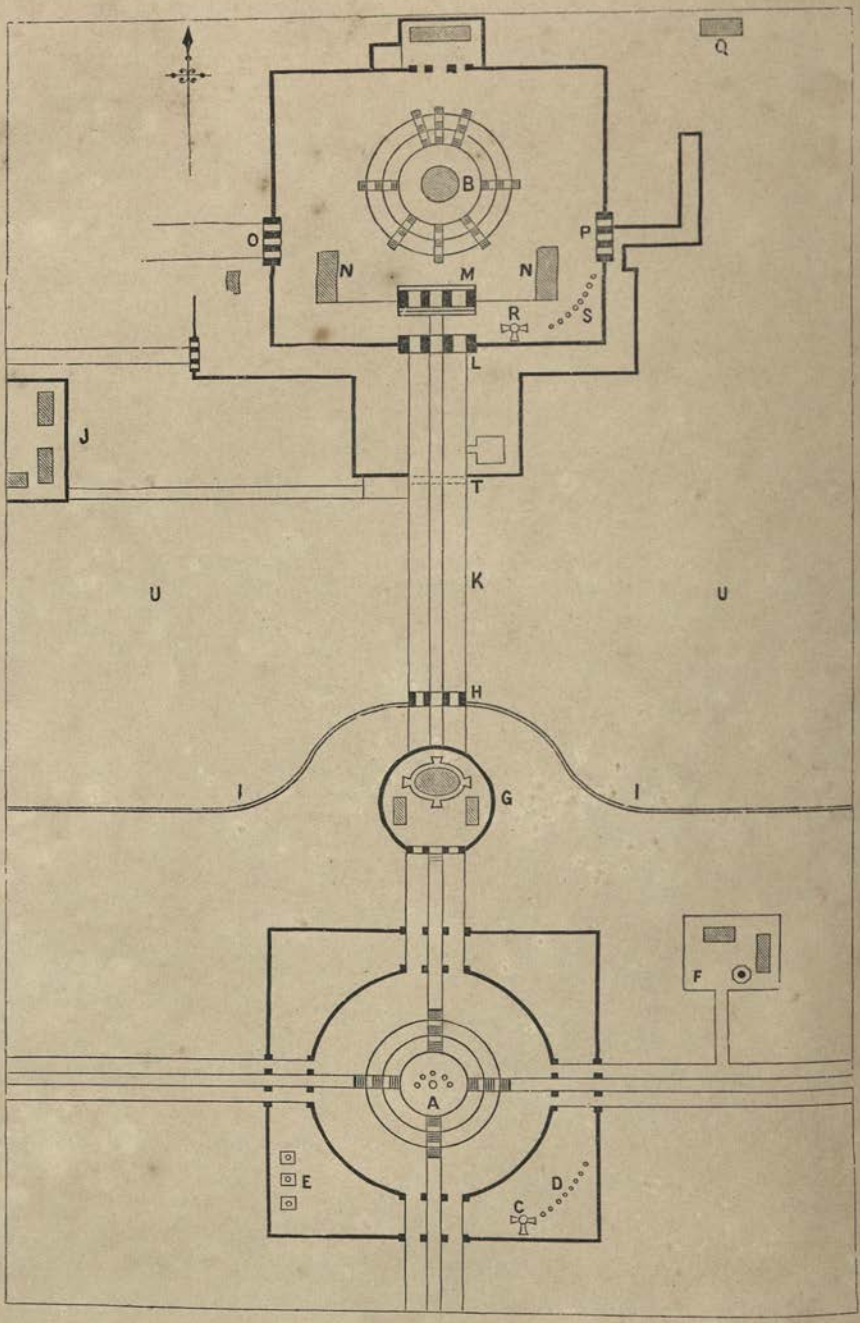
THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

THE midnight procession, which is the outward and visible sign of a Chinese marriage, took place on the night of the 15th and morning of the 16th October, at the time of the full moon. Here we have the old astrological ideas guiding events, for "the inquiring-into-the-heavens" officials always take the movements of the celestial bodies as their sources of inspiration. This official Board, as its name implies, directs every act of the Emperor and his Court, and it was announced, by their authority, that he would, for the first time, go to the Temple of Heaven and there officiate as the Great High Priest, on the 21st December, or the winter solstice according to Chinese reckoning.

There are a number of great Imperial Temples in Peking —the Temple of Heaven, the Temple of the Earth, the Temple of Agriculture, and the Altars of the Sun and Moon. The principal ceremony at the Temple of Earth takes place at the summer solstice; that at the Temple of Agriculture is in the spring, when the Emperor ploughs a piece of ground and sows in it the seeds of one or two kinds of grain. He does this as an example of husbandry and industry to all his subjects, and a very good and worthy example it is from a monarch to his people. It may be worth noting that in Alabaster's

translation of the "Siamese Life of Buddha," it is stated that Suddhodana, King of Kapila, and father of Buddha, celebrated the festival of the Commencement of Sowing-time, with Brahmins and Nobles, and 799 ploughs; they broke the earth and sowed the first seeds. This is important as showing that the peculiar Imperial religious festivals performed at Peking were not at former periods isolated in that corner of the world. The Chinese are certainly good agriculturists. I have heard them much praised in this respect, but whether their high efficiency is the result of following the model set by their Emperor or not, I cannot pretend to say. The Empress and ladies of her court have a yearly ceremony of feeding silk-worms. This is also done as an example of industry to the women of China, as that is supposed to be their special occupation.

In the Temple of Heaven there are two altars, and at the south altar only takes place the great yearly solstitial ceremony which is penitential and sacrificial in its character. The Emperor comes to the place the night before, drawn in a carriage by elephants, which are kept for this occasion, and spends the night in the "Hall of Penitential Fasting," the name indicating the character of this part of the proceedings. Before dawn the next morning he passes over to the altar, where a bullock is sacrificed, the Emperor in former days killing the animal himself—this is burnt whole in a furnace. Sheep, pigs, rabbits, and deer are also sacrificed, and burnt in smaller furnaces at the same place. Pieces of silk are also offered; and as eating and drinking figure largely in all Chinese ceremonies, they are not wanting at this, and the Emperor



PLAN OF THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING.

PLAN OF THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

A South Altar.
B North Altar.
C Porcelain Altar of Burnt Offering.
D Iron furnaces for burning offerings.
E High poles for lanterns.
F Enclosures with houses for the musical instruments, umbrellas, banners, &c., connected with the ceremonies.
G Circular enclosure with round house, where the Tablet of Shang-ti is kept.
H Gate.
I I Wall separating the North from the South Altar.
J Hall of Penitential Fasting.
K High terrace with road connecting the North and South Altars, called "The Imperial Way."
L Gate of North Altar.
M Gate-formed Hall.
N N Houses for keeping sacred vessels, musical instruments, &c.
O Gate approached by a ramp.
P Gate with ramp leading to slaughter-house.
Q Slaughter-house.
R Porcelain Altar for burnt offerings.
S Iron furnaces for burning offerings.
T Tunnel below roadway.
U U Grove of Cypress Trees.

NOTE.—This is only a rough Sketch plan, and not done to scale. It gives only the central portion, with the South and North Altars, and buildings connected with them, which is the essential part of the temple. This, with the Hall of Penitential Fasting, is all enclosed in a wall, another surrounding wall embraces the whole, leaving a large park-like space, where the bullocks, sheep, &c., used in the sacrifices, find grazing. This last wall is about four miles all round.

has to eat "the Flesh of Happiness" as one part of the performance. Another ceremony seems to have reference to the ancient stone-worship; for he has to offer up a piece of valuable stone. "To Heaven alone is offered a piece of blue jade, cylindrical in shape and a foot long, formerly used as a symbol of authority." In this temple he also worships Shang-ti, the Chinese Supreme Lord of Heaven. He then worships at the tablets of his ancestors, of whom there are eight, and their altars are placed on each side and in front of the altar dedicated to the Lord of Heaven. Shang-ti is the name which the Missionaries have adopted, out of many, to render the word God, on account of its being the highest name for the Supreme Being in the Chinese language; and it will be seen from the above that the High Lord of Heaven alone ranks above a dead Emperor. This is done not out of any disrespect or irreverence, but to give a sacred importance to the monarch. We have in the history of the world other instances of similar pretensions, but this is a good illustration of the theory in full working order at the present day. The assumption is that the Emperor of China and the Deity manage the affairs of the universe. A working partnership exists between the two. In commercial phrase, the firm might be called "Shang-ti and Hwang-ti, supreme rulers." The second of these names is the title used now by the Emperor, and the "ti" forms the assumption on his part. Shang-ti rules the regions above, and Hwang-ti rules the world below. China, the "Celestial," or "Middle Kingdom," as it is called by the Chinese themselves, forms the principal portion of this nether world. It is admitted, however,

that there are some other nations, such as the Coreans, the Cochin-Chinese, the Formosans, and the various tribes represented by the Princes of Mongolia, which are known as "Tribute Bearers" to Hwang-ti, the tribute being payment for such ruling as is done for them. Beyond these known nations it is allowed that there exists on the extreme edge of the world, on the fringe of the earth, which borders on nowhere, some outer barbarians, who don't pay tribute, and don't deserve any ruling. Such is a rough notion of the business as it is supposed to be carried on by this Celestial firm. I understand that the term "ti" was assumed by a former Emperor not very long ago, and that it has been always objected to by the learned who are conversant with such matters in China. It is a title due only to God as the Highest. Formerly the Emperor was spoken of as Hwang-Shang; and when some of these barbarian nations come pretending to have Emperors, and demand that the present title must be given to them in official documents, they get this old cast-off one, "Hwang-ti" being reserved for Shang-ti's partner. The existence of any other firm in the ruling line cannot be admitted.

With the exception of putting dead Emperors into the company of the Deity and the living Emperor into such active partnership with him, there is nothing to object to about the Temple of Heaven. There are no images anywhere to suggest the slightest ideas of idolatry. So free is it from statues or pictures that a Mahomedan or a Presbyterian might use it as a place of worship. To the eye of a European there is nothing about it

ALTARS OF SACRIFICE, TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

to suggest its ecclesiastical character. It is more like the fanciful creation of a gardener artist, reminding one of the gardens at Versailles or the Crystal Palace. The circular space on the top looks as if intended for a band to play on. It is somewhat larger than one of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, with a pavement and balustrade of white marble. It stands on two other platforms, all formed of the same material, forming three terraces, each terrace being ascended by a flight of nine steps, or twenty-seven in all, from the ground to the top of the altar. There are four ascents, one from each of the cardinal points. The whole is surrounded by a low wall with open marble gateways on each side, facing the four ascents. This wall is square in plan, and in the south-east corner is the furnace or altar for burning the bullock, with eight other altars, smaller and of iron, where offerings to the eight deceased ancestors are also burned—the bullock being offered to Shang-ti alone. The defunct Emperors being thus treated as retired members, or as sleeping partners in the firm, they seem as if they had still an interest in the business and get a share of the profits. Just at dawn, when these furnaces are blazing, and the Emperor is on the upper circle offering incense and prayer to the tablets of Shang-ti and his ancestors, music is heard, and dancing (a very ancient form of worship) is going on in some part of the place. All the nobility of the court are on the terrace steps behind the Emperor-Priest. The grey light of the morning may be so far advanced as to make it all visible, but the principal light on this scene is the light of sacrifice. The name of the altar where the

bullock is burned is derived from a word meaning "light-giving." With such a scene before one, I think that whatever might seem absurd or nonsensical in the ideas connected with the ceremony would be forgotten at the moment. For those who take an interest in Professor Smyth's inquiries respecting the Great Pyramid, this Chinese Temple ought to have special attraction. Although round in plan and flat on the top, it may be still described as a modification of the pyramid. Its astronomical character is indicated by the great ceremony at the winter solstice. The four ascents, with approaches and gates to the four cardinal points, suggest that an astro-geographical meaning was intended. Most of the imperial temples of Peking have been constructed with reference to the relations of numbers, and this is particularly marked in the Temple of Heaven. The number nine figures very largely in it. The ascent to each terrace has nine steps, the whole ascent being $3 \times 9 = 27$. The pavement on the circular top is formed by nine circles of marble slabs. The central circle has nine slabs, the second is formed of eighteen, the third of twenty-seven, and so on, each circle being a multiple of nine, till at the outer circle it is $9 \times 9 = 81$—a favourite number in Chinese philosophy. It will be remembered that these are the same figures by which the number of second, third, and fourth-class wives of the Emperor is determined. When we find the Altar and the Throne surrounded by the same mystic numbers, we may conclude that in all likelihood they are each founded on the same idea.

In reference to this subject, Mr. Edkins, a Chinese

missionary who has devoted considerable attention to the symbolism of temples, and is a Chinese scholar of repute, remarks in his work:—

"The same symbolism is carried through the balustrades, the steps, and the two lower terraces of the altar. Four flights of steps of nine each lead down to the middle terrace, where are placed the tablets to the Spirits of the Sun, Moon, and Stars, and the Year God, Tai-Sui. The Sun and Stars take the east, and the Moon and Tai-Sui the west; the Stars are the twenty-eight constellations of the Chinese Zodiac, borrowed by the Hindoos, soon after the Christian era, and called by them Naksha-tras; the Tai-Sui is a deification of the Sixty-year Cycle. The present year, 1869,[1] is the sixth year of the cycle, and is denoted by the characters Ki-si, taken from the denary and duodenary cycles respectively. For this year the tablet is inscribed with these characters; in 1870 the characters Keng-wu, next in order, will be taken, and so on."

Mr. Edkins further remarks that,—

"The balustrades have $9 \times 8 = 72$ pillars, and rails on the upper terrace; on the middle terrace there are 108, and on the lower 180. These amount in all to 360—the number of degrees in a circle. The pavement of the middle terrace has in its innermost circle 90 stones, and in its outermost 162 stones, thus reaching the double of 81, the outermost circle of the upper terrace. So again, in the lower terrace the circles increase from 171 stones, the innermost, to 243, or three times the square of nine for the outermost."

[1] This was published in 1869.

These facts show the curious ideas on which this temple is constructed. As this temple is so new to us Europeans, and so little is known of it, I take the liberty of drawing still further on Mr. Edkins's knowledge to illustrate its symbolism.

He says, in relation to the Temple of Heaven,—

"It has been an aim to use odd numbers only; Heaven is odd, Earth is even; Heaven is round, Earth is square; or, to use the ultimate expression of Chinese metaphysical thought, Heaven is Yang, Earth is Yin.[2] The numbers 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, belong to Yang, Heaven; the numbers 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, belong to Yin, Earth. In the official published accounts of the construction of the Temple of Heaven this is set down as the fundamental principle."

The Altar of the Earth is according to this rule a square, and Mr. Edkins's remarks throw light on all these temples. He says,—

"On the north side is a double terrace, the upper sixty feet square, and the lower 106 feet square, and both six feet in height. The paving bricks are in multiples of six and eight. Thirty-six and sixty-four are the favourite numbers, for we have now come into contact with Yin, the principle of darkness, which affects a square form and even numbers, just as in the Temple of Heaven the Yang principle was represented by roundness in form and odd numbers. . . . . The principal sacrifice is offered at this altar on the day of the summer solstice. There is, near the altar, a pit for burying a bullock. At the Altar of Heaven, when the bullock is burnt, the Yang principle

[2] "Yang" expresses the ancient idea of the male principle, and "Yin" its dual power or complement.

in the sacrifice is supposed to go upward in smoke and flame. At that of Earth, on the contrary, when the victim is buried, the Yin principle descends in connexion with death and corruption."

This shows that there is something in these temples worth studying, and which many persons will think of more importance than their political aspect. It is curious to note that the sacrifice through Death and Darkness is at the one solstice, and that it ascends in fire to heaven at the other. If I remember right, Osiris was buried at the autumnal equinox, and raised again from his Soros or coffin, at the vernal equinox.[3]

Most travellers describe the North Altar as the "Temple of Heaven," but in reality it is only a part of it. It is particularly imposing to a visitor from its having a permanent building on the top platform. The circular triple terrace, of white marble, is the same here as at the South Altar, with the difference that there are eight ascents instead of four. This number has relation to the Pah-Kwah, or the Eight Diagrams, a most ancient mystical symbol of the Chinese. In the centre, on the top, are three marble steps, surmounted by a circular wooden temple, which thus forms a marked exception to the usual architecture

[3] According to Mr. Edkins there is an official Chinese account of these temples, and I believe that they are very fully described in a work by the Jesuits; but they are almost unknown in England, and evidently they are worthy of a more detailed account than any we have yet had of them. Du Halde's work contains a plan of the Temple of Heaven, but it conveys only a rough idea of the place. I give a sketch-plan of my own, which, although not done to a scale, is much nearer the truth than Du Halde's.

of this country; for almost all Chinese buildings, be they temples, palaces, or houses, are oblong. The Emperor comes to the North Altar in the spring to sacrifice and pray for a good harvest.

The Altar to the Earth is on the north side of the city. It contains shrines to the Spirits of Mountains and Seas, in which are placed tablets to five mountains in China, to others in Manchuria and Tartary, and also to four seas and four lakes. The Altar to the Sun is on the east side of Peking, and is surrounded, like the others, by a grove of trees, and the great ceremonial sacrifice takes place at the vernal equinox. The ceremony at the Altar of the Moon takes place at the autumnal equinox. This altar contains the tablets of the seven stars of the Great Bear, of the five planets—the later discoveries in the planetary sphere have not yet reached Peking—of twenty-eight constellations, and of other deifications in the stellar regions.

There are said to be three different religions in China—the Tauist, the Confucian, and the Buddhist—but the worship which is performed at these temples at Peking is entirely different from any of these forms of faith. These three forms of religion are not ignored by the State, but that which is practised at Peking is the real State religion, and has no resemblance to any State religion elsewhere. It is confined to the capital, and the Emperor is the only priest. It is an Imperial worship, with a Deified monarch as its head.

I and some other visitors managed to find our way into this Temple of Heaven. There is no known prohibition against strangers going in, but it is not the

custom for people to do so, and there are no recognized arrangements for admittance. The chances of any one making good an entrance depends on his power of jumping over high walls, making a rush at a door, and forcing himself inside. These operations combined with the magic influence of pieces of silver, called "Dollars," which are in use hereabouts, generally accomplish the object. The temple is in the south part of the Chinese town, and the ground enclosed by its outer wall is about four miles round. Our party got over the first wall, where the wind had gathered the sand and dust into an inclined plane up to its top. We jumped down the other side and found ourselves in what seemed an extensive park, with avenues of trees. No one was to be seen, so we walked to what appeared to be the second wall, and made for the nearest door, but found it all too strong for us, and the dollar influence could not be tested from the absence of any one to try it on. We then turned to the left and walked cautiously towards another gateway close to a house, at the door of which we saw two men. An open wicket-door was also to be seen, which we approached stealthily, and at last by a run were masters of the position. The two men made an effort to stop us, but were too late. Putting us out again did not seem to enter their heads; on the contrary, some slight allusion to a dollar caused one of them to come as our guide, for there was still a third wall.

Whether the coincidence be intentional or not I cannot say, but the Palace in Peking is also enclosed within a triple wall. There is a wall round the Palace; a

second wall encloses the Imperial city; the Tartar city is outside that again, and the whole is enclosed by the great wall of Peking. The Palace, like the Temple of Heaven, and indeed all temples, palaces, and public buildings in China, faces due south. In the centre of the south wall of the Tartar city there is a gate called the Chien Mun, which is never opened except when the Emperor goes out to sacrifice. This gate is in a direct line south from the Palace gate to the street leading to the Temple of Heaven. All this is no doubt part of one plan, probably astronomical, or possibly astrological, for astrology has to do with many things in China.

Within the second wall we had on our right the Hall of Penitential Fasting, which is a large square of buildings, with moat, bridges, and walls round it. Our guide led to the left through the park, and then through a thick wood of old cypress-trees which seemed to surround the whole of the temple and extends as far as the south altar. Like the temples of old, it is literally in a grove. We were seeking for a large temple and could not see it, so completely was it hid by this dark, dense wood of aged trees. The effect of all this was lost on our party, who were trying to see where the gate could be found, and to take advantage of it should it be open. At last I saw the head of our column make a rush; I followed, and found myself within the third wall, and the Temple of Heaven stood before me. This was the North Altar, and we lost no time, for there was yet the chance, not to be thrown away, of seeing the inside; so another rush soon took us up the three flights of steps, across the top of the terrace, and, to our great satisfaction, the door

Heliotype.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

NORTH ALTAR, TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

was open. Our sudden appearance in the very centre of this vast place seemed to have taken every one by surprise. A man of pigtail nationality soon made his appearance and began scolding very loudly, not only at us, but at the pigtailed individuals around. He said that they would be all beaten, and asked how we got in. "Who opened the door?" "How could they tell?" was the answer. They stated that it was closed, and we must have opened it during the night. The man who came with us from the other door said nothing, for he was held under the magic spell of backsheesh. The potency of this began to work upon them all except our scolding friend, who took to shutting the doors, but before he did so, I had noted down the main features of the interior. Although standing on such an elaborate superstructure of marble, the building, like almost all buildings hereabouts, is of wood. Four very high round pillars support the central and highest roof, which is nearly all gilt on the inside. Twelve smaller columns sustain the second roof, which reaches only from the four inside pillars, thus leaving visible from within the whole height of the highest roof. Twelve still smaller wooden columns form the outer circle and support the lowest roof, which, like the second, only roofs the space between the pillars which sustain it and the circle of pillars next to them. All this woodwork is elaborately painted and gilt. The tiles on the roofs are all of a deep ultramarine blue. The altar to God is on the north, and the altars to the eight deceased Emperors are on the east and west. It was all very dirty and dusty, and on the outside grass and weeds were growing through the joints in the pavement. We saw a good

many workmen about, putting everything in order for the coming ceremony. We were taken to the house, to the east of the temple, where the bullock is killed; and then we were led through the cypress grove to houses where the various articles used at the ceremonies are kept. We got on the great paved way which connects the two altars near its middle, and walked to the south altar. The ceremony here takes place before dawn, and there are three great poles for lanterns to give light; they are covered with an intricate scaffolding for repairs, or painting or renewing them in some way; but the men are waiting till some "Heaven Interrogator" finds out an auspicious day to begin the work. Although we had been so lucky in getting in, we took care on leaving not to destroy the mystic spell which belongs to the dollar; but we did not spoil the market by being too lavish, so that any other European who might visit the place after us will have a chance of success at a fair expenditure for the sight.

Du Halde states that about the year 1700 there had been some discussion on the Temple of Heaven between the Jesuits and the Chinese literati. The point seems to have been whether it was the visible heaven, or the God or Power of heaven, which was worshipped. Kang-hi was Emperor, and as he was a literary man, well versed in the Chinese books, he was asked to declare his opinion, which appeared at the time as an edict in the *Peking Gazette*. The following is the answer as given in Du Halde:—"That it was not to the visible heaven that sacrifices were offered, but only to the Lord and Master of heaven, the earth, and all things; and that, for the

same reason, the tablet before which those sacrifices were offered bear this inscription, 'To Shang-ti'—that is to say, 'To the Supreme Lord;' that it is through respect that none dare call Him by His proper name; and that they use to invoke Him by the name of 'Supreme Heaven,' 'Bountiful Heaven,' and 'Universal Heaven,' in the same manner as when they speak with reverence of the Emperor they call him not by his own name, but say, the 'Steps of his Throne,' the 'Supreme Court of his Palace;' that these names, though different as to terms, are yet the same, if regard be had to the signification." Kang-hi is also reported to have said that "the Principle of all things is called 'Tien,' *Heaven*, in a noble and figurative style, just as the Emperor is called 'Chau-ting' from the name of his palace, which is the place where the Imperial Majesty shines with greatest splendour."

Yung-ching, the successor of Kang-hi, also gave the following edict, which is curious not only as an illustration of Chinese philosophy, but as bearing on questions which agitate the theological and scientific thought of the day in Europe. There had been a drought and consequent famine; the Emperor had fasted and prayed at the Temple of Heaven. Rain had fallen, and he sent an order all over the Empire, requesting the mandarins to inform him of all calamities which might afflict his people. In it he said, "There is between Tien and mankind an intercourse of faults and punishments, of prayers and benefits. Do your duty and avoid committing faults; for it is for your sins that Tien punishes us. When Tien sends any calamity, let us watch over ourselves, mortify

ourselves, correct ourselves, and pray. It is by praying and correcting ourselves that we mollify Tien. I do not publish this order as though I thought myself capable of moving Heaven, but I do it the better to persuade you that there is the intercourse I have mentioned between Tien and men of faults and punishments, of prayers and benefits." There is much less of pretension in this than some of the ceremonies at the Temple of Heaven, such as the ceremony of informing Tien, or Heaven, which means, according to Kang-hi, Heaven's Supreme Lord, that the Emperor was about to be married. It is the yearly custom for the Emperor to read at the Temple of Heaven a list of all criminals executed during the past twelve months, and to pray that, if any of them have been wrongfully punished, their sins may not be visited upon them in the next world. On this occasion the Emperor lays aside his robes of state, appears as a criminal himself, and as such walks from the "Hall of Penitential Fasting."

The study of temples has always had a fascination for me, and in my various travels I have always observed them carefully. Everything connected with them, and with the burial of the dead, always attracted my attention. In sailing up the Pei-ho, I was struck with the infinite number of grave-mounds which were visible in every direction, and I find that this is the case in all the northern part of China. These mounds vary from about a yard in diameter to that of the sepulchral tomb of Yung-lo, the second of the Ming dynasty, which is about half a mile in circumference. This simple grave-mound was the most primitive form of sepulchre. We know it

in the present day as the "Tumulus" and the "Barrow." It became the "Cairn," or heap of stones, and this ultimately developed itself into the "Pyramid," or tomb among the Egyptians. The Dagopa, which is only a round Pyramid, and which was a tomb, or relic-holder, for burning the body and preserving the ashes, is the characteristic of the Buddhist system. The result of my studies has been a general conclusion that all temples are founded upon Tomb Worship. I know that this is a question upon which there are great varieties of opinion; but, after years of travel and of thought devoted to it, no doubt remains on my own mind. During the Crimean War I went with the expedition to Kertch: as we sailed up the Straits of that name, I remember being struck with what seemed gigantic mole-hills in the distance all around. They were sepulchral tumuli, and Dr. Clarke, whose works, although now old, are not yet quite forgotten, describes them and thus speculates:—"In view of labour so prodigious, as well as of expenditure so enormous, for the purpose of inhuming a single body, customs and superstitions are manifested which serve to illustrate the origin of the Pyramids of Egypt, of the caverns of Elephanta, and of the first temples of the ancient world. In memory of the 'mighty dead,' long before there were such edifices as temples, the simple sepulchral heap was raised, and this became the altar upon which sacrifices were offered." The author is here mistaken in his reference to Elephanta. It is a Brahminical temple, and temples of that religion are, in a sense, an exception to the rule here laid down, yet not altogether so, when properly understood. In India we have to do with the

Aryan; in China it is the Turanian race, and among them the tomb-temple theory has no exceptions. Readers of Mr. Fergusson's writings will be familiar with their tomb-building propensities. The theory I would suggest is, that the Temple of Heaven in Peking is made in imitation of a sepulchral mound. It would be important to know if any one was buried there, or if there is any relic of a human body deposited—a point on which I have no information. Still, without this, if its origin has been as here suggested, it may be considered as a symbolical tomb, the architectural features upon it being a growth, repeating in another way the development already described in the Pyramid and the Dagopa.

The South Altar is named in a manner to confirm this. None of the Chinese words which signify temple are applied to it. It is called Tien-Tan, or "Heaven's Altar;" but in the oldest times it was called Nan-Tan, or "South Mound," and Yuen-Kieu, or "Round Hillock." These names seem in themselves to repeat Dr. Clarke's words, that "the simple sepulchral heap was raised, and this became the altar upon which sacrifice was offered." Shih-Lutze, or "Altar of Sacrifice," is another of its names. We have another confirmation of the idea in the plan according to which it is arranged; it is exactly the same as appears in all the mound-graves in the north of China. It is a square, within which is a circle. The ordinary graves, which are so common all over the country, such as Shanghai, where I minutely inspected them, are formed of a square platform of earth, and upon this is placed a mound. There are some varieties in form, but that is the usual arrangement.

What the Chinaman thus carries out rudely for his own grave we find exactly repeated in marble, with architectural forms, in the Temple of Heaven. As every Chinaman reads the classic books, they are all aware that the square platform of earth is equivalent to the Yin, and that the mound represents the Yang. In this we have another identification, for according to Mr. Edkins the south altar is the Yang; that as such it is round, and has odd numbers connected with it; but he does not notice that it stands upon a square enclosed platform, which is no doubt the Yin form, and here we have the Chinese grave principle complete.

The north is simply a repetition of the south altar. It also stands on a square platform. The eight flights of steps are founded on the Pah-Kwah, a figure quite as mystical and symbolical as the Yin-Yang. The most marked feature of difference between the two altars is the circular house on that on the north. On a board on the south side of it are the characters for Chi-Kien-Tien, or "Temple of Prayer for the Year." It generally goes by the name of Tien-Kung, or "Heaven's Palace." A more detailed account of this temple and all the ceremonies performed, and likewise further particulars of the other Imperial temples in Peking, would be a valuable addition to our information. My stay in Peking was too short to let me do much. I have drawn upon Mr. Edkins's account, and given the plan from my own sketches. Rough as it is, I believe it to be much more correct than that given by Du Halde. With the pictures it will, I think, enable any one to form a fair idea of the place as at present known.

The sacred rites connected with temples have also always much interested me. Sketch-book and pencil in hand, I have always endeavoured to fraternise with the priests or worshippers, and I have rarely failed in my efforts. My object always is to find out what is the most sacred point in the shrine, and to what the sacredness is due. Chinese ideas on this subject seem to be identical with those of a number of religions which have found their way into that country, and although each has its differences, none of them seem to have superseded the ancient rites of the ancestral religion, which is tomb-worship. This they trace back to the symbolic signification of the Yin-Yang and the Pah-Kwah, two separate forms of the dual powers of nature, and which are now beginning to be understood as the basis on which all the ancient religions of the world are founded.

The ordinary temples, or "Joss houses," in China, seem to be simple shrines. The air, the sea, fire, water, earth, &c., have all been deified, and the altar of these temples is generally a table upon which is placed the tablet, with the name of the god. The form of the tablet is, I think, important. It is oblong, rounded slightly at the top, exactly like one of the two tables of stone which Moses is represented as holding in his hand. The base on which this tablet stands is the lotus—in fact, it is a repetition of the Padmi or Lotus-Throne of Buddha.

In front of the tablet are placed five vessels, generally of bronze; that in the centre is for incense, which is presented by the worshippers in the form of what is known

as "Joss Sticks." These are simply long pastiles, which burn for a certain length of time, and in the flowery language of China are called "the Fragrance of an Hour." The two vessels on each side of this are candlesticks, and those at each end are for flowers.

I brought home a set of these vessels for a clerical friend who is much given to the study, but not to the practice of Ritualism, and was much astonished to hear him say that the decisions of the Church of England permitted exactly the same arrangement on the altar.

I visited the Lama Temple in Peking, and saw the great figure of Maitra Buddha, the incarnation of Buddha yet to come. It is a gigantic figure about fifty or sixty feet high. Everything about it is purely Indian, and the same may be said of the innumerable smaller figures of Buddhist divinities which may be seen at this place. The priests here all wear yellow vestments, yellow being the distinguishing colour of the dress of one sect of Buddhists— it is as still that of the priests in Ceylon— while that of another is red. The votaries of the latter sect are to be found in Ladak and the northern parts of the Himalays. The priests in Peking wear a very strange-shaped yellow hat, which one could almost believe was copied from a Greek helmet. We found the monks very uncivil and suspicious. I tried to make a sketch through an open window where they were performing an elaborate service. About thirty or forty were sitting in their yellow costume, chanting to the accompaniment of drums, cymbals, horns, gongs, and bells. I could see a very small boy among the performers making faces at me, as small boys are wont

to do everywhere, when one of the brethren came and shut up the window in my face. This was very different treatment from that which I met with in Tibet, where I was always made welcome in the Lamaseries. There the peculiar decoction of tea made with pepper, salt, and grease in it, was offered to me; and I sketched while they went on with the service. They taught me the proper mode of whirling the praying cylinders, and the mantra to pronounce while doing it. I never passed a monastery without entering, and never was treated with discourtesy in one of them. I cannot say that I have brought away the same friendly associations from the yellow-robed monks of Peking.

One day, in the streets of Peking, I heard the sound of a sonorous bell. Turning to the direction from which it seemed to come, I saw the bell hung from a frame on the side of the street. Another boom succeeded, yet no one near it was visible. On closely inspecting the frame, I found that a piece of wood, over a foot long, was slung in a horizontal position, and a string passed from it, through a small hole, into a little wooden house, which might be described as a wooden sentry-box. This box had another very small aperture, not many inches in size, through which a man could be seen with the string in his hand, and which he pulled every few minutes, so as to give one stroke to the bell. It was explained to me that the inmate of this almost coffin-like abode was a priest; that he had been in his narrow house for two years, and that he would remain yet another twelvemonth. The object to be

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THE HOUSE OF NAILS.

attained by this curious imprisonment was then explained.

It seems that, just in rear of the spot, the temple had through time got into such a condition of ruin, that it required very considerable repairs, if not entire rebuilding, and that this bell booming was part of a plan for obtaining funds for pious purposes. The priest who devotes himself to it is walled-in, or it may be built-up. There was an instance of this latter mode of procedure going on at the same time in Peking, the priest in that case being in a small brick house, all plastered over, and the man had been so long in it that the house had quite lost the look of a recent structure. In the case of the wooden house, long nails were driven through the planks, with the points projecting on the inside, for the supposed purpose of keeping the inmate from resting against the walls. The only place of repose within is a board on which he can sit, with his body in an upright position. Each of the nails represents a sum of money, and the whole number indicates the entire amount necessary for the restoration of the temple. The pious and benevolent are thus tempted to subscribe a sum represented by a nail; and when this is done the nail is withdrawn. Each nail which is pulled out renders the position of the devotee within less uncomfortable. When the money is paid, and the nail taken out, a scrap of paper is pasted on the spot with the name of the donor.

I looked inside, through the small hole, and could see a pale unemotional countenance, of most cadaverous aspect; the hair was long and parted in the middle, producing a

slightly feminine appearance. His nails had grown to a great length. I could see him indulge in one luxury, that was a pinch of snuff. There was a small shelf before him with some books; now and again he gave the string a pull, and the bell boomed forth. A friend of mine, whose house is close at hand, confessed to a strong temptation to subscribe as much as would extract one nail, for the bell has gone on night and day for the last two years. It awoke him at night, and he was tired of it. This certainly indicates sleepless nights on the part of the hermit in his house of nails. How he manages to sleep, or what he ate and drank, I could not learn.

I wandered through the ruined temple behind, and found that its decay was great; but the most striking feature was the condition of the gods. "Out at elbows" could be literally applied to many of them, for the wooden frame-work could in many cases be seen projecting from that particular joint. I made a sketch of one that seemed the most out of repair. Gods do get out of repair in countries where even no visible representations of them are made—at least, in men's minds they do; but when there is a material and visible construction, which gets out of order, and grows daily the worse for the wear, they make a very melancholy exhibition. They have a foolish look—all the more foolish because we remember that they have been gods, and have received worship. It is rather sorrowful to find that a god's existence depends upon the strength of joints, mortices, and pegs of wood; and here we see that divine beauty, where it is represented by putty, paint, and gold-leaf, may all fall off, and leave nothing but ghastliness visible.

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A GOD OUT OF REPAIR.

The only thing I could find in the whole place, which had the slightest approach to the Divine, was the devotion of the poor wretch shut up like a grub in his cocoon of nails. One could have wished that such patience and faith had been devoted to some more worthy object than that of re-carpentering "Gods out of Repair."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EMPEROR'S ASSUMPTION OF POWER.

THE accession of a new sovereign to the throne of China must be an important event, not only to China itself, but to the whole world. We may to a certain extent estimate its importance by comparing it with similar events in Europe. A new monarch, the creation of a new Empire, or the fall of an old one, gives matter for talk everywhere; diplomatic notes are flying about, and special correspondents are despatched to the scene of the event, while illustrated papers are blazing with pictures of everything connected with it; and yet the whole of Europe put together is not larger than the country Tung-chih now begins to rule over. The generally accepted figure for the population of China,—in all likelihood an enormous exaggeration—is 360,000,000, which is very nearly double that of India. With the exception of the Mohammedan rebellion in Yunan, the Empire is at peace, and is prosperous. The country desolated by the Taepings is returning to its former condition; and the production of silk, which was all but annihilated by the war at that time, is slowly resuming its old proportions. Foreign trade is steadily increasing, and there is no political question of the moment to ruffle the smooth surface of affairs. Even the Audience question, whatever way it may be settled, will in itself be only matter for talk. Such is the apparent condition of things

under which the young Emperor begins his rule; and yet I should not hesitate to say that the present reign is likely to be an era in the history of China. Changes, and important ones too, are clearly visible a-head. Whether these changes will be worked out by peace or by war, it might be rash to say. In disease, the use of the knife is often the first necessity; but repose is the essential condition of cure. Such may be the case here. China has been entirely separated from the civilization of the West. The Himalayan Mountains and the desert region of Tartary have formed an impenetrable barrier to war and conquest going eastward. Alexander the Great, in quest of new worlds to conquer, reached a point perhaps not far from Samarcand; he then retraced his steps and went south into India. Aryan conquest and civilization at various epochs naturally took this direction, while nothing beyond a broken ripple of it could ever by any possibility reach China. In this we have one of the reasons, if not the main one, why that country has so long retained its primitive condition. The invasions of China have always been by kindred Mongols, who came in as comparative barbarians, making little or no change in the institutions of the country. On the contrary, they became civilized up to the point reached by the Chinese. Now the Himalayan range is no barrier between East and West; the great sandy deserts of Mongolia have not to be traversed to reach far Cathay; the ocean has become the great path of conquest, commerce, and civilization. The most distant East can now be reached in a floating palace with speed and security, and with what Bailie Nicol Jarvie would have called, "A' the comforts of the Saut market" along with

you, and consequently that which had never before taken place in the history of China has now come to pass. The men of the West confront the men of this far-away East. The sea has removed all that stood between them. The most ancient form of Turanian civilization has met the highest form of it which the Aryan race has yet reached face to face. It is this which constitutes the new epoch in the history of China; and the struggle between these two forces must soon begin. Tung-chih's reign, supposing it to have an average length, cannot pass away without seeing some great changes resulting from this new condition of things.

The ceremonial when an Emperor ascends the throne in China is, as might be supposed, a most elaborate affair, and no doubt figures largely in those 200 volumes which guide every detail of imperial existence. Wishing to know how the programme in that country resembled a European coronation, I made various inquiries, the result of which will show that there is little or no resemblance between them.

As usual, the Astronomical Board have to interrogate the heavens, not only for an auspicious day, but for the particular fortunate moment; and when this has come, the first step is the presentation of a petition to the Emperor, asking him to ascend the throne. This is, no doubt, a mere form, but it would be interesting to know who it is who assumes the right thus to petition, because it seems to imply a liberty of questioning his right to ascend the throne. The event is then proclaimed, and the proclamation, announcing it to the whole Empire, figures largely in the ceremonies. The Phœnix is, as we have

seen, as important a heraldic figure in China as the Dragon. It belongs to the imperial insignia, and on this occasion a Phœnix of gold appears with the proclamation hanging to its beak. The Emperor first worships at the tablets of his ancestors; after which the officer of the Astronomical Board announces that the auspicious moment has arrived. The Emperor then ascends a golden chariot, elephants and guards are in attendance, and the members of the Board of Rites are also there to guide every movement. When the procession reaches the Great Hall, the President of the Board of Rites kneels and prays the Emperor to assume the sway. This he does sitting with his face towards the south. Gongs and music now sound through the hall, and the whole court fall on their knees, and perform the Kow-tow—that is, they strike their foreheads nine times on the ground. He is now Emperor, or "Vicegerent of all under Heaven," and worshipped as such. The accomplished event has then to be declared to the Universe, and the proclamation is consequently taken from the beak of the Phœnix. The Imperial Seal, which had been placed on a table, is applied to the proclamation, and the President of the Board of Rites comes forward, and, kneeling, receives it in a golden vase. The Emperor has now finished his part of the ceremony, and retires on his golden chariot to his private apartments in the Palace. The proclamation is next taken to a raised platform, from which it is read, every one kneeling all the time. It is then returned to the golden vase, and carried back to the golden Phœnix, from whose bill it is again suspended. It is afterwards copied and sent to all parts of the Empire.

That is a very slight sketch of the ceremony, but I believe it contains the main features of what takes place. There is no anointing oil, or placing of a crown on the head, and indeed scarcely any point to give it a resemblance to our coronation ceremonies.

Here we have a bird—the Phœnix—a sort of celestial creature, a messenger from Heaven, bearing the proclamation, or declaration, that the "Son of Heaven" is to reign. When an Emperor of China dies, and departs on "the Great Journey," he "ascends on the Dragon, to be a guest on high;" such is the official language in which the fact of his death is announced to Foreign Ministers and throughout the Empire. When a new Emperor mounts the throne, the Phœnix comes from above to proclaim his advent. This close and constant intercommunication with the next world may seem strange to Europeans, but we see how familiar it is to the people of this country. We boast of our railways and our facilities for travelling from one country to another; but here, when an Emperor of China dies, the great Dragon performs the part of a special train to Heaven. We cannot telegraph beyond the narrow limits of this small globe of ours; but here, when a new Emperor comes to the throne, the Phœnix appears with the latest telegraphic despatch, or official document, from "on high," containing the appointment. There is even a banking or money-order-office system between this world and the next. Deceased ancestors seem to be very poor, or in the regions which they inhabit perhaps the prices of everything may have gone up of late, for large remittances have to be continually sent. Everywhere we can see paper imitations

of Sycee silver, which are cast in ingots of the form of an ancient shoe. The imitations are made of silvered paper, and look exactly like the cast ingots. By burning a number of these at an ancestral tablet an equivalent sum is transmitted to the defunct individual. There must be a very large quantity of these paper shoes used, if one may judge from the supply visible in the shops. The bullock which is burned at the winter solstice at the Temple of Heaven is supposed to ascend to the celestial regions; and, if I mistake not, the Chinese believe this of all sacrifices which are consumed by fire.

It is also stated that a copy of the proclamation, announcing that he had assumed the Government, was duly signed by the Emperor himself and burned—I should suppose at the Temple of Heaven—so as to convey the intelligence to the celestial regions. As this is exactly what took place in regard to the marriage, I see no reason to doubt it. On that occasion, the news was sent not only to Heaven, but to Earth, to the Imperial ancestors, and to all under Heaven. Why should not the news that a new Emperor has ascended the throne be sent through the same official channels of communication?

"His Majesty the Emperor was called to occupy the throne while yet a child, and at a time when the affairs of the Empire were in a very critical condition; and it being indispensable that the Princes and Ministers should bring the affairs of the State before the Throne, we, the Empresses, yielded to the solicitations of the Court Ministers and assumed the Regency, at the same time notifying that when his Majesty came of age the reins of

Government would be handed over to him. For the last eleven years we have, early and late, with much fear and trembling, earnestly striven to discharge the duties thus imposed on us. His Majesty the Emperor, however, having now come of age, it is right that he should assume the reins of Government, and, with the assistance of his Ministers, Court and provincial, control the affairs of the Empire, and thus discharge the sacred trust handed down to him by his late Majesty (Hienfeng). The Astronomical Board is therefore ordered to select a propitious day in the first moon of next year, on which his Majesty may formally ascend the Throne (or assume control). The ceremonies and rights to be observed on the occasion must be settled by the Grand Council, Grand Secretaries and Board officials, and reported to the Throne. Respect this!"

This edict by the two Empresses appeared in the *Peking Gazette* shortly after the marriage, and the ceremonies therein ordered are those which are appointed to be observed when an Emperor assumes the reins of Government. The present Emperor ascended the throne in 1862, when the ceremonies already described took place. Since that time he has sat as Emperor in the Audience Hall, and signed documents with the "Vermilion Pencil."

During the Regency a screen was placed behind him which covered the presence of the two Regent Empresses, who were so placed that they could see and hear, and dictate decisions to the young Emperor. When they retire from their functions they will no longer sit at the audiences; but how far they will interfere in public affairs for the future is a matter of

which no one out of the palace is likely to have any knowledge. The two ladies have earned a good reputation for the ability with which they have managed affairs during the last ten years. The Empress of the East—that is, the Dowager Empress—is considered to be a woman of good character, and is said to be very amiable, and quiet in her manners, leading a retired life. On the contrary, the Empress Mother has earned for herself the name of being rather "fast." She is said to be fond of company, extravagant in her manners, and impetuous in temper. When the arrangements for the marriage were going on, it is reported that she got into a dreadful passion about something not being to her mind, and took to smashing vases and other articles around her. In this I only repeat what rumour passes from mouth to mouth in Peking; if unfounded, it will show that scandal is not idle in the Court of China any more than in the Courts of Europe.

What particular ceremonies will take place when they retire, and leave the young Emperor to use the "Vermilion Pencil" alone, I did not chance to learn. Perhaps the Li-poo, or Board of Rites, had not settled the arrangements when I left Peking, or I might, perhaps, have heard something of it. What with the marriage and other ceremonies, too much work has of late been thrown on their hands. They had been making mistakes, and to lose your head (as we figuratively put it) in such matters is apt to be followed here by the operation in reality. The offence in this case was in reference to the two Empresses, and in the all-important matter of their titles. The *Peking Gazette* announced

at the time that, in a document issued by the Board of Rites, "Their Majesties are inadvertently styled 'Hwang-how' instead of Hang-t'ai-how." For this deplorable blunder the clerks and secretaries of the Board who were guilty of the negligence, and the Grand Secretary of State charged with the examination of such documents, "are handed over to the Board of Civil Officers to be dealt with." Whether this means a present of a silken cord, or an order to breakfast upon gold-leaf—a manner of happy despatch practised by mandarins and those who can afford it—I could not ascertain; but it is evident that those queer-looking characters which we are familiar with on tea-boxes in England are most important matters in China, when they have to do with the titles of an Emperor or an Empress.

"The first moon of next year"—that is, this present year—was the time given by the edict for the Astronomical Board to find "a propitious day;" and the 23rd of February was the date selected. Playing-cards are plentiful in the middle kingdom, and one feels inclined to ask if they were consulted in a matter of this sort. Perhaps tea-cups and tea-leaves would be a more appropriate omen-indicator for the official Astrological Department of the Chinese Empire.

The character of the individual who thus began to rule over so large a nation would, no doubt, be a subject of much interest; but, as has been already explained, it is next to an impossibility to get anything like trustworthy information. The only description of him which I heard, and it is current among the Chinese, is, that he is rather dull and stupid, and was very slow in learning the classic

books, which all boys at school have to commit to memory, and to which custom an Emperor would furnish no exception. A Government carried on with such strict adherence to ancient authorities as is the Chinese, cannot be much affected by the personal character or the amount of ability possessed by the sovereign. In European States Government is controlled by a Parliament; in China it is controlled by authoritative traditions thousands of years old. In both cases a similar result is produced, which is, that the monarch of the time has but little influence on the doings of the Government.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE AUDIENCE QUESTION.

When I arrived in China, one great subject of discussion —not only with the local press, but with almost every person you met—was the "Audience Question." The Chinese Government have set their faces against railways and telegraphs. The commercial community are anxious to introduce them, and to have more free ports opened, so that trade may be increased. They have a vague idea that if the right of Audience without prostration should be conceded, it would lead to the realization of their wishes; hence the interest felt in its settlement by the Europeans and Americans connected with China.

However, when I reached Peking, where I expected to hear full particulars as to how the matter stood, and to learn the feeling of the Chinese authorities about it, it was rather surprising to find a total absence of all excitement about the controversy. In the Legations it was scarcely alluded to. In the British Legation, a new theatre and skating-pond for the winter were the all-absorbing topics of conversation. A billiard match between our attachés and those of the German Legation quite snuffed out the Imperial marriage; and for about a week the Audience question, or anything political, was entirely shelved. While they are wisely keeping up their health and spirits by such amusements, it is quite possible that Mr. Wade

may be in active correspondence with Prince Kung on the subject, or probably is considering the right course to pursue when the proper moment for action arrives; but matters of that kind are not visible to an outsider who chances to visit Peking.

The feeling was that the French would be the most active in pushing the matter to an issue; and the Minister lately sent home a paper on the subject, recommending that it should be pressed upon the Chinese Government. The settlement of the affairs resulting from the Tientsing Massacre would be one of their claims, and the Russians were supposed to be backing them up. Mr. Low, the American Minister, sent to his Government a document expressing what he thought of the French Minister's proposals. It is a very well written paper, and it advises that the Audience question should not be pressed, at least not until the Emperor should have assumed the full power himself; and this was, no doubt, the general feeling of the Legations on the matter. The question is a very simple one as to its merits, and easily understood. All the Ministers of European countries could have an audience whenever they like, if they would do the Ko-tow—that is, when they enter the Imperial presence they must go down on all fours three times, and knock their forehead nine times on the ground. It is called also the "three bendings and the nine knockings." This, of course, they are never likely to do. In past times the Jesuits were received at Court, and some of them were great favourites of former Emperors; but they would, no doubt, perform the Ko-tow. Lord Macartney went as an Ambassador in 1793, and had an audience of the

Emperor; but the ceremonies were so arranged that, while our Ambassador did not consider that he did the Ko-tow, the Chinese understood the contrary. In matters of this kind the Celestials are very clever at what may be called double-dealing to get out of difficulties; and it was rumoured that they had some new dodge of the same kind, by which the Audience question was to be granted and yet not granted at the same time. A Russian Embassy visited Peking in 1719, and is described by John Bell, a Scotchman, who accompanied it. They had all to comply. Lord Amherst, who went in 1816, would not submit to this ceremony. This Ko-tow comprises the whole difficulty of the case—whether the European Ambassadors will bow three times and knock their heads nine times on the ground, or whether the Emperor of China will receive them as a European monarch would. It is the old question, whether the mountain will come to Mahomet, or Mahomet go to the mountain.

There used to be the old "jooty dustoor," or Shoe question in India. It is the custom all over that country, and in most parts of the East, to take off the shoes on entering a house. It is a mark of respect or reverence as old as the days of Moses. This was the rule at all Durbars. I have seen a cartload of the shoes of Rajahs, Sirdars, and chiefs of all ranks, at the entrance to a Govenor General's Durbar. It was their custom, and they did it as a matter of course. In the early days of our rule in India, when officers of rank had to go on official business to the native Princes, they also were expected to take off their shoes or boots, as the case might be; but it was not our "dustoor," or custom. It caused

more bickering and bad feeling at the time than even the great mutiny produced. Think of a handsome officer, in a splendid uniform, hoping to make a fine impression by his figure and dazzling costume, and imagine his feelings on being asked at the door to take off his boots and clanking spurs and walk in, something like Nebuchadnezzar's image, with head of gold, but feet of clay. Even with a grey tweed suit and a wide-awake hat, the request would be objectionable. All that is a thing of the past. If you have to call upon a Rajah now in India, no matter in what capacity, the "jooty dustoor" is never mentioned. In this we can see the fate of the Audience question, and of many other questions which are talked about in China. The one thing necessary is time. Time swallows up all things, and it will swallow up the Ko-tow.*

* Sir John Maundeville's history of his travels is considered by many to be doubtful; yet, curiously enough, he mentions the Ko-tow, and describes its origin. In his account of the "Grete Chane of Chatay," he says:—"And whan he had wonne and putt alle the Londes and Contrees, on this half the Mount Belyan, in subiecciouu, the Whyte Knyght cam to him azen in his sleep, and seyde to him,—'Chan, the Wille of God inmortalle is, that thou passe the Mount Belyan; and thou schalt wynne the Lond, and thou schalt putten many nacyouns in subiecciouu: and for thou schalt fynde no gode passage for to go toward that Contree, go to the Mount Belyan, that is upon the See, and knele there nine times toward the Est, in the Worschipe of God inmortalle; and he schal schewe the Weye to passe by.' And the Chane dide so. And anon the See, that touched and was fast to the Mount, began to withdrawe him, and schewed fair weye of nine fote brede large; and so he passed with his folk, and wan the Lond of Cathay, that is the Grettest Kyngdom of the World. And for the nine Knelynges, and for the nine fote of Weye, the Chane and all the men of Tartarye han the nombre nine in gret reverence. And, therefore, who that wole make the Chane ony present, be it of Hors, be it of Bryddes, or of Arwes, or Bowes, or of Frute, or of ony other thing, alweys he most make it of the nombre of nine. And so

Whoever has seen Gerome's picture, at Versailles, of the Emperor Napoleon receiving the Japanese Ambassadors, will be able to form some idea of what an Imperial audience is in the extreme oriental parts of Asia. The Ambassadors are crawling on all-fours, like a drove of pigs, along the floor and up the steps of the throne where the Emperor and Empress sit to receive them. I suppose that Emperors are accustomed to homage, and that a novel kind of it may be to them a fresh sensation, like a new dish or a wine that had never been tasted before; but one could wish that Napoleon had not allowed such a ceremony to have taken place. If the Mandarins here, who are opposed to the Audience question, had a copy of that picture, it might be used with great effect against the French Minister if he should press his demands on this point. The Europeans say that the Ko-tow is degrading—if so, why did the head of the French nation allow such a thing to be done in his presence? The French, and all the other Ambassadors, of course say it is not their custom to knock their heads nine times on the ground before the Sovereigns to whom they are sent. The Chinese *tu quoque* to this would be simple and equally logical, that it is not the custom to

thanne ben the presentes of grettere plesance to him, and more benygnely he wil resceyven hem, than though he were presented with an 100 or 200. For hym semethe the nombre of nine so holy, be cause the Messagre of God inmortalle devised it."

The sacredness of the number 9 did not, in all probability, originate in Tartary, or with its Khan; it, with other numbers, will be found to have been sacred in other parts of the world—but Sir John Maundeville's history is an important link. His travels fall within the period between 1322 and 1356.

allow any one to come into the presence of the Emperor of China without doing so. He rules over a territory as large as the whole of Europe; and in February, when he was to assume the full power, he would, it is said, be declared "Vicegerent in charge of all under Heaven." With such pretensions, if the geographical space actually governed were a measure of power, there would be little use in mooting the Audience question, unless the ambassadorial gold lace were willing to lick the dust of the Imperial Palace. But even into the cloudy regions, where the all-but-deified Emperor exists, the knowledge has penetrated that the Westerns have power on their side, and that in every case in which this power has been contested, a triumph in its favour has been the result. The last war in 1860 ended by a treaty permitting the Ministers of the European Powers to live in the capital. An irresistible progression, or aggression —the term is immaterial when considering only the question of results, and the causes which lead to them— is evident. The governing body in China cannot be quite unconscious of the true state of affairs, and it was supposed that they were at least so far advanced as to be prepared to have the Audience question brought up. Some thought that it would be arranged satisfactorily, and that railroads and telegraphs would follow at once. Others affirmed that an audience without the Ko-tow would never be granted except at the point of the bayonet, and that another war would be necessary. These last point to the armaments going on all over the country; to the troops which are being drilled by Europeans in large bodies; to the arsenals which are

hard at work producing cannon and rifles; to the arms which are being brought into the country in large quantities; to the war-ships, gun-boats, &c., which are being built; and to the ports which are being constructed. The Taku Forts have been most elaborately reconstructed —this I can vouch for, having passed them on entering the Peiho—and armed with large foreign rifled cannon. Such preparations, they say, can only point to one conclusion—that there is a determination to resist the foreigners, let it be on the Audience question, telegraphs, railways, or the opening of more ports for commerce. The Mandarins and the whole of the literary class are supposed to be foreigner-haters; and if they could, they would drive us all into the sea,—the Tientsin massacre being a specimen of what they desire to see done,—and it is believed by many that they intend to repeat that tragedy wherever there is a European in China.

It is quite certain that an attempt is being made to improve the military organization of the country, but I do not suppose that it has at present any other object than that of being ready. At the present moment everything appears peaceful in China. There is no little black cloud visible on the horizon. Still it must be confessed that there is nothing settled in the relations between foreigners and the Chinese, and in the necessary changes which a transition state implies, a collision might occur at any moment. If the Chinese knew the real strength of the Western Powers they would not be over-hasty in bringing about a contest, but they have no means of getting information. They never travel, and they have no books or newspapers. A deaf man in a dark room represents their

condition. We all recollect how little was known of the relative condition of the French and German armies before the late war. The people here must be still more ignorant of such matters. It would be perfectly true to say that the Chinese have no knowledge whatever of Europeans. Up to the present moment we are only visible to them at one or two isolated spots on their outer edge. The mass of the people of China have never seen a European. The way to realize this fact is to travel into the interior. Does any one desire to be a real live lion? Then let him come to Peking, and make a trip for a few days anywhere into the country. When you enter a village, every man, woman, and child comes out to see you. Should you stop at the village to have refreshments, or to look at sights there, the inhabitants in a body crowd round and follow you, and every movement is watched and commented upon. If you stand still, every article of your dress is felt all over by their hands; the seams of your coat are minutely inspected; your boots are criticized; your hair, and particularly your beard, is examined. They have a great respect for a beard; no man under forty is allowed to grow the hair on his chin, and few are the hairs which take advantage of the permission on the face of a Chinaman at this mature period. Your age and the number of children you have are questions of high importance. When you go into an inn in one of these villages, there is an eye looking at you from every hole and cranny; your eating, drinking, reading, writing, sketching—whatever you do—is watched and reported through the village. Even when you blow out your

candle and go to bed, they hover round the door and listen. It is told of an innkeeper that he closed up all the holes except one, and that he made a good thing out of it by charging so much a head for a sight of the "Foreign Devils." The Prince of Wales is not more narrowly watched or more lionized when he goes about. It shows what perfect strangers Europeans are to the mass of the inhabitants of this land. In Peking the people are not quite unaccustomed to the sight of Westerns, but they only at times see one or two in the streets in what to them is an uncouth and fantastic costume, which is not likely to impress them with a high notion of us. When Admiral Shadwell was in Peking, shortly before my visit, and he was passing through the streets with one of the gentlemen attached to the Legation, a child at a door was heard crying to those within, "Come out and see this devil." The Admiral had been calling at the other Legations, and I think had some gold lace on. This, no doubt, attracted the child's attention to him, but the term used is too commonly applied to be exceptional in this case, and it is an illustration of their notions respecting us. I had another illustration, which came under my own observation. Walking one day in the streets with a friend who could speak the language, we stopped to look at a man who was just finishing a kind of wheelbarrow which is peculiar to this part of the world. Such vehicles are much used for the transport of goods, the state of the roads being too bad for carts. It was well made—a substantial, good bit of work. We were admiring it, when a man, seeing us do so, came up and said, "Aha! you have no such wheel-

barrows as that in your country." This was said with a good-natured looking smile; the tone was more that of self-satisfaction than boasting. He seemed to mean that if we had wheelbarrows like that we should then be more on a par with a Chinaman. We have all heard of the gig as a test of respectability, but here is the wheelbarrow applied as a measure of civilization. Archæologists in Europe know of the stone, the bronze, and the iron age as steps in the development of man's history, but the wheelbarrow age will be new to them. This point of development has been reached in Peking, and the foreign barbarians stand in admiration before it. This man's ideas of the comparative progress of his own and other countries must be that of all his countrymen except those in the Treaty Ports, where we have made streets and built houses, where steamboats and war-ships are visible, and a few of the results of Western science and civilization are so patent that they cannot be unknown. Had our friend ever visited Shanghai and seen an English carriage and pair gliding smoothly over a level road, he would have found that other stages of progress are possible beyond that of the wheelbarrow. Peking is not an open port. There is no business done in it. The Europeans there are only those belonging to the Legations and the Missionary institutions, except an occasional "globe-trotter" like myself. When we are seen in the streets, we are either walking, or in carts or on the ponies of the country. These streets are in such a condition that carriages cannot be used in them, so that we have nothing to show in Peking by which its population can judge of our powers.

It is difficult to say how far the officials may be better informed. Unless they have had appointments in other provinces, they never travel; their education is limited almost to the classic works which date from the time of Confucius. A modern traveller need not go to the Longmans or the Murray of Peking with the result of his last wanderings. There are no journals or newspapers, except the *Peking Gazette*, and it contains the official proclamations only. None of the higher classes know a single foreign language—at least the exception is so rare that it does not invalidate the statement. Such being the case, how can they get information? A true knowledge of Europe and its various peoples is an impossibility under such circumstances. A Chinaman was once asked why all the junks had eyes painted on their bows? His reply was, in that curious medley called "pigeon English," "Supposey ship no have eye, how can see? Supposey ship no can see, how can savey walkey?" The last two words have to be understood as meaning "know how to go." The Chinese official mind, then, is like the junk with no eye. So we may use the Chinaman's words, and ask, "How can they savey walkey?" Could they realize the fact that the European wheelbarrow has reached such a state of perfection that an iron road has been made for it, that it can go at a rate of fifty miles an hour, and that it is a good and fair test of our civilization and power; could they understand all this, a trial of strength would not be so likely. The danger is that in their eyeless condition they may get a rabble armed with bad rifles, with no drill and useless officers, and believe that they have got the best wheelbarrow under heaven;

and it may require a great deal of trouble and cost to undeceive them.

The Missionary bodies here have found that this total ignorance about the Men of the West is one of the greatest obstacles in their way, and they have just started a magazine which is printed in the Chinese character, and the object of which is to give the better classes in Peking some knowledge of what Europe really is. If all Europeans are looked upon as "devils" and "barbarians," what chances have the Missionaries of being listened to with respect as teachers? The answer is simple, and the magazine is the remedy which is being tried. Articles on the Mont Cenis Tunnel, the Suez Canal, telegraphs, and other wonders of the West, are given. Where it is possible, a rough woodcut is added, so as to give greater reality to the description. It is much to be hoped that this effort will succeed, for in serving their own cause the Missionaries will help to do good in other ways where it is much wanted.

The Tientsin massacre took place in June, 1870. When the news reached Europe every eye was fixed on the two armies and the contest which they had just begun on the banks of the Rhine. The great war had so intense an interest to the public that almost everything else was overlooked; and the savage murders on the banks of the Peiho produced little or no sensation at the time. I went over the scenes of the massacre with a gentleman who was in Tientsin when the events occurred. The cathedral, as it was called, stands on the right bank of the river, at the junction of the Grand Canal. It was burnt; but its empty walls still tower over the low one-

storied houses of which all Chinese towns are formed. Within the enclosure there are thirteen graves of those whose bodies were found. Each grave has a tall marble slab erected by the Chinese authorities. About half a mile further down the river, on the same side as the cathedral, is another church, where ten Sisters of Charity were most brutally murdered and mutilated; five of their bodies were never found. In the vault beneath the church, a number of the children belonging to the school took shelter, and were suffocated by the burning of the building above them. All the native converts who could be discovered in Tientsin were also savagely butchered. Dead bodies were seen floating down the river for days afterwards; and no exact guess could be made of the number of lives taken. A Russian gentleman and his wife were killed, but with this exception all the Europeans who suffered were French; and an attempt has been made to explain the affair as being wholly a quarrel between them and the Chinese. Certainly there was a grievance which the Chinese complained of. It related to the ground on which the cathedral was built, and the attack was directed against the French at Tientsin. On the other hand, it is said that the extirpation of all Europeans was intended; and it is maintained in support of this, that attacks and disturbances were at the moment common all over China against foreigners. The Mandarins and Literati are said to have been the movers in this. The most absurd rumours were put in circulation all over the country at that time. I will give one which was printed and widely spread just before the massacre. The following is the translation:—"It is much to be

regretted that bad principles are daily spreading out like a devouring fire, and sound ones swoon away into complete oblivion. Strangers are invading all round, people's hearts are provoked at it. Just think of these rebellious and barbarous Englishmen; their savage country is the seashore, the Head of their Government is a woman, and their original race half man, half brute. They are those whom our books call naked-worms and men-fish." From this one would suppose the writer had been reading Darwin's works; but this theory of the original Englishmen is founded on the mythic animals of their classic books. The Missionaries are a great puzzle to the people of this country. Their object in leaving their own land and coming so far is inconceivable to them. It is said that if they declared that their intention in coming such a distance was murder and robbery, the Chinese would easily understand and believe in their statement. In truth, the pretended purposes of the Missionaries are incredible to them, and they are ready to accept any rumour as the true explanation. Under these circumstances it was very easy to excite the public mind. Kidnapping is a very common crime in China, and the Missionaries of every faith have schools, and temptations are held out for children to attend. Along with this is the well-known fact that the foreigners have doctors who are most skilful in the cure of all diseases. In the Chinese Materia Medica it is declared that the most potent medicines are made from the eyes, heart, and the vitals of a human body. Here, at once, was the key to the trapping of children into the Missionary schools. The graves of some children who had died were opened, and it was announced that

their eyes and hearts had been torn out. Great was the excitement thus produced. To the pigtail intellect the case was clear against the foreigners, and "Death to the kidnappers" became the cry. The feeling was fostered by those who were pulling the wires, other rumours were thrown in to add to the flame, and the Tientsin massacre was the result.

Here we have another illustration of Chinese ignorance, and of its results. The Chinaman is said, by all who have had experience of him, to have a keen intellect, and to be very shrewd and sharp in his dealings. Although he is thus acute in the ordinary affairs to which he has been accustomed, yet the foreigners come from what is a new world to him, with ideas and objects which are beyond his comprehension. The painted eye of the junk gazing blankly over the sea can penetrate quite as far as the mental vision of the Chinaman into such matters. Experience alone can bring knowledge, and teach him how to deal with Europeans.

The Emperor's knowledge of Westerns can only be guessed at from what we know of those around him. The Mandarins and Literati are represented as a body hating all foreigners. As all his teaching would be under the direction of these classes, whatever feelings he may have on the subject are likely to be somewhat similar to those of his guides. He is supposed never to have seen a European. It is said that he expressed a wish to have a look at one, and proposed that one should be kidnapped and brought into the Palace for this purpose; but that would have been a dangerous experiment to try in Peking, where foreigners are few, and all so well

known to each other. What a blessing it might have been to the young Emperor himself, as well as to his subjects, if, like our own Princes, he could have travelled and seen a bit of the world, particularly beyond the limits of his own territory. A little travelling would be about the very best thing he could try; but that is impossible. The "Solitary Prince" must be as blind, if not more so, than those over whom he rules. He is only the painted eye on the Chinese junk of State, and it is impossible that he can know in what direction to guide the vessel.

The treaty of 1860, which gave the right of the Foreign Ministers to reside in Peking, was a great step in advance. The Audience question is anticipated in it, and it stipulates that the British representative "shall not be called upon to perform any ceremony derogatory to him as representing the sovereign of an independent nation on a footing of equality with that of China. On the other hand, he shall use the same forms of ceremony and respect to his Majesty the Emperor as are employed by the ambassadors, ministers, or diplomatic agents of her Majesty towards the sovereigns of independent and equal European nations." This very clearly settles the forms to be followed in the event of an audience, but does not bind the Emperor to give one. The right to purchase land and buildings in Peking for the Legations was at once exercised by all the great powers of the West; and by being at the capital they are able to communicate directly with the Chinese officials there, and thus facilitate the transaction of business. Personal intercourse, which has now gone on for about eleven years between the

Ministers of so many nations and functionaries at the head of departments in Peking, ought by this time to have removed from the latter many of their illusions as to the character of the foreigners. Men like Mr. Low, the American Minister, General Vlangaly, who represents Russia, or our own Minister, Mr. Wade, must have produced some influence on the high mandarins with whom they have come in contact. General Vlangaly is an Engineer officer, and was on the staff of General Todleben during the siege of Sebastopol. As I had some slight connexion with that memorable siege, I found it a link of acquaintance when I called on the General. Mr. Wade, as I have before remarked, has the reputation of holding the first rank in Chinese scholarship, the Chinese Literati themselves being judges.

Since this chapter on the Audience question was written, news has come to England that the Son of Heaven has received the Ministers of the principal European powers into his presence without the ceremony of the Kotow. On the 29th of June last, at nine a.m., Mr. Wade, C.B., the Envoy of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Governor Low, the American Minister, General Vlangaly, the Russian Ambassador, the French Minister, M. de Geoffroy, and Mr. Ferguson, the representative of Holland, were received in the Imperial Palace. General Vlangaly, as the head of the Diplomatic body, read in French a short address to the Emperor; Herr Bismarck, a relative of Prince Bismarck, translated this into Chinese, and Prince Kung went on his knees before the Emperor, and translated it into Manchu, which is the Court language.

Well here, we might suppose, is the end of the great

Audience question. When the details are inquired into, it does not seem to have been perfectly satisfactory to our Western notions. The *Peking Gazette* announced the event in the following way :—

"The Tsungli Yamen having presented a Memorial to the effect that the Envoys of Foreign Nations residing in the capital have *supplicated* that they may have an audience, to present letters from their Governments, we command that the Foreign Envoys in the capital who have letters from their respective Governments be admitted to an audience."

In matters of etiquette, every word and every movement becomes a question of importance, and it will be seen that there is a very great difference between "supplicated" and "asked for," or perhaps "demanded;" and the *Times*' correspondent's letter points out that "She-Chen," a word used to characterize the Envoys of the "Tribute-bearing-Nations," is used in the official notice, instead of "Kingchai-Ta-chen," or Imperially Commissioned Minister, the phrase always used now to designate themselves by the Representatives at Peking.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

A TRIP to the Great Wall of China from Peking is an affair of four or five days, and requires some preparations to make it pleasant, for Chinese inns are scarcely up to the mark of supplying all the wants of the "foreign devils." Some friends, having made up a party, kindly invited me to accompany them, and promised that the "Chow-chow" (Pigeon-English for food, and in this particular case including drinkables as well as eatables) would be all provided. As this is one of the most important points in such an excursion, and as I knew I should be in agreeable society, also an important point, I willingly accepted the invitation. A visit to the Great Wall generally includes the Ming Tombs and the Summer Palace, and our party had them all in the programme. We were four gentlemen and two ladies, and as we rode out from Peking by the Te-Sheng-men—one of the northern gates—our appearance contrasted so oddly with the look of the gates, the towers, the walls, and the people around, that it is rather difficult to say what we were like to ourselves, and still more difficult to guess what our cavalcade appeared to the Chinese mind. Our party was the incongruous anomaly in the scene. My own impression was that we looked very much like a travelling circus, or the beginning of

one of Mr. G. P. R. James's novels. A travelling circus could not have produced a greater sensation, for at every village there was a rush on all sides to look at the spectacle. The women particularly came out in numbers to see the ladies, and they seemed to examine everything most critically, for there was much chattering among them.

Our path was for some distance along what appeared to be a ravine, but it was explained that it was a "road." It was so deep that we could only get a glimpse occasionally of the fields as we drove along. A connected system of lakes formed the central part of this valley. Here and there the lake was only of mud, and at times the lake and mud filled up the whole breadth of the road, so that there was no avoiding it, and the carts had a number of animals attached to pull them through. We saw one cart with four mules get so deep that it stuck, and the mule in the shafts had fallen, and was so engulfed in the slime that we thought he must be drowned. The mud dries in summer, and becoming dust, is blown away by the wind. This after many years is the cause of the road becoming a deep ravine. The granite-paved road from Tung-chow to Peking has been already described, and the similarity of condition in both of these highways shows that they are under the same system of supervision. There is a Board of Works in Peking, but whether roads and ways come within its province or not I cannot say. I am told that a Mandarin may regularly draw the necessary funds for keeping this particular road in repair, and perhaps remits part of the cash to some one, who pays a fraction of it to another person, who employs

somebody else to write reports on its condition, which are no doubt sent in to Peking to the Board of Works, declaring that all is perfection. There are old and very fine bridges on this road more or less in ruins. These bridges are constructed of very large and well-hewn stones, but they stand unconnected with the road on each side, as if a deluge had swept past and carried the banks away. It is only by a struggle up a steep bank of earth, and over some of the fallen blocks of stone, that the bridge can be reached by carts and animals. The towns along this line are in as remarkable a condition as the roads. They have high walls, with bastions like the wall at Peking; and the towns seem to be all perfectly square in plan—like those of Tien-tsing and Peking. These high walls are tumbling; huge masses of the brickwork may be seen which have slidden down, leaving a practicable breach should an enemy ever appear; but enemies are not likely to give trouble; even friends avoid them. There is a system which is known here by the word "squeezing," and is said to be largely practised by those in power. To avoid being treated like lemons, people prefer to live outside the gates, and the result is a thriving suburb, which flourishes on what is now considered the safest side of the walls. If one should enter by the high portal of one of these pretentious fortifications, expecting to find busy streets and an active population, he will be slightly disappointed. The interior is more like a wilderness than anything else. There may be a house here and there among the wretched thoroughfares which pass for streets; but Pariah dogs and pigs seem to be left in possession—perhaps they remain because they are not liable to the

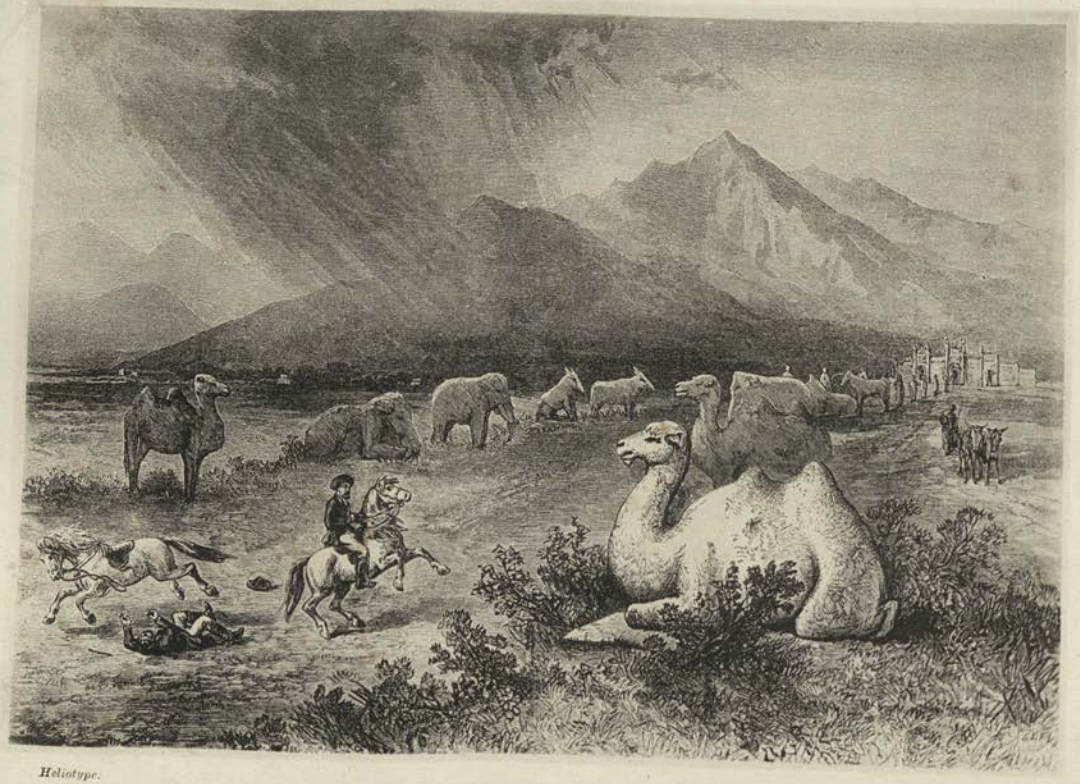
squeezing process. The roads, bridges, and great walls of these towns all tell of a time when there was a Government in the country which did something; their present condition tells of a Government which is defunct, and only waits its time to be removed.

Sha-ho, or Sandy River, was the name of the first town we reached. It is named from the river we had just passed, and it has an extending suburb on the outside, where we stopped for tiffin. This was my first experience of a Chinese inn, but I believe that they are in this part of the country rather Mongolian than pure Chinese. Such places of accommodation may be found in every village hereabout, and through the whole of Mongolia. The portion of the inn which is next the street is a restaurant, with seats and tables; and in a corner is the kitchen, which is usually a very busy and noisy place. A gateway leads to a large court behind, and all round this are the sleeping-quarters. They are all one-storied buildings, with separate rooms, each room being capable of accommodating two or more travellers. The sleeping-place is not a bed according to our notions of such a place. One end of the room has a platform built across it about two feet high; there is a fireplace which is used in winter to heat all the space under it. Here you sit during the day, and make your bed upon it for the night. The courtyard is for the accommodation of the animals, and for stowing away merchandise; so that when one of these inns is busy with travellers it is a very picturesque scene. As we carried our own Chow-chow along with us we did not need to trouble the "Comptroller of the Table," nor

the "Governor of the Pot" of any of these establishments.

After tiffin we went on again and reached in the evening a place called Chum-ping-Sho, which our party easily converted into "Jumping Joe," an infinitesimal change in comparison to what the Chinese Literati make with words adopted from our language. Here we put up for the night, as it was the nearest place to our destination, where accommodation could be found. In cracking a nut you at times find within a dried-up shrivelled fragment of what was once the kernel, and so it was with Jumping Joe. A miserable small village was all that remained at the north-west corner. The walls might be about a couple of miles all round, and one must suppose that they are an indication of what the town had been at some former period.

Next morning we were on our way again, making for the Ming Tombs. They are on the southern side of the range of hills, upon which the Great Wall is constructed, the Wall being situated on the northern side. We had passed two or three outlying knolls of this range when we came upon a very fine gateway of marble. The name given to gates of this kind is Pai-low. They are all triple doorways. This one was not quite so high as Temple Bar; but about the same width. The marble is hewn into posts, and morticed; the lintels are inserted as if they were only beams of wood, clearly indicating the origin of this style of architecture. This gate is in a very perfect condition, but the road and a bridge close by are in the usual state of dilapidation. The beautiful but ruined bridges which we had passed the day before



Heliotype.

From the Illustrated London News.

SCULPTURED FIGURES, MING TOMBS.

had struck me as being more like what one would expect to see about a palace than on a country road; but all this ultimately explained itself. This had been an Imperial road from Peking to the tombs, made for the Emperor and his Court to pass along when he visited the graves of his ancestors to perform the necessary rites. That would be during the Ming dynasty, which ended in 1644, so that for more than two centuries this road has not been in use for its original purpose, and the present dynasty have no interest in it, for all their tombs are somewhere in Mongolia.

About half a mile beyond the first gateway there is a second, constructed very differently. It is like a solid house, roofed as all houses are here, and an arched passage forms the gateway. It has neither windows nor doors leading to its interior. We pass another arch something similar to this last, and then reach what is considered the principal sight of the place. This is a long approach bordered on each side with sculptured animals. They are all fully the size of life—a statement, however, that requires a slight qualification, as some of the figures represent griffins, and I have never yet met one of these beasts alive.

There are in all twenty animals, and twelve human figures. Among the animals are camels, elephants, horses, and mules—four of each kind—two in a recumbent position, and two standing, one looking at the other across the road. The human figures are of warriors and priests, the same figure being repeated on each side. This stone population of man and beast extends for at least a good half-mile, and ends by another triple gate.

This grand approach to the tombs reminds one of the Dromos of Sphinxes leading into the Egyptian temples. It is said that one of the later Emperors desired to have these old figures removed to his own burying-place, and had given orders accordingly. Such spoliation as this is to the Chinese mind a dreadful sacrilege. To preserve the graves of your ancestors is one of the highest virtues; and one of the Court dignitaries went off by night, before the order could be acted on, and chipped a bit from each of the statues. This made them all imperfect, and nothing imperfect can form part of a new tomb. It saved the statues, and it is related that the Public Censor denounced the Emperor for giving such an order, and that he was tried and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. These Public Censors still remain, not only in Peking, attached to the head-quarters of the Government, but in each province there is such an official, whose duty it is to accuse and bring to trial even the Governors of the locality. The existence of such a functionary shows how wise the old laws of this country must have been; but now-a-days he has to think twice before denouncing the crimes of a Mandarin, and the indicting of an Emperor is a thing unheard of in these latter times.

When you reach the end of the sculptured avenue just described, you are in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills, some three or four miles wide. One can see in the distance what seem to be country houses surrounded by trees all round the base of the hills. These are the tombs called Shih-san Ling, or "thirteen tombs," this being their number. It would have been impossible to visit the whole of them, and as they are all of the same

type we made for the principal one, a slight description of which will do for them all. Their arrangement is very important as bearing on the old ideas of tomb construction, and particularly that of the barrow or tumulus graves. Ancient sepulchres are being dug into and opened at home, and are a most important object of study with archæologists. Those opened in England are prehistoric; in China the barrow or tumulus mode of burial is practised at the present day. The graves all round Peking, which are to be seen in every direction, are simply small mounds of earth, and the Imperial tombs of the Mings are also mounds, but much larger. We visited the tomb of Yung-lo, the third of the race, who died in 1425. A large mound, about 600 or 700 feet in diameter, forms the sepulchral part of this monument. It is surrounded by a high, crenelated wall of brick, and planted with trees—the pine, with its resinous scent, being most plentiful. The mound is thus made to appear like a strong castle or fort, and it would be taken for something of that kind were it not that it is almost entirely hidden by a series of very important buildings erected in front of it. These are surrounded by a wall forming an enclosure, the whole being about 1200 feet long by 500 feet wide. The buildings within this enclosure are in the form of a palace or temple, with gates and halls and altars, showing, what has been already noticed, that, in this part of the world, the Tomb, the Temple, and the House are constructed on the same idea.

The position of the body in this great mound was not indicated by any sign which we could discover. The pro-

bability is that means were rather taken to conceal than to suggest the precise spot, so as to prevent spoliation. On the southern edge of this tumulus is a building with a vaulted ramp below, and above, placed on the back of a tortoise, is a tall slab, forming what may be called the grave-stone. In front of this building, and still farther to the south, is a very large stone altar, not less than twenty or thirty feet long. On it are the usual five altar vessels. The central one is a vase for incense; on each side are two candlesticks, and at each end are two vessels for flowers. There is no house or covering over this altar. It is the altar before the Imperial grave. The worship at it is devoted to the tomb. As already stated, Dr. Clarke says, "The simple sepulchral heap was raised, and became the altar on which sacrifices were offered." Here the altar is not on the sepulchral heap, but yet it is so attached as to connect the worship of the one with the other, and that so closely that we could easily suppose we have the primeval worship he describes. Before the altar are a couple of gates, and in a second enclosure is the great hall.

This is the finest specimen of architecture that I saw in China. Mainly it is constructed of wood, and whatever is not so illustrates clearly the wooden origin of every detail of Chinese architecture. The building is about 200 feet long, and has sixty teak pillars to support the roof. Sixteen of these are about sixty feet high and four feet diameter at the base; the others are not much less in size. They are said to have been brought from Borneo, and came in the form of a raft. Like the Temple of Heaven and other temples about Peking, this hall stands on a

triple terrace, all of marble. The first or lowest is ascended by seven steps, and the second and third by five steps each. A triple set of doors leads through each of the gates and halls attached to this tomb, and the series of steps is also triple.

In the central point of this hall, in a shrine, is placed the ancestral tablet of the Emperor. His name was Yung-Lo, and Mr. Davenport, who is interpreter to our Legation at Peking, and was one of our party, translated it for me. It is,—

The Perfect Ancestor,
The Literary Emperor.

Our Poets' Corner is a higher tribute than this to literary genius, for it is not dedicated to crowned heads, but to men who made themselves a position by their own genius. Still this hall and its ancestral tablet indicate the literary instincts of the nation. In front of this great hall are two small shrines of glazed tile or majolica. All this is within an enclosure, and a hall-like gate connects it with another enclosure and gate, leading to the southern extremity of this strange tomb-palace or temple.

I am sorry that time did not permit my visiting the other tombs of the Ming dynasty here, and comparing them with the principal example. At a later time I visited Nanking, where there is the tomb of the first of the Mings; and I consider myself very fortunate in having seen this tomb, and in having been able to compare it with the tombs to the north of Peking. It has the mound even larger than the others. I had no means of

measuring it, but was told that it is nearly a mile in circumference. The arrangement of altars, halls, and gates in front must have been very similar. I could only judge from tracing the plan on the ground, for they had all been burnt; but the great peculiarity was the approach formed of sculptured figures. The number and character of these sculptures differed in no respect from those at Peking, but the road on which they stood had a double bend, something like the letter S. My Chinese guide applied the word "Loong" to this road, which is the name for the dragon. Seeing how important this would be as bearing on the subject of dracontine temples, I tried to find out by various means whether my guide had used the word as denoting that the road was designed to represent a serpent, or if that was the recognized meaning or symbolism of the way to the tomb; but unfortunately I could find no one who was able to answer my inquiries. The loong or dragon is supposed to select the site for a tomb, and the idea that a deceased Emperor is borne to heaven by the dragon, expressed in a former chapter, suggested that this heavenly journey might be symbolized by a serpentine path to the grave. It is a subject worthy of inquiry by the believers in dracontine edifices, and for the present I leave it in their hands.

The Nanking tomb is at the base of some hills which partly encircle it like a crescent. The Peking tombs extend for two or three miles round the base of a similar circle. In both cases these hills are on the north of the tomb, and I am told that that situation is part of the plan, and has a reference to the Fung-Shui, the personification

of air and water, which has to do with everything in China. No one can be buried until this spirit has been consulted, and has determined the place and position of the body. Coming up the Pei-ho I noticed that many of the grave-mounds had a circular ridge on the north side. In this we also get the probable explanation of the Mei-Shan, or artificial hill, on the north of the Imperial palace in Peking, which has already been referred to; and, if so, it shows how completely the identity of a palace with that of a temple or tomb was carried out. The worship at these tombs—which is that of deceased ancestors, and is the acknowledged basis of religion in China—gives support to the explanation which I offered relative to the Temple of Heaven.

We had tiffin in the great ancestral hall of Yung-Lo. The Chinese do not associate any ideas of desecration with the use of a temple as a house. They use them in this way themselves, and offer them for the accommodation of travellers, so that we were committing no impropriety in taking our food in front of the altar with the tablet of the "Perfect Ancestor."

In the afternoon we had a pleasant ride along the base of the hills to Nan-Kow, which we reached in the evening. Nan-Kow means "South Mouth," and is the southern entrance to a valley leading to the Great Wall, distant about eleven miles, and the object of our march for the next day.

From Nan-Kow to the Great Wall and back is a good day's work; so we were up betimes, and started on mules (mule litters for the ladies), for the pass is too rough and stony for horses. All travellers who have described this

pass have mentioned the stones they have had to get over, and there is certainly some justification for a word or two on that score. Most mountain passes, left in a natural state, are stony, but this one is pre-eminently so. It reminded me of many parts of the Sooroo Pass, which leads from Annesly Bay to Senafe, and formed part of our way up to Magdala. Our soldiers made a road there, and now probably not a vestige of it is to be seen. In the Nan-Kow Pass also a good road once existed, but its ruins now only help to increase the quantity of stones for which the pass is renowned. This road, when new, was paved with large stones, like the road already described between Tung-Chow and Peking, and must have been a better thoroughfare than the Appian Way of the Romans. There are very few fragments of it now left, and these are so small, and so covered with stones, that it is not easy to discover them. Fragmentary remains of bridges can also be detected. When in good order, it must have been much used, for there are the deep ruts on the stones caused by the traffic of cart wheels, which must have taken many a year to produce. At the present day carts cannot pass. We met with portions of them, such as the wheels, &c., being taken through on the backs of mules. As this is the route of all caravans going to Siberia and Russia, besides being one of the principal lines into Mongolia, the traffic is immense—not quite so great as that of the Strand, but quite equal to many of the frequented streets of London. Mules, donkeys, and camels are constantly going and coming in large and small groups. We saw hemp, paper, oil, felt, grapes, &c., coming in, together with sheep, goats, and

bullocks for the Peking market. Soda from Kalgan is an article of trade that comes by this pass to China. All the productions of China, on the other hand, were going out by this stony way. So great and constant is this traffic that our party proposed a Nan-Kow and Mongolia Direct Junction Railway on the spot. It is easy to propose railways in China—here man may propose, but Peking disposes. This is the one great point of grievance between the "Foreigners" and the powers that be in China. Probably there are vested rights in roads, such as I have described, and which would be at an end were railways introduced; but no doubt there is something more behind the opposition to railways in this country. At one part we found a poor woman scooping up the stones with a wooden dish, and throwing them on one side, and when travellers passed she held this dish out for a small contribution as a voluntary toll for work done. One naturally wondered what might be her connexion with the Board of Works at Peking, or if she might be mentioned in the annual report on the state of the routes leading into Mongolia. Readers will please to remember that this is the condition of the public highways within a few miles only of the capital, and that the rulers in this capital will not allow a railway to be made in any part of the Empire.

There is a fort, with a good-sized village, about the middle of the pass. Its name is Keu-yung-Kwan. There is a portion of an inner wall here, which is said to be very old. The place is celebrated as being the spot at which Genghis Khan was successfully stopped in his

efforts to force the pass, and has now an importance to philologists from an old arch full of sculptures and inscriptions. As this erection stands by itself, and has no relation to the walls of the fort, it presents the appearance of a Triumphal Arch. The sculptures are chiefly on the inside, and consist of figures of Buddha, repeated like a pattern over the space not occupied by the inscriptions. There are also four large groups of bas-reliefs at each corner. The date of the arch is 1345. The inscription is repeated in six different characters, and as some of these characters are almost unknown, the Arch acquires all the importance among the Mongolian languages which the Rosetta Stone had for the Egyptian. The inscription is Buddhist, and the first copy is Sanscrit, in the Devanagari character. This is phonetically repeated in Thibetan, Mongolian, Ouigour, Neuchih, and Chinese characters. The Mongolian character, known under the name of Bashpah, is very rare. The Neuchih is an alphabet whose name only had been known till this inscription was discovered.

Before reaching the northern mouth of the pass some inner lines of the Great Wall are seen, and they suggest the idea that the wall was more fantastic than useful. It twists about up and down the hills like the wild vagaries of Chinese ornamentation, or the writhing contortions of their gods. It is built up the side of steep precipices which never could require defence; and in trying to trace out the salients, were it not for the embrasures on the top, it would be difficult in most cases to tell which is the outside and which the inside of the work. It is manifestly pre-Vauban in more ways than one.

Heliotype.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

These remarks apply also to the Great Wall itself. It would appear a very formidable defence to the mind of the Mongols, and its very reputation may no doubt at times have caused the idea of invasion to be given up. We must not forget that it was built at a time when the bow and arrow was the only arm of precision. To a visitor the Great Wall is not impressive. All that can be seen of it is the portion which runs up the hills on each side. A Rhine fortress presents a more imposing appearance. But the interest lies not in what we see, but in the associations connected with it. The wall is upwards of 1200 miles in length—the Chinese call it the *Wan-li-Chang*, or "the Myriad-Mile-Wall." Some portions of it existed before the Christian era, and its name, associated with that of great conquerors, is linked with the history of China and the movements of the Mongols and other races of Central Asia. It is one of the Seven Wonders of the World, which one has read of and wondered about in boyhood. Who has not wished to see such a monument, and wondered whether fate would ever give him the chance of doing so? But regarded as a thing of the past, the visit to such a great and renowned work seems very common-place. You recognize the wall at once from having seen it in pictures, and it seems familiar. You inspect the stones, and the quality of the bricks. You count the courses and the number of the towers—walk along the way on the top and gather a flower to send home to a friend; you come down again and have tiffin under the shadow of the wall, and you hear some one grumbling that the mustard has been forgotten; the mules are

mounted, and you return again down the stony pass. This is the British style of doing such things. Mr. Seward and a party of Americans lately visited the same spot, and instead of grumbling about the mustard, they had toasts after their lunch, made speeches and talked of "the civilization of the youngest and greatest of modern nations," and "the civilization of the greatest and most ancient of nations." No doubt this is the best style of doing a visit of this sort, but for myself I should never feel, on such an occasion, that I was called upon to make a speech. I should all the while have the idea that the Great Wall was laughing at me.

Mr. Seward made one good observation, which is valuable as a means of giving an idea of the vastness of the wall. It was, that the work expended on it would have made all the railways in the United States. If this statement is correct, it gives a means by which the labour, and something like its monetary value, may be estimated. Mr. Seward naturally contrasted the utility of the one with that of the other, much to the advantage, no doubt, of the "youngest and greatest of modern nations." This is scarcely fair to the Great Wall. Railways are made for the passage of people and the transport of goods. The wall was made for the directly opposite object—of stopping the passage of people and the transmission of goods. In those days, when large numbers of people wanted to pass with arms in their hands into other people's territory, for the purpose of carrying off goods that did not belong to them, a strong defence like this Great Wall was a work of the utmost

utility. Barrow, who went with Lord Macartney's Embassy, and visited the Great Wall at that date, gives an idea of its size in another way. He estimated that all the building in the houses of England and Scotland would not suffice to construct the Great Wall.

At present we all know how useless this great work is. All the conditions have completely changed, and it now lies winding and twisting over the hills like some fossil serpent of antediluvian date. I have stood on the old fort of Jamrood, at the mouth of the Khyber Pass, and looked into that mountain portal from which issued the Veda-chanting race, whose migration south into the plains of Hindostan is about the earliest movement thus far known to us in the history of that country. Through this same pass came Alexander, and at a later date the conquering Mussulman; all from the north into the more rich and fertile south. The present lords who now rule that country came from the north also; but the sea has become the great highway in these latter times, and the Khyber Pass has ceased to be the Gate of India. So it is with the Great Wall. If China must have a wall of defence, it is wanted at the present day along her whole seaboard. The only walls possible there are floating ones; but long before she can build these, the "Sea Devils" will be dictating how the "Son of Heaven" and his Government are to be admitted into the community of nations, and how his people are to be allowed to conduct their commercial transactions with all who come to buy and sell.

All accounts agree that that portion of the wall which

we visited, and which is the nearest to Peking, is the best. Either the Emperors of the time were anxious to have it strong at that part, being nearest to the capital; or the contractors, or whoever had charge of the work, were closer to the eye of the authorities, and had to do their work well. To the westward of Peking the beautiful masonry ceases, the protecting towers become scarcer, and at last disappear. It even ceases to be a stone wall, and is in parts only an earthen parapet. Towards its western end Huc and Gabet crossed it without dismounting. Huc says, "We have crossed it at fifteen different points, and on several occasions have travelled for whole days parallel with it, and never once losing sight of it; and often, instead of the great double-turreted rampart that exists towards Peking, we found a mere low wall of brickwork, or even earthwork. In some places, indeed, we have found this famous barrier reduced to its simplest expression, and composed of flint stones roughly piled up."

The Coreans also constructed a wall against the Tartars, and on the maps it has the look of being merely an extension of the Great Wall eastward. It was made of wood, and is known for that reason as the "Wooden Palisade." It is now reported to be in a most ruinous condition.

On our way back to Peking we visited the Summer Palace. There is some talk that it will be restored again for the use of the present Emperor. It remains as it was left by the allies in the late war.

We also visited the Wan-sheu-shan, a hill covered with shrines; but the principal feature is a Buddhist temple

all in porcelain, and very beautiful it is. I believe that "Majolica" would be a more correct word to use in describing this building. It is formed of glazed earthenware, green and yellow predominating. It is one mass of ornament and Buddhist figures, and is the most beautiful specimen of that style of work that I saw in China. Many of the shrines round it have been destroyed, but this building is untouched. I believe that its preservation is due to Lord Elgin. Had Peking been built in the style of this temple, it might have then earned the title of "Crockery-ware Metropolis," and been proud of its reputation. There is also a small bronze temple, and it was strange and instructive to see the original wooden forms of Chinese architecture here all repeated in metal. In the distance we could see some ruinous-looking buildings, which were erected by a traveller who had been in Mongolia by order of an Emperor, so that he might form an idea of a Buddhist Lamasery: they seemed to have much the appearance of a barrack about them. Having visited many of these monastic establishments in the Himalayas and Tibet, I felt a great desire to inspect these places, but time would not allow me to do so.

We visited the Jade Spring—a fine stream, bubbling up clear and fresh into a lake. A long inscription tells of its merits. It is called "The One Spring under Heaven," and it is asserted that "the virtue of water is the nourishing of men," many high attributes being given to it. The water for the Emperor's use is brought in from this spring to Peking daily, and shortly after we had left it the small cart was pointed

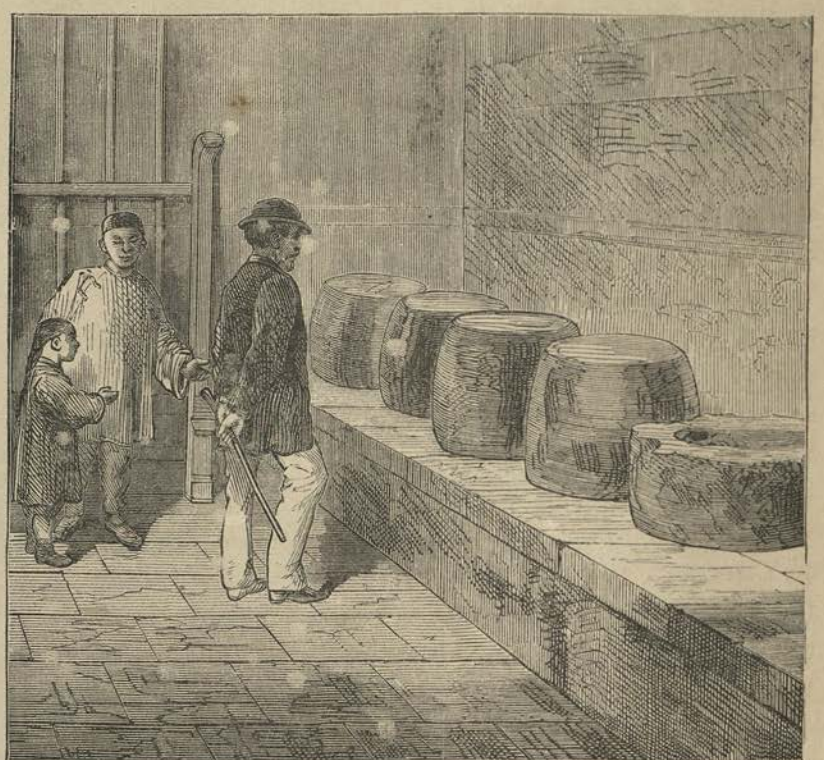
out to us going out for the day's supply. There were two casks in the cart, covered with a yellow cloth; and a flag of the same colour, with some Chinese writing on it, fluttered in the wind, telling that cart, mule, and man were on Imperial business.

CHAPTER XX.

LITERATURE AND EDUCATION IN CHINA.

In passing through the streets of Peking, or those of any town in China, the visitor cannot fail to see, even in the smallest and most unpretending shops, an ink slab, a stick of ink, and the brushes used for writing, and, probably, some one engaged in noting down in a book what is evidently a series of business transactions. This produces the impression that the mass of the people are educated. In the bazaars of Oriental towns generally there are no such evidences of the schoolmaster. Except the "Letter Writers" in the streets, you see in the East no indications of literary ability, and these men are in themselves an evidence of the want of education in the mass. In China the case is altogether different. A signboard over a shop is a proof that most of those who pass along can read it. Signboards would be an anomaly in an Oriental bazaar, but in China it would be difficult, even in the smallest village, to find a shop that had not some character either painted or written to indicate its business. This tendency to put up signboards, to have inscriptions on buildings, to place an engraved or written character on everything which they manufacture, struck me as very significant, and in this custom we might imitate them with benefit to ourselves. All this is no new practice with the Chinese, and the result is that the country is full of inscriptions.

There is a stone tablet said to have been left by the "Spirit-like Yu," who is the Chinese Noah, in the hill of Keu-leu. Only copies of this tablet are to be found—there is one in the City of Wu-chang, on the Yang-tse-Kiang—in what is called the tadpole character. I need scarcely add that there are great doubts as to whether the original ever existed, for an inscription dating from the days of the Flood would be a rare monument. In the Confucian Temple at Peking there are preserved ten "stone drums." These are said to date as far back as the



ANCIENT STONE DRUMS WITH INSCRIPTIONS, CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, PEKING.
(*From the "Illustrated London News."*)

celebrated Moabite stone, about B.C. 800. The inscription is in a very old character, and relates a hunting expedition of an Emperor called Siuen-wang. The stones were so highly valued, that they were carried from one capital to another when the Court migrated, and exact copies of them have been made, so as to insure, in case of accident, the preservation at least of their character, which is very different from that now in use.

I have already described the Buddhist arch at Keu-yung-Kwan in the Nan-Kow Pass, with its inscription in six different characters dating from 1345. The whole surface, outside and inside, of the great bell of Peking is covered with characters. I bought a small Buddhist handbell which the Lamas use in their service, and even this, I found, had an inscription. Collectors of old china in England look to the characters, in the form of a stamp, always to be found on it, to know the age and quality of any article of that kind. The fragments of pottery lately sent home from the Temple of Diana bear no such evidence of the writing power of their makers. Biscuit manufacturers at home impress the name of their firms on what they sell; but the Chinaman is not behind them. In the meanest shop or stall hereabouts, buns may be seen with letters stamped on them in red colour. When men came with "curios" for sale, I always inspected them to see if there were characters to be found. In walking through the streets, the modern practices in this line were an equal object of curiosity to me. One "curio" in this way, which arrested my interest, was a man carrying home a duck he had just bought. It was killed, plucked, and

cooked, and on its back was a large red stamp, which, on inquiry, turned out to be the name of the shop where it was bought. Whole rows of fowls may be seen for sale, marked in this way. This will show that advertising is not unknown among the Celestials. On the walls of Peking there are yellow, green, and orange handbills, and one, as read to me, stated that a consignment of goods had just arrived at some establishment; others were described as advertisements of quack medicines. Large and attractive signboards are a great feature of Chinese shops, and the words upon them are a strange mixture of the flowery literature of the land and the advertising instinct of a commercial people. I saw a list in Peking of signboards, and a few samples of them will illustrate their general character. "Shop of Heaven-sent Luck;" "Tea Shop of Celestial Principles," "The Nine Felicities Prolonged;" "Mutton Shop of Morning Twilight;" "The Ten Virtues all Complete;" "Flowers rise to the Milky-way." In these signs we see that the Chinaman can combine the soul of a poet with the pocket of a shopman. Contrast such efforts with "The Noted Eel-pie House" of the London streets, and one must feel that we *are* outer barbarians. Carlyle quotes a Chinese signboard, "No Cheating Here," but I could not find anything like it in the list. "Good and Just according to Heaven" ought to satisfy the ideal notions of the author of "Sartor Resartus." "The Honest Pen Shop of Li" implies that other pen-shops are not honest. The "Steel Shop of the pock-marked Wang" suggests that any peculiarity of a shopman may be used to impress the memory of customers. Snub noses,

squint eyes, lame legs, or hump backs, might all be used in this way. A charcoal-shop calls itself the "Fountain of Beauty," and a place for the sale of coals indulges in the title of "Heavenly Embroidery." An oil and wine establishment is the "Neighbourhood of Chief Beauty"—a description the realization of which it is hard to conceive anywhere in Peking. "The Thrice Righteous" is a pretension one would scarcely expect from an opium shop.

Education begins at a very early age in China; very small dumpy boys may be seen in the streets on their way to school with an armful of books in a satchel of blue cloth. At Nanking, one day, I entered a school (the schools are easily distinguished from the noise of voices proceeding from them), and the teacher was an old man, with nearly twenty pupils. The boys do not sit on forms as in England; but there were a number of small tables, each with a boy or two sitting at them. A very prominent object was a large new coffin, which the schoolmaster had provided to be ready when he should require it. It was decorated at the end with a piece of bright red paper, and upon it was one of those favourite characters of the Chinese, used to express either longevity or happiness, which they use alike at funerals or marriages. This would indicate that they have not the same sepulchral and dismal ideas in connexion with a coffin that we have. At Peking I visited a school belonging to the London Missionary Society. As there was a Chinese teacher in it, and the system was the same as in the other schools, a description of it will illustrate what such places are in any part of the country. In few words, they may be

described as very noisy places,—all the boys bawling at the same time at the very top of their voices, to get by heart the books which they are reading. When they have learned a portion the pupils come to the schoolmaster, and, standing with their backs to him, so that they cannot see the book in the master's hand, repeat what they have learned. It is a system of cramming, in which the boy with the best memory stands highest; and this seems to be the Chinese plan all through in education. I was rather astonished to find that, instead of horn-books, these little fellows were reading the Chinese classics. One boy was pointed out to me as reading Mencius, and whoever at last gets the greater number of these works by heart is the best scholar. Imagine boys at home in a village school reading Plato, Homer, or Milton, and being able to repeat them from memory, and you will realize the Chinese mode of education. All this is working up to the public examination system, which occupies so important a place in China that it may be called the core of the political and social fabric. As it is an old institution here, it would be well if it were carefully studied in reference to our own examination system, which is but a thing of yesterday. The principle on which it is founded is no doubt good, but still it is full of defects. A system which has been a thousand years at work, however perfect in its adaptation to the period when it began, is not likely to be in accordance with the altered circumstances of the times now. To be able to repeat the works of Confucius and Mencius is no doubt good, but cramming mere words into a child is not quite the

Heliotype.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

BOYS' SCHOOL, PEKING.

best system of training. The mind has other and more important powers than that of mere memory. Limiting the sources of knowledge to these old classic authors is another defect of the Chinese system. We have had the struggle about the classics and more modern knowledge going on in our own universities. No sensible person would object to the study of ancient knowledge. The limiting of a national system of education in any way must be a fault.

In China the literati, or educated class, are said to be the haters of foreigners, the opponents of telegraphs, railways, and of everything new. Their classic books date from the time of Confucius, and with them the history of the world, or of intellectual thought, which is the essence of all history and knowledge, ceased at that time. The Chinaman has been grinding his teeth on these dry bones ever since, and he growls if any other dog should venture to approach. This education, confined to such narrow limits, has been going on till his mind is as compressed and diminutive as the small feet of the women of the country. The growth of a Chinese girl's feet is arrested in her infancy, and a literary man's mind has its growth arrested at the early date of Confucius. A woman here goes about much like a goat trying to walk on its hind legs, and an educated Chinaman seems equally incapable of treading the paths of modern knowledge; hence his total incapacity to comprehend the strange foreigners who have of late years invaded his soil. The whole civilization of these foreigners began ages after the date of Confucius, and the educated Chinaman has not acquired in his training even the preliminary knowledge necessary to form a notion of their science and power.

Over the outside of the gateway of the Examination Hall at Peking there is this inscription: "If you are high up in the classics you will gain a scholarship;" and over the inside of the door, "Those who pass through this gate learn afterwards to govern the country." This simply means that a knowledge of the classics is all that a man requires to entitle him to be a governor of men in the nineteenth century in China. One is almost tempted to advise the Conservative party to emigrate to this region, for in this happy spot they would find a true devotion to their principles. I would rather recommend that some impartial man, free from all political bias, or at least able to see for himself and to judge honestly, would come out here and give us a good account of the whole educational system. It would be of the highest importance as a guide to those who direct and legislate in the matter of our system at home.

The Chu-chang, or "Examination Hall" (as we translate the name) at Peking, came upon me on the first visit with all the surprise of a new discovery. I had never read a detailed account nor seen pictures of these places, so that I came with no preconceived idea. If any one were taken to it and told that it was a pig-market, the interminable rows of small cells would seem exactly fitted for such a purpose. At the time of my visit it was in a very dilapidated condition. It is used only once in three years, and it was over two since the last examination. The seats and boards forming the writing-desks were all gone; nothing but the grooves in the wall into which they are inserted were there to explain how the place is furnished for the candidates. Large jars, such as

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EXAMINATION HALL, PEKING.

Morgiana might have used for the forty thieves, in which water is kept for the use of the students, were scattered

COMPETING STUDENT, EXAMINATION HALL, PEKING.
(*From the "Illustrated London News."*)

about, most of them broken. A rank vegetation of nettles and weeds was luxuriant over the whole place.

In the centre is a ruinous tower-like building, from which watchmen look out, as well as from smaller towers at the corner, to see that no one comes in to communicate with the competitors. The outer walls are double, and guards walk up and down for the same purpose. The judges are also confined in a series of houses on the north end of the "Enclosure,"—for that word is a term more descriptive than "Hall," which is out of place when applied to what looks more like a cattle-market than a literary institution. There are 10,000 cells to accommodate the numbers who compete every three years. There are similar places in every provincial capital, where the first and second degrees are conferred; but that of Chwang-Yuen, "Senior Wrangler," can only be got at this "College of the Forest of Pencils" in Peking. It lasts nine days—that is, the 10,000 are shut up three times for three days and three nights for each "go." Tea and food are supplied. The students bring their own brushes, which are here used for pens, and ink. Sealed paper is provided, on which the essays must be written, in order to prevent the introduction of exercises already prepared. Miniature editions of the classics are now prohibited, because in some instances they have been smuggled in. The student's own memory is the only book of reference allowed. It is only when every man has taken the cell allotted to him that the subject of examination is given out; and for three days and nights each is confined to a space about three feet square, where rest or sleep is almost impossible—where a stout man must have a difficulty in getting in, or turning round when he is in. The cell is open, as there is no door in

front, and a strict watch is kept that its occupant does not communicate with his neighbours on either side. It is a hard task, but the prize is great; and ambition, or vanity, seems as strong in the Chinaman's soul as it is amongst ourselves. With them these literary degrees bring not only honour and respect; they are the steps to position, wealth, and rank. Even in the lower degrees, when the news reaches a village or town that one belonging to it has been successful, there are public rejoicings, and the name of the successful candidate is placed over his father's door. To gain the prize at the Peking Examination is a very high honour. They are entitled "One of the Ten Thousand,"—this very title telling how few can ever receive it, for it is only conferred once in three years. We are apt to associate competitive examinations with young men as the candidates; but such is not the case in China, and particularly at the Peking trial. The honour is so high, the temptation is so great, that men come up time after time till they are old and grey—men of seventy and eighty continuing to compete. It is not an uncommon occurrence to find at last their dead bodies in the cell. Ambition and hope have led them on till their physical powers were no longer sufficient for the ordeal, and they succumb in the midst of it. When such an event occurs, a hole is knocked through the wall of the place, and the body is pitched out. This is owing to some very stringent regulation about not opening the gate during the time the men are in the cells at their work. Such is the end of some literary careers in China. In many cases, where aspirants for honours have persevered, and without

success, till they reach the advanced age of eighty, the Emperor confers some title upon them as a reward for such continued endeavours. In addition to the rank and position which these literary degrees command, there are Confucian temples, where, if any should attain to popular favour and celebrity, he may hope for a tablet with an inscription which will transmit his name and reputation down to posterity.

The number of stone tablets for memorial and other objects erected all over the country is one of the many evidences of the literary education so earnestly coveted; and the respect paid to them is one of the good features in the character of the population. Old inscriptions are built into walls to preserve them; large stone tablets are standing in public thoroughfares, and never seem to receive any injury. All written characters are respected by the Chinese. There are men employed who go about collecting all scraps of paper with writing upon them; these are carefully burned, and I was told that the ashes are sent out to sea and thrown into it. There are societies formed principally of literary men, in every part of China, who employ functionaries to do all this, and it is done from the idea that writing is so good and worthy, and is of such advantage to men, that it should not suffer any desecration, and be always treated with respect. This reminds one of the Mahomedan's rule, not to burn any bit of paper, lest it should have the name of Allah upon it, the result being that with them also scraps of paper are very much respected.

The Chinese histories tell of one tyrannical Emperor who tried to destroy all the copies of the classics. Since

that time, and in case of another such appearing, the whole of the thirteen books have been engraved on stone tablets, and they are placed in houses which surround the Hall of the Classics in Peking. There are about 200 large slabs of marble upon which they are inscribed, and they

TABLETS WITH THE CLASSIC BOOKS ENGRAVED, HALL OF THE CLASSICS, PEKING.
(*From the "Illustrated London News."*)

form a most creditable monument of the veneration of the Chinese. The idea was also entertained that it would preserve the Chinese characters from changes in the future by having them thus written on a durable material.

The Hall of the Classics is a very fine building close to the Confucian temple—of which I think it forms a part—where the Emperor once a year expounds the classics to the high Mandarins of the Empire. On visiting it I found it foul with dust; this was owing to its not having been used for the last ten years, but now that the Emperor has attained to the full power he will have to perform this among his many high functions. In this institution we have another illustration of the literary character of the people. It also indicates the literary basis of the Government. The Head of the State is not only a High Priest, but he also appears as the head of the literature of the country, and becomes its expounder. The idea is no doubt good in the abstract, for it implies a wise man at the head of affairs; and the institution dates from a time before Mongol and Manchu came into the country. It could not have been intended that such barbarians should be the expounders of the ancient books. This task may, however, eventually fall to the new outer barbarians, for many of them are hard at work, and some quite as well up in the ancient lore as the Chinese themselves. Mr. Wade, our Minister at Peking, occupies a very high place, and could no doubt teach or "coach" the young Emperor if it was required. Neither could it have been contemplated that Chinese literature was to be expounded by a lad of eighteen, whose education had been finished by four Professors of Matrimony, and who commenced his knowledge of the world by being married to five wives. A performance of this kind is a farce such as outer barbarians can only laugh at. If Carlyle's best man could be found—the man of wisdom

and power—who could explain the sacred books of a country, and the just principles of government, and see that these principles were carried out by the executive, it would be a sight for gods and men to look at. The catching of this "best man" is the great difficulty. If rumour speaks true, they have not found him in Peking. The Emperor is reported to have been but a dull scholar; like a spoiled child he had to be bribed into learning every page of his Classics. How an Emperor is bribed I cannot tell; perhaps a boy-Emperor, like other boys, might be open to the seductive temptations of lollipops, and the paths of knowledge may have been made sweet in that way for him.

What the proportion may be of educated Chinese women, it would be impossible to say; but culture among them is not uncommon. In a friend's house here I met an old lady who had been one of a number of wives belonging to a Mandarin. He was dead, and they had all come down in the world; and this old lady supported herself by teaching the daughters of people of the better class in Peking. The fact that this woman herself had been educated, and that she could gain a living by teaching others of her sex, is an evidence that female education is not altogether neglected in China. In this respect China clearly stands high above the rest of the Oriental world.

I visited a girls' school, belonging to the London Missionary Society, which had been founded in 1865 by a French lady, who happened at that time to visit a boys' school in a great state of excitement. They were expelling a pupil, and, on making inquiries, it turned out

that the delinquent was a girl, who, anxious for knowledge, had disguised herself as a boy. This child became the first pupil when the new school was opened. It is now under the direction of Mrs. Edkins. A Chinese woman acts as matron, and the teacher is a Manchoo, well qualified for the post, who was born and brought up as a gentleman, but is now, like many Manchoos, in reduced circumstances. Reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, music, sewing, &c., are taught, and in the Missionary school religious education is also given.

The task of sketching the school, the various costumes, and the modes in which the girls wear the hair, occupied me some time. Mrs. Edkins took advantage of it to make me recount to them some of the details of what I saw in Jerusalem, which she translated. They followed every particular with great interest, and were evidently familiar with most of the places. Mrs. Edkins afterwards told them of other parts of the world I had visited, and said, "Why, this gentleman has been all over the world; there is no place he has not been to." One of the girls looked up with an arch smile. She had in her thoughts discovered a region I had not yet seen, and said, "He has never been to Paradise!" I was much pleased with the idea, and liked her expression in saying it. The twinkle of her small eye conveyed the idea of humour, and one could imagine a very slight infusion of what we call "chaff." In the same spirit I was inclined to bid our interpreter say,—

> "For he on honey-dew hath fed,
> And drank the milk of Paradise;"

but what the musical lines of Coleridge would have

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GIRLS' SCHOOL, PEKING.

become when translated into Peking Chinese it would be hard to tell; so the answer was, "No, but I hope that some day I may go there."

Seeing some of the girls with compressed feet, I asked why it was allowed in such a school. The answer was, that they were Chinese, and if they allowed their feet to grow, it might interfere with their matrimonial prospects —that no one of their own class would marry them—and that it would be wrong to place them at such a disadvantage in life, as worse results might follow. The Procrustean bed is a very old and worn-out simile, but one is almost justified in applying it here to a custom which literally cuts off a few inches of the human body.

The civilization of China is not the greatest of which history bears record, but yet it is undoubtedly high, and it would be an important question to answer how much the education of the country has had to do in preserving it from decay. The civilization of Egypt and Assyria has entirely disappeared; not one of their institutions remain; the very people themselves are gone, or have been absorbed into other races. While all this has been going on, the Chinaman exists to-day as he was two or three thousand years ago. The reason of this is a most important question, and a true explanation would be of the highest value. Egypt and Chaldea had a learned priesthood and an ignorant mass of people. In China we find an education which penetrates, at least to a certain extent, through the whole mass. We find them respecting, not only old, but all inscriptions; all books and documents are carefully preserved; even every scrap of paper with a character written on it, as I have

already remarked, is collected, and preserved from what, in this literature-loving country, is considered to be desecration. I have given in other parts of this book many evidences that the people are educated, and it will be a point of great importance to know how far this education, and the feelings which it has engendered, have tended to preserve the civilization of the country from that decay which we know was the fate of all other Powers in the East.

This, again, I repeat, is a country for our educational reformers to come and study; a small expenditure of time and money here might save much time and money at home. What we are trying to do in England has been in practice among this people for ages. We may assume beforehand that this ancient system, although it may have suited China, would not do for England; but we can find here a long experience which would be invaluable to us while undergoing the process of hatching a system of our own.

The high respect in which Confucius—Kung-tsze, as the Chinese call him—is held is one of the many evidences of the state of Chinese education. For more than two thousand years that veneration has endured. Temples exist all over the country, and the shrine in all is a tablet with his name. Under the Tang and Sung dynasties he was called a Wang or Prince, and now he is called Sien-shï, "the Teacher." Such sentences are applied to him as, "Example and teacher of all ages," "Of all born men the unrivalled," "The Perfect One," "Equal with Heaven and Earth." These titles, of course, savour a good deal of the sign-board style of literature already given; still the flowery style does not in the least detract from it as

an evidence of the high position which Confucius holds in the estimation of the Chinese. Confucius has been deified, and that rather as a literary god than a strictly religious one. The Wen-Miao, or Confucian Temple in Peking, with its Hall of the Classics, with the thirteen books engraved on tall stones, standing all round like grim deities; the ten stone drums, with inscriptions as old as the Moabite stone—the inscriptions being a hunting ode, and not a Psalm to the deity; and the tablets to all the learned followers of "the teachers of all ages," all denote a temple dedicated to knowledge, and not to worship, a result flowing from education, and not from religion. In this, perhaps, we have the strength and weakness of the whole Chinese system. Perhaps the Turanian mind is not capable of combining the two, and putting the higher development in its proper place. Time only can tell whether the Aryan can accomplish this result, and place them both on a firm and solid basis, and each in its right position.

Whatever the present Emperor or Empress may do in literature, it is worth recording what former sovereigns in China have done. There is a dictionary produced by the Emperor Kanghi, who began his reign in 1662. He employed seventy-six scholars, and each day he looked over their work. Eight years were occupied on this dictionary, and it extended to one hundred and thirty-six volumes. The Emperor himself wrote the preface, and in it he says, "Overwhelmed night and day by the affairs of Government, seldom can I find a moment's repose. But when I happen to have a little leisure, I never fail to devote it to literature. My first

care has ever been to study the classics and historians, to examine their style and ascertain the meaning; afterwards I turned to writers of secondary importance, more extensively read among the people, and I found them both, though of great usefulness on account of the instructions they give on moral conduct, in great need of being explained, corrected, and completed." Having undertaken the dictionary, he thus describes the labours of himself and those engaged:—"In the forty-third year of my reign and in the twelfth month, I opened the palace Yu Ying, and there convoked the Doctors of the Academy to assist me in thoroughly revising the work. The labours of each day were first submitted to me, and then put into the hands of the engravers. At last, in the fiftieth year of my reign and in the tenth month, the work was completely finished, and consisted of 106 books, containing 18,000 sheets. It comprises all that the ancients and moderns have written, little as well as great; so that of all dictionaries, even the most extensive, there is none to be compared to this. When the work was finished the doctors came in a body to request that I would write the preface. I have considered that, from the beginning of this undertaking to the present day eight years have elapsed, and that during a long succession of winters and summers, great have been the efforts made to complete the work. Notwithstanding my manifold occupations, I have had the satisfaction of devoting to this object nearly all the leisure hours of every day. In the beginning I warned the Doctors that a great work, destined to embrace all our literature, ancient and modern, could not be executed in

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

THE PEKING GAZETTE.

less than ten years. After a period somewhat shorter we have finished the compilation of this universal work. But would it have been possible to terminate it so soon if we had not combined the efforts of every person capable of assisting us in the undertaking? I have therefore deemed it advisable to inscribe at the beginning of the work the names of all the Doctors who have contributed to its publication." What a prince-like occupation!

As I was walking with a friend one morning in Peking, a man with a small bag, which was suspended by a belt over his shoulder, and from which could be seen the ends of some pieces of bright yellow paper, was pointed out to me as the distributor of the *Peking Gazette*. A Chinese newsboy, a "representative of the press," with a pigtail and white soles to his shoes, was an entirely new phenomenon, and I instinctively got out the sketch-book and secured him. The *Peking Gazette* is printed in the form of a book, such as books are in China, but is more like what we should call a pamphlet. It is about seven inches by four and stitched in paper of the yellow imperial tint. It is published every day, and is distributed principally among the official classes, but it contains nothing but imperial edicts and petitions. Sir Rutherford Alcock's articles which lately appeared in "Fraser's Magazine," show that these official notifications are a little more interesting than the same class of documents in our *Gazette*. The ideas expressed in the petitions give one much knowledge of the people. These documents are now often translated into the newspapers published in China. I never missed reading them, and I would recommend their perusal to all travellers who wish to gather information

beyond what is to be seen on their line of route. Here is a specimen, of date Oct. 24, 1872 :—

"Yang-chang-sun, Lieut.-Governor of Che-kiang, memorializes the throne, requesting permission to rebuild the temple of the god of the sea. The safety of Che-kiang largely depends on the sea-wall, and although it is man's province to erect such a wall and keep it in repair, it is none the less true, that we must look to the gods for its protection. The temple in question was situated in the city of Haining, but it was so completely destroyed by the rebels, that only four stone pillars and a small pavilion were left standing. It occupied forty mow of land. The sea is the greatest thing under heaven, and we are compelled to believe that it is, with its daily ebb and flow, under the immediate control of the gods. The eastern and central portions of the sea-wall are of stone, but the rest is only a narrow strip of earth and wood, and this weak structure is all we have to oppose to the strength of the mighty deep. The danger is at times very great. Fortunately the sea was very tranquil last year, and the wind very light, thanks to the gracious protection of the gods. The memorialist is informed that it has always been the practice for the local officials and people, whenever there was an unusually high tide, to repair in a body (to the temple of the sea god) and offer silent prayer, and that an answer has been invariably vouchsafed. It is estimated that the rebuilding of the temple will cost about taels 45,000, and he begs permission to appropriate that sum from the funds allowed for the sea-wall. The sum required, however, being large, it is not intended to commence building till next year.

The request is granted."

Any one wishing to study the mediæval state of Europe should first visit China, and he will find that condition of things still in its purity there. This idea was constantly impressing itself upon me. The document just quoted is as good an illustration as could be given of the real state of ideas in the middle kingdom. There is faith in the gods, faith in prayer, and faith in sea-walls at the same time. Here is a condition of things where science has not as yet appeared with its doubts. But when these people get modern newspapers to enlighten them, they will have to encounter the question as to whether gods, prayers, or temples are of any use at all when sea-walls have to be built; or to reduce it to another form—Is the priest or the engineer the true prophet of the gods?

The Imperial answers to some petitions are curiously significant. The reply is, "It is known." Another is sent up by "his kneeling servants," and the answer is, "It has been seen." "Regard this" is one of the forms when an order is given; a variety of the same is "Regard this as from the Throne." In many cases the reply is that the subject is before the proper Board. Official documents brought up to the Emperor are all signed with what is known as the "Vermilion Pencil," or as the "Dragon's Pencil."

The *Peking Gazette* is a very good illustration of the spirit of the Chinese people and of its principle of government,—a strict adherence to "The Ancient Rites and Usages of the Empire," or "Usages of the Ancient Kings," which is a variation often employed in public documents. They have a constitution founded on their

classic books, and from these old authorities they will not move. I cannot help expressing my respect for all this. I like a family who preserves portraits or relics of their "forbears," as we say in Scotland, and what is worthy in a family is still more worthy in a nation. Yet with all its veneration for what is old, and in that sense almost sacred, our approval is greatly qualified by the reflexion that although this nation invented printing, yet almost to the present time it had not within its territories any journal but this official gazette of Peking. Two Chinese newspapers are now published at Shanghai, one at Hong-Kong, and a magazine is published in Peking in the Chinese character under Missionary auspices. These comprise the entire journalistic literature of China at the present day. One of the consequences of this dearth of journals or newspapers is, that one half of China may be in rebellion while the other half is utterly ignorant of the existence of any disturbance. A Mahomedan revolution has been going on for years in the province of Yunan, which is situated in the extreme south-west of China; it must take even months before official information of its varying phases can reach Peking.

Newspapers in China will follow the fortune of other "Foreign Devils." They may be resisted for a time, but they cannot be kept out in the long-run. Think what a field a nation of 360,000,000 people, who are all taught to read and write, will become some day for the journalistic press!

In the Legation at Peking, Chinese is the language of communication between Englishmen and the natives. This is because the language is studied there by those who

must speak it in their official capacity. But in the open ports quite another tongue is spoken. It is now known as "Pigeon English." This form of speech struck me very much, and I have a theory to propose respecting it. It is not my purpose to trace words back through the dim ages which have gone, but to suggest probabilities as to the future forms of speech among the Celestials. The knowledge of the past of all language is as yet only in a very theoretical state; and in the nature of things, all speculation as to its future must be equally so. My theory rests on the assumption of the continued dominance of a race which will, by means of trade or conquest, retain a powerful influence in China. Still, no one who knows China, and is acquainted with the powers and influence of Westerns in the East, will doubt that we shall not only maintain the position we have acquired, but that most probably that position will become stronger; that new ports will be opened, and our relations with the people become more intimate and powerful than ever.

Taking all this for granted, we may consider what will be the future of that strange jargon known as "Pigeon English," a language resulting from the meeting of East and West in the ports of China. This language, if such it may be called, derives its name from a series of changes in the word *Business*. The early traders in China made constant use of this word, and the Chinaman contracted it to *Busin*, and then through the change of *Pishin* it has assumed the form *Pigeon*. In this form it still retains its original meaning, and people talk of whatever business they may have in hand

as their "pigeon." All mercantile transactions between the Chinese and the Europeans are carried on in this new form of speech. Domestic servants, male and female, have to learn it to qualify themselves for situations with the "Outer Barbarians;" but the newest and most important feature of all is, that the Chinese generally are, to a certain extent, adopting this language. This is owing to the fact that men of different provinces cannot understand each other's dialect. The written Mandarin character, however, could be read and understood all over China, and the provincials used to write what they wished to say in this character, and could thus manage to do business together. But now, if they both happen to know "Pigeon English," they use it as the means of communication. A lingua-franca was needed, and the common necessity has supplied the demand.

It may be premature to call "Pigeon English" a language. It is only the beginning of one. Although ideas can be expressed by it, it is in a most defective condition; so much so, that an Englishman, when he first reaches China, is very much amused at what seems to him a relic of Babel. If it should be his fate to remain in the country he dislikes to adopt it. His sense of good manners makes it distasteful to him to speak such a jargon, for it sounds like making a fool of the party addressed; but here we get an evidence of the power of growth which this infantile speech is possessed of, for however reluctant any one may be to speak it, he is forced by the necessity of the case to do so. I was a traveller for only a few months in China, but I found myself obliged to acquire the habit of speaking what seemed to me, at first, nonsensical rub-

bish. I could not get on without it. On my arrival I got a Chinese servant—servants in China are all called "boys," in fact this is one of the words of "Pigeon English;" and it is scarcely necessary to state that it is not derived from the Irish. It is usual to breakfast about twelve o'clock, and it is customary to have some tea, toast, and perhaps an egg served in your bed-room when you get up, and before dressing. The first morning I expressed my wishes on this matter in my usual way of talk, and the "boy" went off smiling, as if he understood my meaning; but as he did not come back, I made some inquiries of my friends in the house. They asked what I said to the "boy," and I repeated the words as nearly as I could recollect them, to the effect that I wanted some breakfast, and would like it immediately. I was then told that I might as well have talked Greek to him, and that I ought to have said, "Catchey some chow-chow chop-chop." *Chow-chow* is understood in this as something to eat, and the last double word is equivalent to "quick-quick." Had I been a comic actor, and the ordering my breakfast been a farce, it might have been possible to feel that I should be saying the right thing in this way. That not being my "pigeon," I felt reluctant to do it; but when eating, drinking, and all your wants are found to depend upon its use, you soon give in; and here is the source of growth in the language, and the reason why it advances and spreads in China.

One would suppose that such a mode of speaking could only have a temporary existence, but these facts are given to show that such will not be the case, and that there is no chance of its dying out. On the contrary, we have the

Chinese now adopting it among themselves as a means of communication. There is nothing new in this; it is only history repeating itself. We have on record the growth of other languages which must have begun under similar conditions. A notable instance of this is the language known as Hindostanee. Its origin dates from the Mahomedan conquest of India. It was named the *Oordoo*, or "camp language," because it grew up in the camp of the invaders. The conquerors and the conquered spoke entirely different languages, and as a consequence their means of communication at first must have been only fragmentary. Each, however, acquired broken bits of the other's speech, and time at last welded the whole into a language. It has now a grammar based on the Hindoo or Sanscrit, and an ample dictionary in which it will be found that about three-fourths of the words belong to the language of the invading power. This has long been the lingua-franca of India. Many languages are spoken there, but this one will carry you over nearly the whole length and breadth of the country. The pure Farsee, or Persian, remained, and is still considered the *burra-bat*, or high-court language. Of course the camp might jabber any combination of sounds it found most suited to its wants, but the dignity of a Court could not submit to the introduction of such barbarisms. For the same reason "Pigeon English" would scarcely be a fit language for St. James's or Windsor Castle. Imagine a Chinese Embassy, with the principal personage in it explaining to her Majesty that he is "one piecey ambassador, that belongey my pigeon. Emperor of China, one very muchy big piecey Emperor," &c. Clearly this style of talk is not likely to be used for diplomatic purposes for some time.

Pigeon English is as yet in so rudimentary a state, that to talk of its grammar or vocabulary would only raise a smile among those who are familiar with it. When you hear it spoken it sounds like an utter defiance of all grammar; and yet if we are to remain in the country, as the Mahomedans did in India; if we are to retain our commercial camps—and our treaty ports in that country are exactly camps—and if we, and the Americans at the same time, go on extending our commerce, a common language is an absolute condition of the case, and this new form of speech must make way. Already its idiomatic forms are becoming defined and understood. Chinese modes of expression are curiously mixed with English ones. The interrogative form is purely Chinese. Suppose you wish to ask a man if he can do anything for you, the sentence is put, "Can do? No can do?" and the reply is given by repeating whichever sentence expresses his abilities. It is the same with "Understand? "No understand?" "Piecey" is a word that is largely used, and clearly has its origin in our own language of commerce which talks of a "piece of goods;" but with the Chinaman everything is a "piecey." He does not say "one man," but "one piecey man." There are a few Hindostanee words in use, such as "chit," for a letter, "tiffin," for lunch, and "bund" for a quay or an embankment. The word "Mandarin" is from the Portuguese; "Dios" from the same language became "Joss," and is a well-known word in China—Joss-house, or God-house, meaning a Temple, being derived from it. "Savey" is from the Portuguese, and is always used as the equivalent of "know." To have, or to be connected with, is always expressed by "belongey." If you wish

to say an article is not yours, you express it thus: "That no belongey me;" or if anything is not an affair of yours, you say, "That no belongey, my pigeon." This terminal *ey* of "belongey" is one of the forms which is peculiar to this new language. From it we have "supposey," "talkey," "walkey," "catchey," &c. The Portuguese "savey," which was one of the first words in use, may be the original root of this form. Many of the words in use are of unknown origin. In a number of cases the English suppose them to be Chinese, while the Chinese, on the other hand, take them to be English. "Chow-chow" is one of these words. I heard my own servant tell some of his countrymen that "Chow-chow" was the English for "food." It was on the bank of the Yang-tse, near Nankin; they were country people, and as he could converse with me, he no doubt seemed to them a most trustworthy authority. A good many Chinese words are of course used, but the bulk of the vocabulary is English.

It is not very satisfactory to look forward even to the bare possibility of such a caricature of our tongue becoming an established language. Should this ever be the result, translations into it of our classic authors will become a necessity. It is fearful even to think of translations of Shakespeare and Milton turned into Pigeon English. A translation from one of our dramatists is already in existence. It begins somewhat in this way—

> "My name belongey Norval, top-
> Side gallow that Grampian hill
> My Father catchey chow-chow for him piecey
> Sheep," &c.

The Missionary "pigeon" will also in due time demand a translation of the Bible into this very vulgar tongue. Death has many consolations, and to the number may be added this new one, that before this consummation can be realized, we shall have passed away, and our ears will be deaf to the hideous result.

Suppose any book for which you had reverence, or even a favourite piece of poetry whose words your lips loved to repeat—imagine your feelings on hearing it converted into something like the following. It is a translation of "Excelsior" into Pigeon English; and it may be necessary to explain to those whose education has been neglected in this Language of the Future, that "topside" means above, as the opposite of "bottomside." "Galow" is untranslatable, but added to "topside" the phrase becomes exclamatory, and it is the nearest equivalent to Excelsior. "Chop-chop" means quick-quick, but anything such as a stamp, monogram, or device, would be called "a chop." "Maskey" is another of those words whose origin is unknown. It has to do a great deal of duty in Pigeon English. In the following it means "notwithstanding." To "chin-chin Joss" is to worship God: to "chin-chin" a person is to salute him. By placing the original alongside of the translation the reader will easily make out the remainder of the piece. The moral, it will be noticed, is by the Pigeon English translator.

EXCELSIOR!

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

TOPSIDE-GALOW!

That nightey time begin chop-chop,
One young man walkey—no can stop.
Maskey snow! maskey ice!
He carry flag wid chop so nice—
"Topside-galow!"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay!" the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answer'd with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night!
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

Him muchey sorry, one piecey eye
Looksee sharp—so—all same my.
Him talkey largey, talkey strong,
Too muchey curio—all same gong—
"Topside-galow!"

Inside house him can see light,
And every room got fire all right,
He lookey plenty ice more high,
Inside him mouth he plenty cry—
"Topside-galow!"

Olo man talkey "no can walk!"
By'm by rain come—werry dark,
"Have got water, werry wide."
"Maskey! my must go topside"—
"Topside-galow!"

"Man-man!" one girley talkey he,
"What for you go topside looksee?"
And one time more he plenty cry,
But all time walkey plenty high—
"Topside-galow!"

"Take care! that spoil'um tree, young man!
Take care that ice! He wont man-man!"
That coolie chin-chin he good night,
He talkey "my can go all right."
"Topside-galow!"

Joss-pidgeon man he soon begin,
Morning-time that Joss chin-chin,
He no man see—him plenty fear,
Cos some man talkey—he can hear!
"Topside-galow!"

That young man die, one large dog see
Too muchey bobbery findey he;
He hand belong colo—all same ice,
Have got flag, with chop so nice—
"Topside-galow!"

MORAL.

You too muchey laugh! What for sing?
I think so you no savey what thing!
Supposey you no b'long clever inside,
More better *you* go walk topside!
"Topside-galow!"

CHAPTER XXI.

CHINESE CIVILIZATION.

One of the works of Davis begins with a quotation which is so perfect an epitome of Chinese history and civilization that I feel constrained to give it here. "A territory of enormous extent, stretching 1400 miles from east to west, and as many from north to south, peopled by above 300,000,000 of persons, all living under one sovereign—preserving their customs for a period far beyond the beginning of authentic history elsewhere—civilized when Europe was sunk in barbarism—possessed many centuries before ourselves of the arts which we deem the principal triumphs of civilization, and even yet not equalled by the industry and enterprise of the West in the prodigious extent of their public works—with a huge wall of 1500 miles in length, built 2000 years ago, and a canal of 700, four centuries before any canal had ever been known in Europe—the sight of such a country and such a nation is mightily calculated to fix the attention of the most careless observer, and to warm the fancy of the most indifferent. But there are yet more strange things unfolded in the same quarter to the eye of the political philosopher. All this vast empire under a single head, its countless myriads of people yielding obedience so regular and so mechanical, that the

government is exercised as if the control were over animals or masses of inert matter; the military force at the ruler's disposal so insignificant that the mere physical pressure of the crowd must instantly destroy it if the least resistance were attempted; the people all this while not only not plunged in rude ignorance, but actually more generally possessed of knowledge to a certain extent, and more highly prizing it, than any other nation in the world; the institutions of the country established for far more than five-and-twenty centuries, and never changing or varying (in principle at least) during that vast period of time; the inhabitants, with all their refinement and their early progress in knowledge and in the arts, never passing a certain low point, so that they exhibit the only instance in the history of our species of improvement being permanently arrested in its progress; the resources of this civilized State incalculable, yet not able to prevent two complete conquests by a horde of barbarians, or to chastize the piracies of a neighbouring island, or to subdue a petty tribe existing, troublesome and independent, in the centre of a monarchy which seems as if it could crush them by a single movement of its body; the police of the State all powerful in certain directions, and in others so weak as to give way habitually for fear of being defeated; the policy of the State an unexampled mixture of wisdom and folly—profound views and superficial errors—patronage of art and science combined with prohibition of foreign improvements—encouragement of domestic industry with exclusion of external commerce—promotion of inland manufactures and trade without employing the precious metals as a

medium of exchange—suffering perpetually from the population encroaching upon the means of subsistence, and yet systematically stimulating the increase of its numbers, removing every check which might mitigate the evil, and closing every outlet for the redundancy." Such is a wonderfully true account of the Chinese system as it has been and as it is, but how much longer it will remain so is a point most difficult to speculate upon. That changes are about to take place is clear, but when and to what extent it is not easy to foresee. If a beginning be once made, they may rush headlong into Western ideas as the Japanese are doing. Many consider that the Chinaman, standing on his ancient customs, which ages of experience have shown must contain some good in them, holds in this truly conservative aspect a more dignified position than his neighbours in Japan, who can throw away institutions of a thousand years with a grin and a laugh, and in apeing everything European—are going through a transformation scene with a speed which would suit a pantomime, but which is questionable in political or social changes, where time is one of the most essential conditions of safe and permanent building.

Doubts are being expressed in these later days as to whether "modern civilization" is entitled to all the loud-sounding praise which it has received. There are the well-known lines about the ills which human hearts endure, and it expresses the doubt as to whether they can be affected or cured by kings or laws; and it might now be asked if railways and telegraphs have solved the problem? In the midst of our progress, what are human hearts not suffering at this moment? The truth is, that

Conservative reactions, High Churchism, Roman Catholic conversions, Paray-le-Monial pilgrimages, and such things, are all expressions of doubt regarding the pretensions of what has been called "progress."

Amongst the leaders of this aspect of dissent no one occupies a more prominent place than John Ruskin, and the "Fors Clavigera" is his last expression of it. Much of what he proposes is in actual existence in China at the present time. Mr. Ruskin has a strong antipathy to engines, and to all machinery propelled by such means, applying the nickname of "demon" to them. He holds that a man can cultivate with his own hands as much ground as will support himself and his family, and that he is better doing this than having a "demon" to help him. He feels that an engine in a boat pollutes the air with its smoke, and spoils the beauty of skies; the steam-whistle is a nuisance, and the primitive modes of propulsion should be returned to. A woman can spin and weave cloth, and can make with her own hands all the garments necessary for herself, her husband, and family, and she should be more happy when engaged in this than in lying on a sofa all day reading novels while a demon is doing the work for her. Men and women working in factories with machinery, and breathing foul air, cannot be so healthy as if they lived a quiet rural life; men were intended for working on the surface of the earth, and not for grubbing like moles into its centre. These are Mr. Ruskin's charges against modern English life. Now let us see what the Chinese say and do in these matters.

One of the great complaints made by the Europeans is that the Chinese will not allow the introduction of rail-

ways nor telegraphs. There are steamers, but they only enter what are called "open ports;" on the rivers, where there are no such ports, a steam-vessel is not allowed to come. I do not know exactly what the real objection on the part of that Government may be. I scarcely think that the adulteration of the atmosphere, the spoiling of delicate tints in skies, or the unmusical scream of the steam-whistle, can have much to do with the reasons of their policy; still the result is such that Mr. Ruskin and they might act together. What he wishes to disestablish in Europe they refuse to establish in China. China possesses a wonderful network of rivers and canals, and through these channels of communication a great variety of craft is navigated. Much is done by the sail, but more still by the tracking-rope, the "yuloo," or oar, and the pole by which the boat is pushed along—that is, the motive power is the muscular action of men's bodies—exactly what Mr. Ruskin prays for in England. Robert Owen and other social reformers have advocated spade cultivation. The plough is used in this country, but it is by the hand that the soil has been here brought into the condition of a garden. I visited some of the villages around Shanghai, where cotton is one of the chief productions. As it was in winter time, the people were all at work indoors, the women being busy at all the various processes by which cotton is made into cloth. In any village hereabouts they may be found at work ginning it, spinning, winding, and weaving. The interior does not suggest ideas of comfort—that is, according to our notions—but the inmates seem happy enough. They

look well fed and well clothed; their winter garments are all padded with the cotton in its unspun state; the children, particularly the very little ones, seem so padded to keep the cold out that they are as broad as they are long. The spinning-wheel is driven by both feet, and spins three threads at once. The loom is small, and weaves a web not above twenty-four inches wide. There is usually a table arranged as an altar, containing the household gods, with vessels before them for lights and incense, and on the walls are coloured pictures of protective deities. The whole has quite a mediæval look. This mediæval aspect is a characteristic of things in general in China. Every one seems pleased at your entering and noticing his work. There is neither a sofa nor a novel visible, and the visitor is almost tempted to ask whether they have been reading the "Fors Clavigera," and are trying to work out its ideas.

This cloth is dyed blue, of various tints, and makes the clothing for all in the house. There are no large barrack-like factories here, with an engine driving a thousand shuttles. The home is the workshop, and human fingers are the working means. What the principles of Political Economy would say to this system I do not know; but it is clear enough to me that the people engaged in this domestic manufacture must be healthier and happier than if they were confined all day in the great Babel of a Manchester steam-loom factory. It is the same with the silk, which, far from being the produce of great establishments, is the special province of the women who feed the worms and unwind the cocoons. Every cottage produces as much as it can, and sends the surplus

remaining, after supplying its own wants, to the nearest market for sale. The Empress, who is supposed to be the head, or the mother, of all the women of China, gives all her daughters a lesson of industry by going through all the processes of the silk manufacture, with the ladies of her court, partly as a religious ceremony. This practice is founded on the same idea as the Emperor's Service at the Temple of Agriculture. The Europeans lay stress on the abundance of coal and minerals of all kinds existing in the country, but complain at the same time that they cannot get the permission or the means of working them. The manufacturing usages here are not founded on the factory system of the West. As a rule, every man does his work in his own house, and there is no doubt that they all produce good work in many ways, and they are most industrious, working from early morn to late at night.

This is a very faint outline of the social condition of the people as seen in those parts of this country which I have visited. If Mr. Ruskin should visit the same places, I feel sure that there is much in them which he would not adopt as the model for his new society. Still it is rather marvellous to find existing in this old nation the chief points which he insists that his own countrymen should conform to. How old the village system or the present forms of social life may be, as they at present exist in China, I cannot pretend to determine; no doubt they are very old. They are almost independent of the dynasty which governs, or the religion which may dominate at any time. We might kick the Manchus out of Peking, or the missionaries may convert the whole 360,000,000 of "Hea-

then Chinee," but it will require quite another set of influences to change the old system by which they navigate their rivers and canals, or the mode by which they cultivate the ground, and produce food and clothing for themselves. In other parts of this book I have noticed important changes which I considered to be imminent, or rather, of which I think that the beginning is at hand, which will make the present time an era in the history of China. Up to our day the people of this country have been, by their geographical position, isolated from all the rest of the world, except the nations of a similar ethnic character with themselves. A great change has come over the scene. The men of the West are settled in a number of points on or near the coast, and are now so firmly established that they have a basis of operations from which to act. The two races are face to face, and the problem of the relations thus created must go on. The English view of the position may be understood from a favourite form in which one often hears it expressed. It is something in these words:—"Let us have the audience question settled, and telegraphs, railways, and steamboats will follow; then we shall have the country opened, and the people will become civilized." It is rather an assumption in the case, that telegraphs and railways must follow from Mr. Wade's standing in a perpendicular position before the Emperor of China. We have Philistines out here, and a Philistine in the East is a perfect Goliath. When he imagines that anything is wrong,—let it be a Coolie or an Emperor—he says, "Give him a thrashing." The men of this class here propose their usual remedy; "Let us have a

war, and give the Chinese a good licking, and then we shall have the audience question granted, and everything else will follow." This includes the opening of the country for trade and the civilizing of the people, through the process of "thrashing them." The missionaries are working to civilize in another way, that is by the usual plan of tracts and preaching; but their system is clearly not much in favour, if we may judge from the very small effect which they produce among the 360,000,000 whom they seek to convert. The man of business wants the country laid open to trade, wants manufactures introduced, the mineral wealth to be used, and generally speaking the resources of the country to be developed, "and that sort of thing, you know—that's the real way to civilize them." This, of course, implies a multitudinous breed of Mr. Ruskin's demons, or machinery. I am here giving the tone of the ideas I hear expressed around me. One day I heard some of these various points talked over. We were sailing on the river above Shanghai in a steam launch, which was making the air impure with its smoke, snorting in a high-pressure way, and whistling as steam launches are wont to do. The scene was appropriate to the conversation, for we were among a forest of great junks—most quaint and picturesque they looked—so old-fashioned, indeed, that Noah's Ark, had it been there, would have had a much more modern cut about it. My friend, to whom the launch belonged, and who is in the machinery line himself, began by giving a significant movement of his head in the direction of the uncouth-looking junks, and then pointing to his own craft with its engine, said, "he did not believe much

in war, and the missionaries were not of much account." "This is the thing to do it," he added, pointing to the launch; "let us get at them with this sort of article, and steam at sixty pounds on the square inch; that would soon do it; that's the thing to civilize them—sixty pounds on the square inch." These prophetic declarations were thrown out at China generally, but it was clear that the old junks were the particular object of his anathema. He was right at least in his view of the case, that the old and the new—the East and the West—were meeting face to face, and that the stronger must prevail. It will be noticed that the civilizing of the Chinese figures largely in all these programmes, and it suggests the whole question as to the good which they are likely to get from our civilization. As yet all that we have done is to give them opium, by which they ruin their health and kill themselves off very fast. If the civilization which is to be brought here is that which is represented by the system of agricultural labour in England, or the factory system, or the coal-pit system, were I the Chinaman I should certainly elect to do without it. The system of machinery, of which we are so anxious to give the Chinese the benefit, may be said to date almost wholly, in Europe, from about fifty years ago. It has wiped out or supplanted the old guild system, and its result has been the production of large capital on the one hand, and a vast labouring class without capital on the other. Capital and labour have become two antagonistic forces, giving us a problem which has not yet been wrought out. Political economy assumes a scientific air, and while it proclaims its principles, we can see most grim and ominous shadows thrown upon our future way.

Many solutions of the problem have been tried, but as yet the result has not been very satisfactory. We have had strikes—a most uncivilized state of things to bring to China. The Internationals are hard at work solving the problem. I hope they are considering John Chinaman in their meditations, and that they also see their way to civilize him. The Commune is another of the many solutions proposed. I happen to know something of this last remedy, for I was in "the Sacred Centre of Civilization" in May, 1871, and saw a week's slaughter and destruction as the result. If the events of that week were to be thoroughly explained to the Chinese, I think they would say that they had had quite a sufficient dose of that sort of thing from the Taepings and the Imperialists. Primitive barbarism of any sort would be preferable to it. It would take a long time to go over all the panaceas proposed. I can only notice that of Mr. Ruskin, which, if carried out, would produce a condition of things in England so very like what I have described as already existing in China, that it might be said, instead of our civilizing the Chinese, the Chinese were civilizing us. With these modern problems in this state of confusion, I cannot pretend to say what amount of good the Chinese might probably derive from the changes we might introduce.

Here, as I have already described, our power to civilize the Chinese is always assumed; and the only matter of dispute is as to whether we shall be allowed to introduce railways, telegraphs, and machinery of all kinds, which, of course, includes "steam at sixty pounds on the square inch," to accomplish this purpose. This, I think, is a

much easier question to answer. If Mr. Ruskin could find in England a herd of swine to run down to the sea with the great legion of "demons" at home, the Chinese might not be troubled with them; but it is not likely that this miracle will be repeated. On the contrary, the great probability is that the modern St. George will come off second best in this encounter with the dragon of the period; and if the countries of Europe, including America, go on producing machines, be they spirits of hell or agents from a better place, it will be a moral impossibility for a country like China to resist them. The literati, mandarins, or governing classes, may put every obstacle in the way, but in the end it will be as nothing. If the machines do not come in to-day, they will find admission to-morrow. The truth is that the beginning has already been made. There are not a few steamers now on Chinese waters, although they are confined to certain ports, and wherever the people can travel in them they prefer them to their own junks. Saving in time and money is the great inducement. Even the mandarin class do not stand quite unaffected by this new influence. The Chinese army were, and are still to a certain extent, armed with bows, spears, and other primitive weapons of that sort. During the Taeping war, muskets of the Brown Bess kind found their way here; but the governing heads are now aware that arms of this sort will not do if another war should take place, and they have started, under European direction, a number of Government factories, which are producing arms of the very latest kind. At Shanghai there is a very large establishment, producing by machinery Remington breech-loading rifles. They have finished one very fine

Heliotype.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

MANCHOO ARCHERS, PEKING.

wooden steam screw frigate, and another is on the stocks. Two small iron gunboats, with twin screws, were being made for the Peiho. Li-hung-chang, the governor of Pechili, is the guiding spirit in all this. The establishment is being rapidly extended, and buildings are being erected to contain more machinery. The machinery comes out from England and America; but they are now so far advanced in this particular place that they are making machines for the various kinds of manufacture themselves. There is an arsenal for the manufacture of cannon, with shot and shell, at Nanking. It is under the charge of Dr. M'Arthur. There is a gunpowder factory at Tientsin, another arsenal at Foo-chow, and one at Canton.

It needs no prophet to tell the end of all this. The civilization of the West has power in it; ethnologists would also put it that the Aryan is a higher form of human development than the Turanian; and the civilization of the former, be it for good or ill, must carry the day.

It is rather startling to find in this land of ancient conservatism the existence of societies like the International. Secret societies of a political nature are common in China. They also, like the literature and the sign-boards of the country, indulge in the use of flowery words. One of these societies is known as the "Water Lily Sect;" another is the "Triad Society." If I am not mistaken I think it has been stated that the Taeping Rebellion came into existence by means of one of these sects. I remember asking the question one day as to where all the Taepings were now who escaped the slaughtering of the time, and the answer was that they were no doubt still

existing and known to each other through some of these secret forms, and might be waiting their time for another outbreak. Every branch of trade in China has its guild, another of the many bits of mediævalism to be found here. The Temple and theatre, with its club arrangements, of the Shansi merchants at Tientsin has been already described. These guilds are not secret societies, but being designed for trade protection, they have a tendency that way.

The Chinese emigration to San Francisco is all managed by one of these hooies or guilds, and the United States' authorities have learnt by experience that secret branches of this association exist and attempt to enforce their decisions in direct opposition to the law of the State. A Chinaman who had been summoned before the Secret Tribunal in San Francisco had the courage to appeal to the police, who made a raid and penetrated into the council-chamber of the hooie. It was a room with a kind of altar at the end, surrounded by the usual Chinese figures of gods. They were formed of wood and paper, and their eyes and jaws could be moved with strings. In this room sat a council of twenty of the richest Chinese of the place, who, in addition to striking terror on the mind, were prepared to resort to assassination or any extremity for the purpose of enforcing their wishes.

I was one morning at the Mixed Court in Shanghai, and saw the manner of conducting cases and the Chinese forms of justice. One man was told to make a clean breast in relation to a theft, but he stoutly denied it, and at last a beating was ordered. This is the usual way of enforcing a confession. He was laid

flat on the ground on his face, his thighs were bared, and it told against him when it was seen that the rod was not a new thing to him. The beating is done with slips of bamboo, about four feet long and an inch or so wide. The place gets purple and the skin begins at last to break and curl up. It was not severe enough to produce blood or raw flesh, but it was very near it. About forty blows were administered, but so far as making him give the desired confession, they did not seem to have any effect. He was sent back to prison, and would perhaps be brought up in a week again to undergo the same process, which might be repeated for months till a confession was extracted. Two fellows belonging to a gambling-house were brought up, and their case made it evident that "pigeons" and "pluckers" are common everywhere. A greenhorn in this case from the country, had been induced to go t their place and play at some game with dice. His pocket were soon empty. By some means or another he foun out that loaded dice had been used. He applied to th police, a raid was made, and the dice were all seized a well as the men. The tools for making the loaded dic were found, and some dice with the hole made for th lead, but not filled up. All these articles were in court as witnesses, and made the case very clear; but judgment was deferred for a few days to make inquiries. The Chinese are very much given to gambling. Both men and women play, and play heavily too.

Child-stealing is a very common crime, and there was one case on the morning on which I attended the court. The children stolen are generally boys, and mothers often dress up their sons as girls, plaiting their hair, and imi-

tating every distinctive mark, so as to deceive those who make a trade of this kind.

Owing to the Imperial nuptials, all capital punishments had been commuted, so I had not the questionable satisfaction of seeing anything of that sort.

Europeans who transgress the law come before the Consular Court. The Mixed Court is for the Chinese who live within the bounds of the Settlement, and hence a Chinese official presides in the Yamen to administer justice in the Chinese form. A gentleman from the Consulate attends and sits beside the Mandarin, but his presence there is only as a controlling influence.

Mr. Penfold, the superintendent of police at Shanghai, kindly took me one morning into the Chinese portion of the city, where I saw the way they keep their prisoners. The cells (but then they were not the least like cells) are separated by posts, arranged like the wires of a cage, everything rude, dark, and dirty. It was early in the morning, and scarcely one of them had got up. We saw mounds of rags and straw, from which sounds of breathing were heard. One man turned out of bed on hearing that Mr. Penfold was there. They were old friends, for he had often been before the Mixed Court. He complained of the cold weather and the state of his shoes, and appealed to this link of friendship. The appeal was not without its result; Mr. Penfold kindly gave him enough to get a new pair. In the Native prisons, such as this, prisoners are kept for indefinite periods awaiting the action of the officials, and this unfortunate had been, I understood, about a year in custody.

The same morning we visited one or two pawn-shops

CHINESE PAWN-SHOP.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

places which seem to thrive well in China. The triple emblem by which we can distinguish the residence of our "Uncle" in England is not used in Shanghai. A small sign-board only is hung out with the characters for "Tong-poo," or pledge-shop. The business is done over a long high counter. There are no cell-like divisions upon it to separate the customers, showing that people here are not ashamed to be seen calling on the brother of their aunt. There is no absurd feeling of delicacy in the Chinaman about these matters. He does not hesitate at the door, glancing around to see that no friend is there to espy his object. We saw men come in, redeem their coat, and put it on as they left. These places are all strongly built, and arranged for safety against robbery, and people often pledge property at a nominal sum, merely to have it in safe keeping. When they change their clothing after the winter or summer, it is a very common custom to deposit all that is not required at the Tong-poo. These pawnbrokers have some safe plan of keeping furs free from moths, and almost every one sends all articles of this description when the winter is over.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

THE traveller, going "all round the world," who visits Peking, has to return to Shanghai in order to get back to the line of steamers for Japan. Before starting in that direction, I made a trip up the Yang-tse-kiang as far as Han-kow. Among the chief rivers of the world the Yang-tse is considered to rank as third; only the Amazon and Mississippi are admitted to surpass it. At its mouth it is said to be about ten or twelve miles wide; further up it contracts to about five miles, and the average width at Han-kow, 600 miles from the sea, is about one mile. It is said to be 3200 miles long, and the area of its basin is computed at 760,000 square miles, containing a population of 170,000,000. It rises in the highlands of Tibet, in the region of Kokonor, the supposed Ergini or Erginur of Marco Polo. Kokonor means "blue water" —a name, no doubt, derived from the many lakes we see on the maps—and from this elevated region all the great rivers of Eastern Asia take their rise. Here also the Yellow river has its source; and the same district gives rise to the Meikong, which flows to Cochin China, and to the Salmeen, the chief river of Birmah. Not far to the west start the Brahmaputra, the Indus, and the Sutlej; while the Ganges and Jumna spring remarkably close to them, but divided from them by the high ridge of

the Himalaya rampart. It is indeed a celebrated family of mighty rivers among which the Yang-tse has its birth.

The Chinese do not call the Yang-tse a *river*, Ho being the usual word with this meaning, such as in the Pei-ho and the Hwang-ho. But in this case they apply the name "Kiang,"—a word which in Chinese has no other signification beyond its connexion with this stream—and Yang-tse is rendered "Son of the Ocean," reminding us of Homer's association of river and ocean in the description of the shield of Achilles. Herodotus smiled, he tells us, when he heard persons describe "the ocean as flowing round the earth." It was to represent this that Homer describes it as encircling the shield,—

> "Thus the broad shield complete the Artist crown'd
> With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
> In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
> And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole."

Pope in his free translation omits the word "river," which Homer gives. The Chinese seem to have had a very similar idea about the Yang-tse, for they call it "The Girdle of China."

The Hwang-ho, or Yellow river, has the name of "China's Sorrow,"—a term resulting, it is said, from its tendency to overflow its banks, scattering death and destruction around.

These two rivers were described in the thirteenth century by Marco Polo, who was appointed by Kublai Khan governor of a province on the north bank of the Yang-tse; and the town where he resided, when performing the duties of his office, is still one of considerable

importance on the Grand Canal. But so unprogressive has the country been that the people on the banks and the craft on the water of this great river, still remain almost exactly as they were when described by Marco Polo. It was strange, and perhaps curiously indicative of the future, to get one's first experience of an American steamer in Chinese waters. There is no doubt that the American model is the best of all for river steamers, particularly where the voyage extends over a number of days. A roomy bed, a wide berth, and ample space in every part of the vessel, then become necessities. American steamboats may be seen in almost every open port in China. They are well adapted for the crowds of Chinese passengers, which in that well-populated country are always passing about for some purpose or another. Any picture of the Yang-tse would scarcely be complete in the present day unless it represented one of these vessels upon its surface. They generally have their names painted large, in Roman and Chinese characters, and my berth was on board the "Hupeh," Captain Johnson. As the "Hupeh" was to sail early, I slept on board the previous night and got up be-times next morning to see the river. Meeting the captain, I chanced to ask if there were many passengers on board. He said he did not know himself, but called his Chinese boy to inquire, which he did by saying, "How many piecey passenger?" This clearly included myself as a "piecey," one of the most common words of pigeon English. If you travel in India you are called a "Sahib," a very high title, given to Rajahs. If you order your dinner in a dak bungalow, the Khansaman will salute

you as "Lord," "Highness," and "Protector of the Poor." If you travel in Abyssinia, you receive the high title of "Sultan." If you are fond of titles, travel in the East, but avoid China, for there you get nothing but this word "piecey," suggesting that your value resembles that of a bit of broken crockery.

Leaving Shanghai about sunrise on a Sunday morning, we got into Chin-kiang, 150 miles, during the night, and left about seven a.m. We passed Nanking about eleven a.m. Next day we reached Ngan-king at mid-day. About five p.m. we passed the "Dove Rock," and could see the "Little Orphan Rock" in the distance, but it was dark before we got to it. We stopped at Kiu-kiang, 445 miles, and left it again during the night, and Pwan-pien-shan, or "Split Hill," was visible the first thing the following morning. The Ki-tow, or "Cock's Head," is another landmark on the river which we passed, and at ten in the evening we got into Han-kow, the exact distance from Shanghai being 582 geographical miles, the whole time being a little over three days and a half.

Han-kow means the Han-mouth, and is at the junction of the Han with the Yang-tse. There are three distinct towns at the place. The principal one, Wu-chang, the capital of the province of Hupeh, is on the south bank of the river; Han-yang and Han-kow, which are separated from each other by the Han river, are on the north bank.

The settlement where the Europeans have their houses is in the eastern part of the town. A magnificent bund, or embankment, has been constructed, and along this is a wide thoroughfare, with trees along it, reminding one of a boulevard. Facing this, and overlooking the broad

expanse of the Yang-tse, are the residences—and it is no stretching of a word to call them palatial—of the Europeans. The rising of the river in the summer, which reaches a great height, rendered this great bund necessary. High and dry as it is, the river often covers it and the whole country round. When this occurs the residents here have to go from house to house in boats. Even the communication with the kitchen, which is generally an outhouse, has to be kept up in this way. On the corner of the Consulate will be found marks, with the dates of the various inundations.

Since its opening in 1861 this place has become an important point in connexion with the tea-trade. Much of the tea which used to go to Canton now finds a nearer market at Han-kow, and it is expected that I-chang, a port about 300 miles farther up the Yang-tse, will soon become an open port. The river is thus far navigable, but higher up are places which would be dangerous to shipping. Native junks do make use of the river, for Captain Blakiston's party went in one of them, and penetrated as far as Ping-shan, on the frontier of Yun-nan, 1800 miles from the sea.

The Yang-tse is one of the great natural outlets of that region of which we have heard much for some years past as "Central Asia." Many plans have been proposed, and some have been carried out, for "tapping the commerce" of this great geographical space. Trebizonde has long been an important place, where Manchester goods disappeared into Persia and farther eastwards. Some time before the Crimean war, the Turkish Government determined on making a road there, so as to give

facilities to this trade. According to the history of the transaction, only two miles were constructed when it was found that all the funds had been spent. This was all that was done, and the road has never been even repaired since. Since that time the Russians have been making a railway to connect the Black Sea with the Caspian, and as that line will no doubt affect the fortunes of Trebizonde, it is said that the Turks are beginning to bestir themselves, and talk about making a railway.

The Russian line, which passes over the scene of the events related of Jason, Medea, and the Golden Fleece, has not only a commercial but a military object in view at the same time. It is a new form of the dragon's teeth, for it will produce armed men when wanted. This line is now open to Tiflis, and will be continued to Baku, on the Caspian, and an extension of the line is contemplated still farther eastward, from Krasnovodsk bay to the Oxus. If this is continued on to Bokhara, which will no doubt ultimately be the case, it will be a most important communication with Central Asia. The Hindostan and Tibet road, one of Lord Dalhousie's great projects, had for its object the bringing of the commerce of Central Asia through India. This road is about 200 miles in length. It begins at Kalka, passes through Simla, and ends at Chinee, on the Sutlej. Lord Dalhousie ordered that a certain gradient was never to be exceeded, and to preserve the level, which this implied, long detours round spurs of hills was a result. Hence the natives will not use it, preferring, as all puharis, or mountaineers do, to take short cuts over such spots. Carriage of goods is done in that part of the world on the

backs of sheep and goats, and a fine well-made road is useless to them. I have travelled over the whole length of this road, and except by the few sahibs who make for the hills to shoot, it is scarcely used. There has been a good deal of discussion about opening up the Irawaddy as a means of communication with the interior of that part of Central Asia. From Yunnan, in this direction, came the Panthay Embassy, anxious for assistance in their efforts at independence, and gladly offered in return to open their country to trade. The last news about them is that the Chinese authorities have taken their principal city and massacred some twenty or thirty thousand people.

A French expedition under Louis Carné went up the Me-kong, the great river of Cambodia, expecting to discover a path for commerce, but soon found that the river had currents and cataracts which frustrated further navigation.

These are some of the principal attempts at opening up that wide and vaguely-defined space known as Central Asia. Judging from what I saw of the country when in Tibet, I should feel inclined to believe that it is a region which has very little to give. No rain-cloud can pass the higher range of the Himalayas, hence it is a region arid and sterile—not a bit of green to be seen. Much of it is so elevated that the people are nomadic, and live in black tents; a large portion of the population are monks, and produce nothing but prayers. If there was any commerce to come out of it, a way would be discoverable. The little which it does produce filters through. The pooshim, or fine wool, for the cashmere shawls, comes to Srinugger and Rampore, on the backs of goats and

sheep. The cotton which is grown on the hill region about Bokhara and Samarkand finds its way to Russia. The tea which the Russians drink is carried across the whole of Central Asia. Such being the case, there can be no difficulty in procuring a channel of conveyance for the little which is to be found in that quarter.

As water-carriage is always the cheapest, it is evident that a great river like the Yang-tse, 3000 miles long, must be one of the most important of all the outlets of Central Asia.

In returning down the river I spent a couple of days at Nanking, the old south-capital. There is a wall said to be thirty-eight miles in circumference, which I suppose once enclosed a city of that size, but now it is mostly cultivated ground, and the only relic of the great capital is a small town in the south-west corner. Dr. Macartney was not at the arsenal, but Mr. Green, his chief, kindly looked after me. The arsenal is close to the spot where stood the celebrated Pagoda, of which all that now remains is a heap of broken bricks and tiles. I was fortunate enough to pick up a bit of one of the porcelain bricks. The trenches made by the Imperial troops when besieging the Taepings in Nanking can still be distinctly made out all round.

Taking the steamer to Chin-kiang I returned to Shanghai by the Grand Canal. This was done in what is called a "house boat," which is tracked, or uses a sail when the wind suits. Some of these boats have very good accommodation for sleeping, and every luxury on the table that Shanghai can furnish. These boats are kept by the Europeans for the purpose of going out for a

week or ten days' shooting, and the banks of the Grand Canal furnish the favourite ground for this sport. The Taeping rebellion swept away nearly the whole population. On both sides towns and villages were burnt, and there was the most ruthless slaughter of men, women, and children. This was the region for producing silk, the cultivation of which was completely annihilated. Since then the whole country has been a perfect paradise to the sportsman—miles upon miles of country stocked with game like a preserve. We met one boat with two men in it; they had been out a fortnight, and had bagged 500 birds—partridges principally—and forty deer.

This canal is certainly a grand work. Its name is the Yuen-liang-ho, or "Grain-Tribute River," for its purpose is not only to aid the commerce of the country, but specially to furnish a safe means of bringing the taxes, in the form of grain or rice, to the capital.

I had been told by a gentleman at Shanghai, who was considered an authority on Chinese matters, that this was the country in which the immortal Punch had his birth. I had heard of the Oriental Kara-Guz, as the protoplasm which was developed ultimately into our high drama of the piece. Naples also makes some claims to the origin of Policinello; but here I am in the Outre Orient, and am told that this is the real birth-place of that great delight of my early days. Passing through a town on the canal, to which, I may remark, the population are again slowly returning, I saw on the bank all the appearance of a veritable Punch's opera. A halt was called, and we all went on shore. A minute inspection made it clear that, beyond being a drama, there was no family

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CHINESE PUNCH.

connexion with our popular performer. Still the exhibition was curious. The theatre, if I may use that term, was not a frame standing on the ground. The single performer within seemed to support the machinery, as I think there was one pole resting on the ground. With his foot the man kept up an incessant noise, in imitation of all Chinese theatricals, on a gong. The performance was simply a miniature of a Chinese theatre. Still it was wonderful to see how many figures he could produce, and the screaming and talking of these figures made us believe that there might be four or five performers within; but, on looking over the edge of the surrounding curtain, there was only the one round face of a man, who returned our gaze with a broad, well-pleased grin. There were pockets all round, into which he stuck the various figures and the stage properties, such as swords, spears, banners, and so forth. Some pieces of bamboo held the structure open at the top, with an appearance not differing much from our Punch's theatre; but when the man finished his performance he got out of it and closed the whole affair up. In walking away he reminded me of a shrimp-fisher on the sands at Ramsgate with his net.

The performanee was very cleverly done. The fights with swords would have earned applause on the Surrey side of the Metropolis; and a woman brought in her baby and kissed it—a most audible kiss—and held it up to its papa, who also gave it a sounding smack. This was so well received by the crowd that it was encored.

The theatre being a part of the Temple in China, I had a great desire to study it; but my stay was far too short, and I regret that I am unable to give even a slight

account of it. I could see that, like our pantomime, which is a very ancient form, all the characters were stereotyped. Just as we recognize our old friends the harlequin, clown, pantaloon, and columbine in our Christmas performances, so I could see, in the one or two theatres I visited, the same costume and grotesque painting on the faces, telling me through the eye that, though the pieces were different, the characters were traditionally the same.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JAPAN.

PASSING from China to Japan is like a change between two worlds. China is stationary, fixed, and immovable; Japan, on the contrary, is turning a somersault, and transmutation is visible in everything. Although geographically so close to each other, yet intellectually and morally they are as wide apart as the arctic and the tropical regions. In the one case, everything seems to have been frozen up for thousands of years, and at this moment their ideas appear to be as firmly imbedded as ever in the ice of ancient custom. In the other it would seem as if the vernal equinox had come round with its soft breezes, bringing out under its influence the young leaves and buds of a future summer along with it. "Non possumus" is the motto in China: in Japan they are straining every effort to copy whatever is European. Every attempt at railways or telegraphs has been opposed by the Celestials in all possible ways; and up to this moment not a single step in advance has yet been made in that direction among them. Already there are telegraphs all over Japan; one line of railway is now running; others are in progress, and there is not a modern improvement which they are not only willing, but most anxious, to import into their country. If balloons were to become a practical success in Europe, the Japs

in their present temper would to a certainty have one on board the next P. and O. steamer for Yokohama. As the Chinese have no newspapers, and they do not condescend to read the papers or literature of the foreign barbarians, the high authorities at Peking have not even the means of knowing anything about new discoveries in Europe. Japan, on the contrary, is sending her sons, and even her daughters, to Europe to be taught, while she is importing professors and men of every kind of talent to educate and instruct her people in all the departments of western civilization.

In Peking the Missionaries are publishing in the Chinese language a magazine, the object of which is to prove, by means of accounts of the Mont Cenis Tunnel and the Suez Canal, and such-like works, that the "Foreign Devils" are not quite savages. In fact, they are justifying themselves for appearing there as teachers, while the Japs are at their own expense paying men of the same class to come to them in that capacity.

These are a few illustrations of the differences visible between the two countries, and what is to follow will bring out still more sharply the contrast between the two races.

On entering the long lake-like harbour of Nagasaki, with its many islands, there is one that commands special attention from the traveller. It is the island of Pappenberg. It is a small rocky islet, with perpendicular cliffs visible through its well-wooded sides. On this island, early in the seventeenth century, some thousands of Christians had the choice of trampling on the cross or of walking over one of its highest peaks. Apostasy or

death was the alternative offered, and it is highly to the credit of the Japanese of that period that so many of them (about 32,000 is the estimated number) were equal to the glory of martyrdom. This Pappenberg isle, with its dreadful history, presents itself to the newly-arrived stranger as the first witness to the changes going on in Japan; for now complete religious toleration to all forms of faith has been decreed.

What a beautiful inland sea or lake is this harbour of Nagasaki! It reminds one of the Bosphorus; or, if any one has sailed through the Kyles of Bute, he may form an idea of the passage among hills and wooded slopes into the town which faces down the harbour. On the right is the Foreign Settlement, and in front, fringing the sea, is Desima, a small, fan-shaped island, in which the Dutch for so long a time carried on their commerce with Japan. The Dutch managed, after the Christian massacre by Taico Sama, to get the exclusive right of trading with the country, but their merchants were not allowed to pass beyond the limits of Desima. Thus cooped up within a space of a few hundred feet, they had to live and transact their business. Servants and food were supplied, but no communication was allowed with the mainland. For nearly two centuries they were the only foreigners allowed in Japan, and they were only tolerated as prisoners. Kæmfer, whose great work is, after a short notice by Marco Polo, the first account of Japan, was an exception. He managed to get out, and travelled for two years in the country. That was between 1690 and 1692.

Contrast that state of things with the present condition of the country, when every inducement is held out to all

foreigners, Dutch (a Dutch doctor went out with me to take charge of an hospital in Japan), English, French, and American, to come and bring their knowledge and abilities so that Japan may learn and advance herself up to the European standard. The Dutch-looking houses of Desima can still be distinguished from those in the native town of Nagasaki, but the great change is visible in the Foreign Settlement extending down the west side of the harbour. This is principally English, and the houses have a comfortable villa-like appearance; and in defiance of the Pappenberg in the distance, a Christian church, with its spire, can be seen among the trees.

As the steamer was to remain here most of the day, a good many of the passengers landed, and I had a walk through the town with a friend. This was my first sight of Japan and its people, and to us, coming from China with very distinct recollections of its dirty towns and unwashed populations, the contrast presented by Nagasaki was most remarkable. Its streets though narrow are well paved, and quite as clean as those of London. Indeed, Japanese houses are perfect models of cleanliness. As for the people themselves, tubbing is an old practice, and whoever is in the daily habit of taking a hot bath cannot be very dirty in his person. This tubbing system has not been done away with; but a late law orders that it is to be done within doors, and not on the outside of the houses, as was the practice formerly. Costume, or the want of costume, as the case may be, is, as travellers are aware from experience, merely an affair of climate or custom in each country. The Japs, from long habit, saw nothing wrong in this practice of bathing in public, and it

shows their great deference to European ideas that they are trying to conform to our standards of good taste in such matters.

I do not know if the Japanese authorities have made any law in the matter of dress, but I soon saw that in this also a great change was taking place. We had not gone far before we met natives who had more or less adopted the European articles of costume. Many were to be seen entirely metamorphosed, every article they wore being of the European cut—the stuck-up collars, bright-coloured scarf with gold pin, Albert watch-chain, boots, and everything got up as perfectly as you would see in the streets of London. Those who have adopted only parts of our dress present in many cases rather a hybrid appearance. An Inverness cape and a Glengarry bonnet is a favourite rig-out with many. As the Inverness cape is not so unlike their own wrappers, they have taken to it—particularly the old men—with evident fondness, and it is so common that it might now pass for the principal part of their national costume. The Glengarry bonnet is a great favourite, but the wide-awake competes with it for the suffrages of the Japs. The soft felt wide-awake, in fact, carries the day as the head-covering in Japan. They are so much in request, it is said, that ships cannot bring them fast enough to supply the demand. The Japanese never wore pig-tails like the Chinese. They shave the whole crown of the head in monkish fashion, and the back hair is turned up into something like a queue, about three or four inches long, and so tied that it lies forward over the middle of the shaven part of the crown. This peculiar tonsorial form is fast disappearing before the advent of

wide-awakes and Glengarry bonnets. The proprietress of a tea-shop, who had a grown-up boy, called my attention to his head, and pointed out that the hair was "all the same" as mine, and an English brush and comb were produced to show me that they had the necessary implements for the process. The lady did this with evident satisfaction at the result. It was a trifling incident, but, seen in connexion with other phenomena, it indicates much, showing that changes appear not only in great matters, but that all through the affairs of Japanese life everything is undergoing alteration. The feet are also changing their covering as well as the head. Clogs about three inches high have hitherto been used by almost every one in Japan, but boots and shoes are now taking their place. As yet the women have not made any alteration in their costume, but I am told that some of the ladies in the higher ranks of Japanese society have been making inquiry into some of the mysteries of dress as worn by their European sisters. This is ominous, and, to a traveller like myself, to be regretted, for the Japanese female costume is most quaint and picturesque, and the fair creatures will not, I fear, improve their personal appearance by any change of this kind.

One feature which struck us in our walk through the native town of Nagasaki was the number of sewing machines. In every shop where sewing had to be done they were to be seen. In one tailor's shop we saw two or three at work. It seemed to us that, in proportion to the population, the sewing machines must be as plentiful in Japan as in England. It rather came upon me with sur-

prise to see these machines. I had been walking along, taken up with the first sight of a new country, where the houses and streets and every feature is new, and sewing machines were about the last thing I should have expected to come across. In a native shop we saw also a photographic camera, on its folding tripod, all complete and new, for sale; and a bill in the window announced that every article connected with photography might be had within. It was, in fact, a shop devoted entirely to the sale of photographic materials. As Europeans get such things direct from England, this establishment was principally for supplying the Japanese, and while it indicates the extent to which the art is practised by them, it becomes in itself one of the many evidences of the rapid changes now going on.

Nagasaki, or, more properly, Nanga-saki, means "Long Cape."

There is one advantage in going from Shanghai, which is lost if the traveller proceeds direct from Hong Kong; and this is the passage through the Inland Sea, called in Japanese the Seto Uchi, which is entered at the Straits of Simon-seki, and the scenery of which is well worth seeing.

Towards its eastern end is an open port called Kobi, distant only a few miles from Osaka, with which it is now being connected by a railway. As Kobi is the latest port opened in Japan, everything is quite new about it; all the European houses look as if they had been brought out, like children's toy houses, in a band-box, and had just been taken out with the paint all clean and fresh upon them.

There is a waterfall here which is worthy of a visit, and a fine temple, which is a very good specimen of Japanese wood-work, with bronze ornament. One striking peculiarity of this temple is a sacred horse in a side-shrine. It is white, and an Albino. The correct thing to do here is to expend a coin on boiled beans, as an offering to this deity, who keeps a very sharp, reddish eye on the look-out for these marks of devotion. I could not find out whether this horse was an object of worship or only a Buddhist manifestation of kindness to animals. I felt that it would be important to know whether this was the case, as the worship might then be a remnant of the old Scythic Cultus, or the Aswamedha sacrifice of the horse, brought into India by the Aryan race.

You leave the Inland Sea at Cape Siwo, a very rocky point, and turn northwards. A great gulf named Suruga opens up as you proceed on the left; and, if the air is clear, the great mountain of Fuji-yama is seen towering up as a background to a most picturesque bit of coast scenery.

I find it very difficult to grasp in the mind the great changes which have taken place in Japan, and particularly the political revolution which has been accomplished. The Micado, who up to the present day existed as a sort of myth, lived in the recesses of his palace like a sacred relic in the sanctum of a temple. He has now revealed himself to the views of mortals, and only a few days before my arrival in Yokohama he appeared, as princes do in Europe, to celebrate the opening of a railway. When the Indian Rajah first saw a locomotive, and heard the snort of the steam as it moved smoothly along, he

declared that the whole ten incarnations of Vishnu were as nothing to it. The opening of the railway from Yeddo to Yokohama, as a ceremony, might be called an act of worship. The railway is the object worshipped, and the deified Micado appears as the worshipper,—the railway being thus the greater of the two.

The change in the old feudal system, which it took centuries to produce in Europe, seems in Japan to have been accomplished almost in a few days. This revolution was brought home to my mind in a forcible way by a very short excursion which I made. It was to the scene of a tragedy, and one of the principal actors in it was my guide. The event occurred but as yesterday,—on the 14th September, 1862. Still it belongs to the ancient history of the Europeans in Yokohama, and might be said now to belong also to the ancient history of Japan.

On that day, three gentlemen and a lady, going out from Yokohama for a ride along the Tocaido, or great public highway, met a Daimio with his retainers coming along. As these chiefs always went about with four or five hundred of their people, they formed a large body of men on the road. The four Europeans on horseback took one side of the way, to allow them to pass. The Daimio—it was Shimadzu Saburo, uncle of the Prince of Satsuma—having come up to the point where they were, suddenly gave an order. It was so quickly uttered and so unexpected that the men hesitated a moment before obeying; had it not been for this, not one of the Europeans could possibly have escaped, for the command was to kill them. As his men seemed

uncertain, he said, angrily, "Must Shimadzu Saburo give an order twice?" The words had been heard by the Europeans, and its terrible meaning was understood; the wavering of the retainers gave them just a moment's time to turn their horses round. The movement was delayed for an instant to allow the lady to get away first, but when the gentlemen attempted to gallop off, the long, sharp Japanese swords were out, and two of them, named Richardson and Marshall, received some terrific cuts. Still they got clear away. Richardson fell from his horse a few hundred yards from the spot, and either died of his wounds or was dispatched. Marshall was able to ride to a friend's house, where he fainted, and although for a time his life was despaired of, he ultimately recovered, and told me all the details on the spot where they happened.

It was a long time before the purpose to be served by this cowardly assassination was discovered; but it turned out to be this. Shimadzu Saburo had been to Yeddo, seeking some rank or honour, and had not succeeded in his object. He had just left the capital, disappointed, his ungratified ambition burning within him, ready to do anything that would give him a chance of realizing his purpose. Seeing the Europeans he reasoned with himself, "If I cause these foreigners to be killed, it will produce a war with their nation; then the Micado will be dependent upon me for men to fight with. He will then be the supplicant, and I can make my own terms." Here is the old vassal struggling for power and position as in our own histories and novels. Only ten or eleven years ago this event took place, and in this short space of time

these feudal barons have ceased to exist. While my friend was giving me the account of the attack, the railway train went past, its whistle screaming, as if to declare more loudly how great the change has been. Since the train has begun to run from Yeddo to Yokohama, the Tocaido has become deserted, and we could notice that the tea-shops were being shut up; for it was on the many travellers, Daimios and their retainers, who passed along in crowds, that these places depended for custom.

Unless in an extravaganza on the stage, it would be hard to imagine a mediæval baron at a modern railway station asking for a return ticket; and it would be equally hard to imagine the continued existence together of railway trains and two-sworded Daimios. Such were the ideas that occurred to me when I went to the station at Yokohama and got a ticket for Shinagawa, the nearest point to our Legation at Yeddo. The system adopted is thoroughly after the British model. The ticket was delivered to me at a small pigeon-hole, and duly nipped as I passed a barrier by a man with a railway uniform, only a little more fanciful (with red cord about it) than what is worn in England. The gauge is very narrow, reminding me of the Fell line which went over Mont Cenis; and the carriages are of the omnibus kind, all very good and clean. A brass plate on the engine contained the words "Sharpe, Stewart, and Co., Atlas Works, Manchester," and I noticed that the driver was a European. I think one of the guards was European also; all the others were Japanese, but in European clothes. The time was kept by a large time-

piece of English make, with Roman figures, implying a certain amount of knowledge on the part of every one employed. The stations along the line are also on the English plan, being enclosed by a railing, and the passengers have to pass out, delivering up their tickets at a wicket. So closely is our system imitated, even in the smallest details, that I noticed a railway porter at each of the stations dressed in a suit of dark green corduroy. It struck me that there was an unusually large number of employés about the line, but it was explained that many of them were men learning the system, so as to be ready when new railways are opened.

What interested me most at Yeddo was Sheeba, where you can see the tomb of Hidetada, which delighted and amused me. This latter feeling resulted from being told that he was buried in vermilion—seemingly to me the spoiling of much good colour. The reason for such a strange winding-sheet could not be got at. I wondered whether he had an eye for colour, or whether the waste of so much good stuff was merely a bit of extravagance; if this was the only object, had I been in his position, I should have had the best ultramarine at two guineas an ounce. Unless there is to be some lavatory process, Hidetada will be a striking figure when he appears in the next world among the gods of Japanese belief.

"Celestial, rosy red; love's proper hue."

That is Milton's idea of the colour; but then it should be remembered that it is the Satanic colour of the Ger-

mans—the Mephistophelian tint. With this great uncertainty as to its symbolical signification, it will be hard to tell whether this hero will reappear in his true colours or not.

The tomb is a very beautiful specimen of wood-work, japanned, with a good deal of bronze about it. The work is as fine as if it were a small cabinet. Indeed, all the temples at this place are admirable specimens of wood-work.

I was only a month in Japan, and that is far too short a time for anything like serious study; but I was much struck with their temples, and I find I have some notes in my book, comparing them with the Jewish. How any direct connexion could possibly exist is far beyond my powers of conjecture; but I will state the points of resemblance, and leave others to inquire further and collect additional information.

Wood and bronze to this day furnish the materials of which temples are constructed in Japan, with stone as a base. Such also were the materials of Solomon's Temple. There are enclosures round each court or shrine, and sometimes these courts are three in number. Hills or groves are the usual sites for a temple, and the ascent to it is by long flights of steps; usually two flights give access to the shrine. One is long, straight, and steep, for the men; the other, less steep, and curved in plan, is for the women. It will be remembered that it was the great stairs at Solomon's Temple which so impressed the Queen of Sheba. Small shrines, or miniature temples, called Tenno Samma, or "Heaven's Lord," are carried on staves, like the Ark of the Covenant, at their religious

ceremonies. The inner shrine, or Holy of Holies, is small, and a cube, or nearly so, in proportion. It is usually detached, behind the other portions of the temple, the door being closed so that it cannot be seen into, and it contains usually not an image, but a tablet, or what the Japanese call a "Gohei," or piece of paper, cut so that it hangs down in folds on each side. In the early days of writing, a tablet was a book, a stylus the pen. The stones on which the law was inscribed were only a form of the Book, and the Chinese Ancestral Tablet, or other tablet, in a temple, is only a variety of this book form. These Goheis are so common in Japan, and occupy so important a place in all their temples, that I felt a desire to know what they originally meant; but, as on many questions of this kind, I could get no information. The only suggestion which presented itself to me was that it might be some form of the book, for the book was a very sacred thing in past times, and that which is yet called the "Ark" in a Jewish synagogue contains now nothing but a book. There is a distinct priesthood with vestments, and they use incense, music, and bells. There are two religions in Japan, Buddhism and Shintooism; the latter being the primitive faith, the former an importation from China. The forms of the two have got slightly mixed, both in the construction of their temples and in the ceremonial; but the remarks here made apply particularly to the Shinto religion.

One of the late acts of the Government has been to declare the Shinto, as the old religion of the country, to be the only State faith. This is the disestablishment of Buddhism, but it does not imply its suppression. The

Buddhist priests complain very much, saying that their temples are not now so popular, and many are being closed. Speculators are buying up their fine bronze bells, and sending them home to be coined into English pennies and half-pennies. Faith presents many strange aspects, and this is a very curious one.

During my visit to Japan I made a walking tour into the interior of the country, Hakoni, near the base of Fuji-yama, being the most distant point in my plan. Not knowing the language, I needed some one with me who could make up for this deficiency, and one of two coolies who carried supplies, and a small amount of baggage, had some knowledge of English, which, although very slight, proved sufficient for my purpose.

The first day's walk was to Kama-kura, by Kana-sawa, on the way to which there is one view so splendid that it is called "The Plains of Heaven." Undulating hills, well wooded, extend away to the south and west, with the higher ranges of Oyama, and the snow cone of Fuji in the distance. To the left is the coast indented with bays, dotted with islands, all rich with pines and trees of every kind. It was a bright, fine day, and the view was beautiful; the Elysian fields of the poetic Greeks could not have been finer than the prospect which lay before me, and with a good piece of bamboo in my hand, I looked forward with infinite delight to a fortnight's ramble in such a region with my sketch-book in my pocket. My hopes were not disappointed, and I can recommend my little tour to any one visiting Japan as a route which they may follow with both

profit—I use that term in a mental sense—and pleasure to themselves.

Kama-kura was at one time a great city, but as wood is the chief material of construction for all buildings, temples, palaces, and houses in Japan, Japanese towns are easily destroyed. Kama-kura is now only a village, or rather a few scattered villages. The Temple is the only attraction. It is dedicated to Hachiman, the God of War. A number of Tenno-Samas, or Arkite shrines, are to be found in the court. The sword, hat, and various articles belonging to Yoritomo, a celebrated hero, are also exhibited as curiosities to the visitor. From this temple a long straight road nearly two miles in length goes to the sea shore, adorned with Tori-és, or triumphal or votive gateways, which, I understood, were designed for religious processions in connexion with the temple. Within the limits which probably mark the old city of Kama-kura may still be seen the colossal bronze figure of Dai-Bootz, which means simply the great Buddha. It is about fifty feet high, and had at one time a temple over it; the bases of the columns can still be seen in the garden. The interior of the figure is now the only temple, and it has an altar with Buddhist figures and incense vessels.

A Buddhist priest lives at the place, and combines the practice of his faith with the sale of beer to strangers and Europeanized Japs. I managed to get this man's views of the changes going on in his country, and as he expressed himself very frankly on the matter, what he said is worth recording. The priesthood, he said, was, as a line of business, not worth following; at least to be

a Buddhist priest was no good now, since the State had thrown it off. The people did not seem to care for it, and a living could scarce be made by it. He blamed the foreigners as the cause, not that they had any direct hand in disestablishing Buddhism; that was only part of the great movement going on, which was all due to this foreign influence. He did not speak bitterly, for he explained that he found the sale of the beer pay better than the religious services he performed to the few Buddhist devotees who now came. He talked of ceasing to be a priest, and becoming a merchant. From this it will be seen that the Almighty Dollar is becoming a Missionary, and doing something towards converting the heathen; nay, there is some chance of this new religious influence converting the great bronze Buddha himself. There are rumours that the Japanese Government have the idea of selling Dai-Bootz, and speculators have been computing already the quantity and quality of the bronze, to see what it would be worth for remelting and passing through a metempsychosis into a new coinage in England or elsewhere.

Dai-Bootz was erected between 1252 and 1267. A caste in paper, or *papier mâché*, had been lately made, to be sent to the Vienna Exhibition, and in making it they discovered that the eyes of the figure are of gold, and that the spiral knob on the forehead is of silver. The invocation used is "Na Moo Ah Mee Dai Bootz," and is most probably of Sanscrit origin. There is another temple near with a standing Buddhist figure.

Next morning I went on by the sea beach to Inoshima, which is a very sacred island. It contains a

large fissure-like cave with a temple in it. The cave goes in for some hundreds of feet, and the tide flows in for some distance, making it at times very difficult to enter. Benton Sama, or the Goddess of Mercy, is the presiding deity.

The views from Ino-shima, and from the mainland, looking away towards Fuji-yama, are said to be the finest in Japan. It is a favourite subject with the native artists, and may be seen in their pictures and on their pottery, and the outline of Fuji-yama on cabinets and articles of Japanese manufacture is always given as it appears from about Ino-shima.

The route after this was along the Tocaido, and as there is no railway at this point yet, the public road was a busy place. Travellers of all kinds are to be met: villages are seen every mile or so, and the country is level and well cultivated. Jinyrikshas, a vehicle something between a Bath-chair and a perambulator, and pulled by one man, as its name implies, can be hired at the villages; but as I had determined to walk the whole way, I only got as far as the village of Nango. The next day I reached Odawarra, which is a large town. It contains the ruins of an old castle, of which the walled parapets only remain; but they are worth looking at as specimens of Japanese fortification. Not less noteworthy is their style of building, which is almost Cyclopean in the size of the blocks of stone. The Tocaido from this enters a very picturesque valley with a bright clear stream running through it, and there are some particularly fine pine-trees along the road. Hata is a village noted, like most of those hereabouts, for the manufacture of wooden work, such as boxes, cups, and

various articles of a fanciful and useful character. From Hata the ascent is very steep to the base of Stango-yama, the name given to two Mamelon-like hills at this point. The road is here high, and for a couple of miles was covered with snow and ice; the date was the end of January. Even at Hakoni, to which you have to descend, there were patches of snow, and the water froze at night where I slept. The lake at Hakoni, surrounded by steep hills with Fuji-yama beyond, is considered to be the finest point for views of that mountain. From the top of the ridge beyond the village a glorious view may be got, giving the Gulf of Suruga away to the left, while Fuji can be seen from its base upwards.

The name Fuji-yama was explained to me as meaning "the one not two mountain,"—that is, there is no second to it, meaning to express that it is "peerless." It is a regular, conical-formed mountain, its shape telling clearly of its volcanic origin. Numerous small mounds towards the base can be made out, all of them craters. The Japanese authorities state that it was as late as 200 B.C. when Fuji first appeared, and that when it was thrown up Lake Biwa also came into view some two hundred miles away to the west. An eruption took place in 1706, and cinders were thrown as far as Yeddo. The mountain is considered to be sacred, and there are numerous shrines around it, where charms are sold to the pilgrims.

Various estimates of its height have been given, but it is generally accepted as being 14,000. Although not equal in point of height to Mont Blanc, it is more im-

pressive, standing as it does "peerless," its base sloping down to the sea-shore, and Oyama, which is only 6000 feet, being the only rival within sight.

On my return I came by Ashinoyou, where there are hot sulphur springs, telling that Fuji has still the central fires in action. These springs are frequented for their medicinal qualities. The journey by Ashinoyou was mostly over snow, and it was only when I neared Meanoshta that we descended low enough to get out of it. At Meanoshta there are hot baths, but the water is said to have no chemical qualities; still the place is frequented for these baths, and the hot water is led in bamboo pipes about half a mile to the tea-house in the village, where there are very-nicely-kept bathing-houses. It is so arranged that the hot water is in constant flow, and it is as clear as crystal. These tea-houses in Japan make travelling easy. They are to be found in almost every village, and are delightful places—cleanliness being here carried to perfection. They generally look out upon a garden with miniature mountains, rocks, waterfalls, lakes, and temples. At Odawarra I was taken to a new tea-house which copied European customs. My coolie told me it was "all the same as Yokohama." I found only a base imitation, and would recommend travellers to the original Japan tea-house wherever it can be found.

From Meanoshta my programme was to have kept by the hills to Oyama, but the snow was too heavy, and we returned to Odawarra, and from that by Matzda—where I put up in a temple, there being no tea-house—and by Menongé to Oyama. This word is composed of O, an

honorific prefix, and Yama, a mountain. It is translated "Great Mountain," but it would be better to render it "Sir Mountain;" and "K.C.B." might be added, for it is, or was, a very sacred place—so much so that soldiers used to guard it, and it was some time before Europeans were suffered to get to the top of it. At last it was "carried," to use the military phrase, by a midnight attack on the 23rd November, 1866. The force which accomplished this consisted of W. H. Smith, Captain Roberts, 9th Regiment, Lieutenant King, R.M.A., and Lieutenant Hawes, R.M.L.I. Some of these gentlemen had tried to do it on a previous occasion, and were made prisoners. At the present day no obstacle is offered to any one going up. Oyama is about 6000 feet high, and on its summit are some interesting temples, one of them having two large swords suspended in front. I measured the biggest of them, and found it, including the handle, to be 106 inches; and the scabbard is a most beautiful piece of metal-work. Why swords are placed in temples I did not understand; but they are common. In a Buddhist temple below a curious practice is kept up. In a level court in front about thirty or forty pups were running about. The pilgrims all paid a coin, and got small balls of cooked rice, which they threw to these animals. No full-grown dogs were visible; and where they got so many pups was beyond the linguistic powers of my coolie to explain. Being a Buddhist temple, I set it down as a relic of that tenderness for animal life which Buddhism has always inculcated.

I fell in with streams of pilgrims climbing up the steep sides of this hill. Men, women, and children—all

ranks were to be seen. I am more struck with the likeness of human nature everywhere than by its differences. After seeing all this, I come home and find that Europe is trying to recall the past, and is making pilgrimages also.

It was at this tea-house that the mistress of it called my attention to her son's hair, as being in the European cut. I spent the afternoon walking about the village sketching, and this boy attached himself to me; and when I returned, his father appeared, and introduced himself as an artist. He produced his colours, and showed me his manner of working, and made me a present of the subjects he produced. It is strange to be so far away—that is, geographically—and yet to feel yourself so perfectly at home. I had had my dinner, but I went downstairs, and sat beside them while they had theirs—partly from curiosity to see domestic details. Afterwards we had music, and art, from my brother brush; and what more does human nature require?

From this I went away to Meyonachi, and returned by Tanna to Yokohama, very much pleased with my tour. Mr. Smith, of the Y. U. Club, arranged it all for me; and I can recommend any one visiting Japan, and wishing to see the interior, to trust himself into the same hands.

The romantic history of Will Adams, an English pilot, who lived in Japan in the time of Queen Elizabeth and James the First, is well known; and an important discovery had just been made in relation to it only a short time before my arrival. This was the discovery of the

tomb of Adams and of his Japanese wife. The Dutch sent out a fleet of five ships, the largest of which, of 250 tons, carried 130 men; the smallest, of 75 tons, carried 56 men. Adams went as pilot of the "Charity," 160 tons and 110 men. This was the only vessel of the fleet which reached Japan; and when she arrived most of her crew had died, and the few men left were so ill that there were not men enough to work the ship. In spite of the enmity of the Portuguese, Adams became a great favourite with the Emperor. He built some ships after the English model of the time, and gave the Emperor lessons in geometry and mathematics. So high a position did he attain, that the Emperor conferred on him the rank of a nobleman, and made him lord of a village with the power of life and death over its inhabitants. Adams had left a wife and daughter on the banks of the Thames, and he wanted to return home to see them; but the Emperor would not part with a man so valuable. Cocks says of him, "He was in such favour with the two Emperors of Japan as never Christian was, and might freely have entered, and had speech with the Emperors when many Japan kings stood without and could not be permitted." He died on the 16th May, 1620, and the "Royal James," which was in Japan at the time, took home the news of his death. He had made a will, and divided his money between his Japanese wife and the English one. This will is yet to be seen in the archives of the East India Company.

Mr. Walter, a gentleman now in Yokohama, having read in Hildreth's "Japan and the Japanese" that William Adams, with Captain Saris and other Englishmen

of the British ship "Clove," had visited, in 1613, the bronze figure of Dai-Bootz, and had—after the custom of visitors—written their names on the inside, visited the place to see if any vestige of the names could be found; but nothing was visible. The pale ale of the priest was patronized while the subject was being talked over; and the result was that, a week afterwards, the priest came into Yokohama, and stated that in a native book called the "Miurashi," he found that Adams—or Anjin-Sama, as he had been called—lived at the small village of Hemi-Mura, near Yokoska. On going thither it was found that some relics of Will Adams were still carefully preserved. One of these was a Buddhist figure in bronze, supposed to be from Siam. This was preserved in the village temple with the most reverential care; also a palm-leaf covered with writing, likewise supposed to be from Siam. The head man of the village still preserved a letter written in Japanese by Adams, showing how well he had learned the language of the country; and on the top of a hill behind the village they showed his tomb close to that of his wife. The inscription upon it is now unreadable; but it is the tomb of a Hatamoto, which was the rank given to Adams by Gongen Sama. The date on the wife's grave was made out, and is "Kan-jiu-ichi-nen, 7th month, 16th day," i. e. A.D. 1633, or 240 years ago, and showing that she survived Adams about thirteen years. Mr. Walter has at his own expense put the whole place in repair, for it was overgrown with grass and bushes; and it is now a shrine to which few Englishmen visiting Japan will fail to make a pilgrimage. I had the pleasure of going

there with my friend Mr. Barnard, and Mr. Walter was himself our guide. The priest at the temple took out the figure, handling it most reverently for me to sketch it; and the head man of the village presented Mr. Walter with Will Adams's Japanese letter. On first visiting the village he offered any money for this relic, but they refused to allow him to have it. When, however, he had repaired the tomb, and manifested so great an interest in the matter, they showed their appreciation of his kindness by presenting it to him. Mr. Walter was so delighted that he most unselfishly proposed, instead of keeping the relic himself, to send it home to be placed beside the will of the writer in the India House—an intention I hope he has carried out.

We climbed up the hill to see the tombs, which are on a summit overlooking the sea. We know that Adams wanted to return to his native land; but he was retained in a state which we must call that of the most honourable captivity. We can understand how his thoughts would often wander to the Thames and the Medway; how a point with a good sea-view would have attractions for his mind; and how with the eye of a mariner he would watch the horizon to see if perhaps a sail might rise into view, coming from the land to which he so desired to return. Such is the spot where this man was buried; and I can believe that, being a favourite haunt of his, he had selected it for his burying-place, for there are no other graves except the two. The view from it is most beautiful. It is, in fact, a part of the landscape already noticed, and now known as "The Plains of Heaven." After looking for some time over the sea, a sudden

thought occurred to me—Is Fuji-yama visible from this point? Looking round to the left, I could see its spotless peak between two trees, and could understand that this was one of the attractions which had drawn him to this spot, when living, and made him choose it as his last resting-place at the end.

Hemi-mura is in a bay, or series of inlets, one of which, called Yokoska, is now a naval station of the Japanese Government. It so happens that in their fleet they follow the English system, and we can suppose that the spirit of Will Adams still hovers about the old locality, and derives a pleasure from what is going on. A very fine new graving-dock has been made, and her Majesty's ship "Rinaldo" was in it at the time of our visit, undergoing repairs. We walked along the coast about eight miles, to visit a quaint old seaport, called Ooranga, in a rocky inlet opening out to the Gulf of Suruga.

The only other excursion I made was to Tokska, to see some excavated caves. They are not far from Yokohama, and can be reached in about a couple of hours on horseback. They are curious, but not ancient; and, in fact, have only been made within the last few years.

The night before I left Japan I was invited to a purely native dinner, only one or two of the guests being Europeans. It was in a Japanese house, and we had to leave our boots on the outside and go up a steep stair in our stockings. In the room we found on the floor small mat-like cushions, about twenty-four inches square, and, following the custom of the country, I placed my knees on

this, as if I had knelt to pray. In this position a Jap can sit for hours; but as my joints had been educated in another quarter of the universe, the pose had to be often changed during the dinner. Japanese ladies were among the party, and I chanced to have one on each side of me. To the one on my right, whose name was "Chika," I was indebted for most of my dinner. As the dinner was purely Japanese, there were no knives or forks—only chop-sticks. These are not unlike pencils, but I have not yet met an artist who had tried to draw with two pencils, and that ought to be quite as easy as eating with chop-sticks. In Chika's hands the two bits of wood seemed to do anything, and she most kindly came to my rescue when I was making what I may literally call a mess of it. There is an old saying that fingers were made before forks, and I feel certain that archæological investigation will make it clear that fingers were also ante-chopstick. The dishes were peculiar. Soup, with sea-weed to give it a flavour, was, I considered, a happy thought. Fish and duck together formed a mixture I had never heard of before. Revenge is clearly to be distinguished from just retribution, and this was my feeling when a course of shark was stuffed into my mouth by Chika's chop-sticks. As shark has so often eaten *mes semblables*, it was turning the tables, in the most literal sense, to eat instead of being eaten. What the various dishes were made of I cannot exactly say. Courage has never yet failed me in moments of danger, but I confess that I felt some timidity during that dinner, and, with regard to some of the dishes, I should have liked to know of what they were composed. I could now

listen to the information unmoved, but I was anxious to appear not to shrink from doing justice to what our entertainers evidently considered was especially excellent. So, mentally, I closed my eyes, and opened my mouth and took whatever was offered. It ought to have been stated that our table was the floor, but then a Japanese floor is as clean as any table in the world. It was wondrous at last to see how it got covered with bowls, cups, plates, saucers, and innumerable quaint bits of pottery of all colours—black, red, blue, and white. The native wine is called saki, a spirit distilled from rice. It is taken in small porcelain cups, and the method of challenging your friends at table is to dip your own cup into a bowl of water placed beside you for the purpose, and then to throw it to the person whom you wish to compliment. Your friend catches it in the air, and the attendant then pours out the saki. Cricketers, with their experience of bowling and catching, would have an advantage when complying with this custom. It is very amusing, and I can warmly recommend its introduction as something likely to give life to dinner-parties at home.

Japanese, like all other Orientals, neither sing nor dance. They hire people to do these things for them, and on this night a musician and a dancer appeared about the end of the dinner. The musician was a girl, who performed on a samisen, or guitar. The dancing was little more than posturing. At the end of each performance we complimented them, after the manner of the country, by throwing one of the drinking-cups and saying "Ohio," which is a much-used salutation in Japan; and this word,

expressive of farewell, we had soon to use that night, for it was necessary to return to my quarters to pack up and be ready for the steamer next morning.

The Japanese call their country "Nipon." Marco Polo describes an island "five hundred leagues in the ocean," which he calls "Cipango" or "Zipangi," and it is supposed to be Japan. He says that it abounds in gold, precious stones, and choice articles of commerce, and that the monarch had a palace roofed with gold instead of lead.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PACIFIC.

After staying a month in Japan, I left on the 24th February, 1873, to cross the Pacific by the American line known as the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. It also owns the Australian line, as well as Panama and local lines near San Francisco, its head-quarters. Their ships are built on the American model, of wood, with paddles, and the walking-beam dancing a jig near the top of the funnel. My berth was on board the "Alaska," 4011 tons, Captain Lachlin. The "China" and "Japan" of the same company are newer and even larger ships. One great necessity for size in these vessels is the quantity of coals they have to take; in our case we started with 1300 tons on board—a large ship's cargo itself—and even with this quantity they have to be careful on the first half of the trip. Our voyage from Yokohama to San Francisco was twenty-six days, averaging about 200 miles in the twenty-four hours. The direct distance is 4674 miles, but in the winter months they go south till they strike the 30° of north latitude, which is kept all the way till near the American coast, when they have to go north again. This course increases the distance to 5250 miles.

These ships, being large, have roomy accommodation. The saloon is wide and spacious, like a hall, and there is

ample space in the berths; but they are not good as ocean boats. When the wind is with them they can set but little sail to take advantage of it, and when it is ahead the paddle-boxes and high houses on deck greatly retard the progress. A wind on the beam, which a screw steamer could make use of to save coals, is of no avail; even with a breeze on the bow, while a vessel on the English model could derive some benefit from it, one of this shape would have even to expend coal in struggling to make way. The company intend to make a thorough change, and to adopt a newer style of vessel. The American marine-engine, which we are all familiar with from its walking-beam above deck, is a very good working machine, but it must succumb at last to the new compound engine. The Americans were quite right to retain their own speciality, for it was a good design, and its valves work with wonderful simplicity. But its day is gone. The screw is better adapted for the ocean than the paddle, and as the new high-and-low pressure mode of working saves coals, it will become the only type used in the future for ships which are to make long voyages.

On the map there is an island marked as on our route in the 30° of latitude. This is the only point of land indicated between Japan and America. The officers on this line say that they have never seen the place, and as they have passed it so often one must conclude that the captain who reported it, and after whom it is supposed to be named, must have been seeing even more than double, and have been gifted with "second sight," or something of that kind, when he made the discovery.

At 180° west longitude—counting from Greenwich

—we reach the point which is half-way round the world. This is, roughly speaking, very near the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Going east, the same day has to be repeated, and going west a day has to be thrown overboard. We were at this particular longitude on Saturday, 8th March, and we had two Saturdays that week, and two days which we dated 8th of March that month. By means of this operation our day of the week, as well as the day of the month, agreed with the date at San Francisco on our arrival. The traveller going eastward round the world will thus have 366 days in his year, but this is compounded for by a fraction of time lost each twenty-four hours.

We found the Pacific not untrue to its name. There were one or two days which we might say were not quite smooth; but a storm, or a gale, or even a rough sea, we did not encounter the whole way. Crossing such a vast ocean is apt to make one moralize. Should anything happen to the ship, what are your chances? During the greater part of the voyage you are a thousand or two thousand miles away from either continent, and islands on the way are doubtful. According to Homer, the ocean was the parent of all, but in the event of an accident to your ship the chances are that it would be the grave of every one on board.

We may imagine that certain notions held in past times would have strangely affected those who, believing in them, had taken to going all round the world by a route like this. For they held that going sunwise was good and lucky, while going the opposite way was unpropitious. The Lama monk twirls his mani, or praying-cylinder, in one

direction on this account, and he fears lest a stranger should get his wheel and turn it the other way, thus destroying whatever virtue it had acquired. They also build piles of stones and uniformly pass them on one side in going and on the other side in returning, thus making a circuit in imitation of the sun. The ancient dagopas of India and Ceylon were also thus circumambulated. The Mahomedan performs the "tawaf," or circuit of the Caaba after the same fashion, and it is an old Irish and Scotch custom to go "Deisul," or sunwise, round houses and graves, and to turn their bodies in this way at the beginning and end of journeys for luck, as well as at weddings and various ceremonies. To turn the opposite way was called by them "withershins," and supposed to be an act intimately connected with the purposes of the Evil One. Witches danced this way, and in imitation of the same read prayers backwards. The author of "Olrig Grange," in an early poem, describes this most graphically :—

Hech! sirs, but we had grand fun
Wi' the muckle black deil in the chair
And the muckle Bible upside doon,
A' gangin' withershins roun' and roun',
And backwards saying the prayer.

About the warlock's grave,
Withershins gangin' roun',
And kimmer and carline had for licht
The fat o' a bairn they buried that nicht,
Unchristen'd beneath the moon.

(*Confession of Annaple Gowdie. From the "Bishop's Walk."*)

I had been very busy in China and Japan, and it was only during the comparative leisure of the passage across

the Pacific that I had time to recall these things, and I found to my horror that I was going all round the world the wrong way, that is "Withershins." Whenever I find that the powers of evil have prevailed against me I shall be able now to account for it; if future calamities should come I shall know that it was wholly owing to my having gone round the world in opposition to the way of the sun.

To arrest Russian aggression was supposed to have been the chief object of the Crimean war, and we have had before us for some time the Central Asian question, which is as old as the war in Cabool. The encroachments of Russia on Chinese territory form another branch of the same subject. As my travels have given me some knowledge of these political situations I have often indulged in speculations on the future probabilities of events, and I have to confess to a change in my ideas, in at least one part of this subject, resulting from my present journey.

My former notions were something of this sort. The Russian people are in the main of a Tartar stock. Mongolian is the old name given to this race by Blumenbach, but the more modern word Turanian is not very different in its signification. We have the old phrase ascribed, I think, to Napoleon:—

"Grattez un Russe, et vous trouverez un Tartare."

The governing class of that country may be Aryan or Caucasian; but the quotation applies to the body of the people, who are the real stamina of power in war and conquest, and I feel certain that Russia could never subdue a nation of the higher type unless they were a small com-

munity, or were under a condition of political demoralization at the time. In proof of this we have the defence of the people of the Caucasus, a mere geographical speck, divided into clans like the Highlanders of old, each clan fighting for its "ain hand," like the Smith at the North Inch of Perth; yet with all these disadvantages it took the great Colossus of the North something like a score of years to accomplish their subjection. Turkey is not yet conquered, and it is now considered that she is not likely to be so. Had the population of that country been Tartar, her fate would have been settled long ago. India being inhabited by an Aryan race was conquered and held by us in virtue of our being of the same stock. Russia may some day attempt the conquest of Hindostan, but, for the ethnic reason just given, her chances of success are not great, and for the same reason the probabilities of success over the Trans-Himalayan portions of Asia amount almost to certainty. The map of Russia already illustrates all this. The progress of that country westward, among the Caucasian population of Europe, has been small; but, on the other hand, consider the huge territory, extending east to Behring's Straits, where she has long ago extended her dominions among the Turanian races, and from what she has already done, we get fair data from which the future may be indicated. These facts are palpable, and the explanation is easily understood.

The result of my speculations then was this,—that Russia is not likely to conquer on the western side of the Himalayas, but that the ethnic principle will continue to act, that her line of advance will be on the eastern side

among the people of a Turanian type, and that China will in the course of time fall to her. On this last point I have been obliged to modify my conclusions.

All round the coast of China and Japan I found another power which, from geographical considerations, I think must in due time become the dominating power in that region. This is America. It is only within the last ten years that the Americans have increased and become what they already are in that quarter, but it is only the beginning of what must be in the due course of events.

That which struck me first was the number of what I may call "American Institutions" in China and Japan. American steamers are doing the local traffic on the rivers and at all the treaty ports. At hotels, clubs, and all such places, American bars, with drinks of wondrous names, may be found. I had never tasted a "cock-tail" till I reached Hong Kong, but I afterwards found that there is not a house in China or Japan where the switch for frothing it up is not to be seen. American stoves, carriages—in fact American "notions" of every kind—may be seen and studied in China as perfectly as in America itself. The American business transactions are as yet nothing in comparison to that of the English houses; but they are increasing, and as the population of America grows there will be a corresponding increase in the demand for tea. Since the end of the Civil War the naval force in the Chinese sea has been doubled. All things point to the future and betoken the natural result. It is not supposed in this theory that the Americans have any policy which includes the conquest of China. None of the great powers have any such scheme in contemplation.

If such were the case, England, with India as her basis, could easily settle the question. Geographically, from our sea communication with India, we are nearer than Russia, although the population of England is the furthest off. San Francisco in point of distance is the nearest, hence the commercial connexion has marked advantages tending to growth, and the visible rapidity of that growth is an evidence of what the future is likely to be.

There is a commerce over the great deserts of Mongolia; but think of its difficulties in comparison with the voyage across the Pacific. Think how many camels it would require, and how much time must be spent on a journey across these dreary wastes, to carry 1000 tons of cargo; and any one will see that Russia has no chance of commercial competition with America. This same advantage would be on the side of America, if a struggle of interests in China should ever lead to war between these two powers.

As England gained India and her various possessions by her command of the sea, so the Pacific must give China to America. There is only one disturbing influence likely to affect this result, and that is a very long way off as yet—namely, Australia. As a power that country is as yet only an infant, but what may it not do in the fulness of time? Another century may see her fleets competing with America for supremacy on the Pacific. The whole subject is an affair of the future, and there it may for the present be left.

As bearing on this question, the coal supply is now an important matter, and it would seem that the supply is ample. Japan produces a large quantity, but it is not

considered good; coal exists in Formosa, but has not been much worked. There are coal-mines also in Labuan; but English coal is sent out, and some now comes from Australia. China itself has numerous coal-fields, one of which is in Shansi. This field, according to the Baron Von Richthofen, in his paper read before the British Association this year, is calculated to extend over 400,000 square miles, and "to be capable of supplying the whole world, at the present rate of consumption, for thousands of years to come."

The emigration of Chinese to America brings out more clearly the connexion between the two countries. On board the "Alaska" we had 1250 Coolies, something like the usual number brought over every trip by the ships of this line. One would think that such a number of emigrants would interfere greatly with the comfort of the passengers; but from the size of the vessels, the very carefully arranged system, and the docility of the Chinamen, no inconvenience is felt.

One of them died on the way, and the body was embalmed, in order that it might be sent back to China—a necessary condition, as they suppose, of getting to heaven.

CHAPTER XXV.

SAN FRANCISCO.

On the morning of the 21st March we were in a thick fog. At last the sun broke through, producing a brilliant but still soft rainbow, and the Farallon lighthouse appeared, telling us the course to steer. The fog soon cleared up in the other direction, and we got a glimpse of the Pacific Coast of America. By mid-day we were passing Fort Point, and entering by the "Golden Gate." A few minutes later the "Golden City," or "Frisco," as it is more familiarly called, was seen, and the splendid bay over which it looks opened to our view.

The entrance to this bay is very striking. On the north side is a most picturesque piece of coast scenery, with perpendicular cliffs of rock, rich in colour, against which the waves from the Pacific dash themselves into white foam. On the south side, in a style reminding me of the old forts at Sebastopol, is the Fort, whose walls, like those of Jericho, would go to pieces with the first roar from the sides of a modern ironclad. On this account, newer and more formidable works are being constructed on both sides of the Golden Gate. As we sailed in we saw other earthen forts, some finished, others in course of construction; while Alcatras, a strong fort on an island, is right ahead. On the parapets of the place we could see what looked like ponderous black ginger-beer bottles, whose

corks would be sure to fly out, were an enemy coming in, and sweep right down the passage. I think that if any one, after seeing Bombay, were to enter the bay of San Francisco, he could not help comparing the two. Their great inland harbours, perfectly protected from any wind that blows, could contain all the shipping of this planet, and of all the other planets as well, should they favour us with a visit. Islands in the bay, and mountains in the distance, still further help to carry out the resemblance. With the bay the likeness ceases, for San Francisco and Bombay, as towns, are altogether dissimilar. One point only they have in common,—they are both Cities of the Future. The one will, at some period, and at no very distant day in these fast-going times, be the great commercial port of the Indian Ocean, and the other the Queen of Commerce on the Pacific.

As to "Frisco" itself little need be said. That which was new to me was a city, built almost entirely of wood, and paved with wood. All architecture can, in every country, be traced back to a wooden origin; every stone form can be followed through many stages to this source. With some knowledge of this, it was amusing to find that in San Francisco the process has been reversed, and that all the architectural forms now produced in stone have been copied in wood. Except in the business parts of the town, the houses are exactly like our suburban villas; and you find the Classic, Gothic, and Elizabethan styles, from the humble cottage to the lordly mansion, all produced with logs, beams, and planks, and, in some cases, most elaborately ornamented. They put on some kind of sticky paint and sprinkle over it a fine sand, so

that, even to the touch, it would pass for stone; and the resemblance is so good in this, as well as in the architectural details, that I was at first uncertain as to the material which had been employed. Stone is plentiful enough, and is now being used for the business houses; but owing to the frequency of earthquakes, which are generally slight, and as there is no security that an extra "quake" may not take place some day, the people are shy of using stone for their dwellings.

A splendid new park has just been laid out upon the high ground west of the town, and it will extend down as far westward as the beach. With the exception of clouds, and things of that sort, there will be nothing between this place and Japan to interrupt the view. It is laid out with streets on each side, and before another generation has passed away, it will be the fashionable quarter of the Golden City.

One morning I came upon a large Roman Catholic church, with an inscription on the outside in large letters, stating that it was dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi. It is curious how the mind is led by words; my thoughts instantly ran off to Italy, and it was a second or two before I remembered that I was in a town dedicated to St. Francis. A friend, to whom I mentioned this, proposed to take me to see "The Mission," the first church of St. Francis of the Spanish or Mexican settlement, which, with a school and a house or two, was all that existed of San Francisco before the discovery of the gold in that region. It is now in the suburbs of the present city, and a tram-omnibus took us there in about ten or fifteen minutes. It is an old church, built of sun-dried bricks,

called by the Spanish "Adobes," now commonly in California pronounced "Dobies." The interior is very plain, with rude pictures representing events in the life of St. Francis and the Virgin. The outside looks as if Grecian Doric had been the intended style. There is a graveyard on one side, with a strange variety of nationalities dwelling in peace within it. Names from South and North America, and the whole of Europe, may be found on its inscriptions. There are stone and marble monuments, but as many were only of wood, or with wooden railings, which are much decayed, the place has rather a melancholy appearance.

One of the people belonging to the Mission told me that the church was founded in July, 1776, and that three years hence, when the anniversary of the American Independence will be celebrated all over the States, they will have a double celebration. To an archæologist, this is about the only thing in the shape of antiquity to be found in San Francisco. If I remember right, a new church is in contemplation.

I had some walks through the Chinese quarters to see what aspect my old friends presented in the new world. John is a very old name; I should like to hear a really learned philologist give its original signification. In the old wars with France we used to call Frenchmen "Johnny Crapaud;" in the Crimean war, as we were allies of the Turks, we addressed them as "Bono Johnny;" and a native of the Flowery kingdom is "John Chinaman" wherever the English tongue is spoken. Hence the name by which he is known all over the western States of America. He is "John" everywhere. In San Fran-

cisco John thrives. At first, when every kind of labour was scarce, he was hailed as a blessing by all. He cooked, he washed, he dug, he built, in that steady, industrious way which is his marked peculiarity. When the diggings began to be used up, and many returned to find work at their old employments, and emigration brought a plentiful supply of white labour, John came to be looked upon as a rival. This feeling has grown and taken such root that I am informed the police are always looking in another direction when some drunken brute is amusing himself by kicking a Chinaman. While this was going on, the capitalists defended the Chinese emigration, we may easily suppose, because it made labour cheap; but lately some of these Johns have, by such virtues as industry and frugality, earned enough money to start as employers of labour themselves. This is the last phase of the Chinese emigration question in California, and now, being a rival to the capitalist, John Chinaman has the whole population against him, and it is becoming as near to a war of races as can be. John has not a friend in California, and if I should have a "Massacre of Chinese" from anywhere in that locality served up as part of my breakfast news any morning, I shall not be in the least surprised.

I saw a manifestation of this feeling one evening at the Circus, where one of the attractions was a prize for the best conundrum on the Epizootic, a disease which had made all the horses in California useless while I was there. The quaint humour of American wit, and I confess to some admiration of it, stands too high in the world to require a compliment, so I may make my remarks on this case

without being supposed to be a Britisher finding fault with American institutions. Well, I never was present at a more dreary exhibition in my life. But to the point: one of the conundrums was, "Why is John Chinaman like the Epizootic?"—"Because he comes where he is not wanted," was the answer.

It might be doubted if this effort could be included within the strict meaning of the word conundrum, but that was not thought of at the moment; it touched the feeling of the audience, and "brought down the house." From that time I felt the chasm over which John stands. Americans brought Chinese to California for their own benefit, and if anything does occur the crime is not John's.

When they began first to import the heathen Chinese, they were very much astonished to find that he was an educated man. He could read and write, and my readers will understand how, and why, he knows the classical books of his country. If you pass a house in San Francisco, or even a wooden shanty anywhere in California, and see John through the window washing or ironing, you will be sure to see also a piece of bright orange-coloured paper over the door, with Chinese characters, telling the name of the person within.

Americans are much surprised that the Chinaman has no admiration for the political institutions of the United States. As he was a heathen, it was not to be expected that he would go to church, or care much for the religion of the West; but it was thought that the glorious principles of the Republic might dazzle the small eyes of the benighted Mongol. Strange to say, they did not! John

treats everything out of his own country with the most stolid indifference. At the beginning of the Chinese emigration, American politicians took into consideration the question of John being made a citizen, the important point as to his vote, and the still more serious problem as to how he would use his vote if he got one. Those who like the amusing side of a case rather chuckled at the politicians, when, after much serious discussion, it was discovered that John neither wanted a vote, nor had any desire to be an American citizen.

The only institution in America to which the Chinaman is not indifferent is the dollar. The only object he has in coming to the country is to chin-chin this Almighty Joss, and as soon as he gets a certain amount he returns by the Golden Gate back over the Pacific again to the land of his birth, where he marries and settles down a well-to-do man. I was told that many will return when they get 400 or 500 dollars, and buy a house for their father and mother—a very good kind of ancestral worship —and then come back to California to earn enough to make their own future comfortable.

To return to his own country, either living or dead, is the desire of the Chinaman. In the chief cemetery of San Francisco, there is a large house or vault where bodies are kept till they can be trans-shipped.

I made a trip to Saucelito, on the north side of the Golden Gate, and climbed the hills behind, getting a fine view of the bay. Every spot round lay as in a map beneath me. April is a splendid month for flowers in California, and on the tops of the hills the masses of colour, of every hue, were most beautiful. Some of the slopes of these

heights were covered with buttercups and orange poppies, making large spaces seem as if solid gold were shining through the earth. This glorious colour would itself have justified the use of the word "golden" as applied to the city and ocean gate by which it is approached. To me, with an old love of flowers, this was the real Auriferous produce of the region. If in this botanical estimate of California we include the golden grain of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, it may yet be found that my estimate is the right one, and that the real gold-mines of the country will be the vegetable products which the soil yearly brings forth. If all the labour which has been expended to lead water miles out of its course for mining purposes had been applied to the less attractive but more useful object of irrigating the soil, the Californians might, I suspect, have been able to say with king Philip,—

> "The glorious sun
> Stays in his course, and plays the Alchymist;
> Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
> The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold."
>
> KING JOHN, Act iii. Scene 1.

For want of a shower or two this season, 1873, the crops of California have been a complete failure, whereas last year they were so abundant, that every ship which could be got was laden, and sent round Cape Horn to England. A good full harvest seldom occurs oftener than every four or five years. To obviate this, the farmers are taking up the question of irrigation, and have some ground already under its operation. The Government have appointed a Commission to report on the subject of

the Merced river and the irrigation of the San Joaquin Valley. General Alexander of the U.S. Engineers, and Mr. Brierton are prominent members of the Commission, and were at work on the subject before I left. Mr. Brierton has had considerable experience in India, and with the go-a-head character of the people, it needs but little foresight to see what the future will be. They will soon turn the fine, cloddy earth of the Sacramento and San Joaquin to glittering gold.

A trip from San Francisco to Calistoga with its hot sulphur springs, and on to the Geysers next day, is worth doing. The myth of that sheet of brown paper which I was told got burned up at times in the Red Sea, would find easy credence at this place. At the Geysers it will be found that the Gehenna fires have burned through and made holes, from which steam and hot liquids issue, bringing with them a strong smell of the region whence they come. The names of the places are significant. There is the Witches' Cauldron, the Devil's Workshop, where you hear the noise as of wheels beneath, the Devil's Pulpit, the Devil's Kettle, the Devil's Steam-pipe, which at times screams like a railway whistle. Sulphur, alum, magnesia, vermilion, oxide of mercury, epsom salts, in fact, anything almost in a druggist's shop may be found on the place, which looks like a burnt sore on the face of the hill. There are materials here for almost every kind of medicinal baths, which will no doubt be some day utilised, and the place will then become a favourite summer haunt of the Californians.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MODOC WAR.

BEING in San Francisco when the news arrived of the assassination of General Canby and Dr. Thomas by the Modocs, I determined to make for the locality. General Kelton, belonging to the headquarters of the army of the Pacific, gave me letters to General Gillem, commanding the troops of the Modoc Expedition, and to other officers connected with it. But before entering on the war path it may be as well to give some account of the deaths of General Canby and Dr. Thomas, for it was that event and the treachery connected with it which has excited so much interest and given such importance to the Modoc war.

After the great Franco-German war, where one side had 800,000 men in the field, it is a striking contrast to hear of another which, at the time of my visit, had already lasted about six months, in which battles had been fought, one of them lasting three days, and in which on one side,—the Modoc,—it was supposed that there were only forty-five armed men. The first hostilities took place in November, 1872, and a second battle was fought on the 17th January. In both cases the Indians had the victory on their side, although with enormous odds against them. After the last engagement the Government at Washington became anxious to have the matter peacefully arranged, and gave orders to suspend

Heliotype. *From the* ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

ASSASSINATION OF GEN. CANBY BY CAPTAIN JACK.

hostilities. At the same time they appointed a Peace Commission. This was composed of the Rev. Dr. Thomas, a Methodist clergyman of San Francisco, Mr. Meacham, and Mr. Applegate, the last two belonging to the Agency for Managing Indian Affairs in Oregon. General Canby was appointed to the supreme command over both the army and the Peace Commission. After these gentlemen reached the Modoc country, a long time was spent in arranging a meeting with the Indian chiefs. Both sides were afraid of treachery; and past events, as will be shown, justified each in this feeling. Neither Captain Jack, the Modoc chief, nor any of his principal men would venture within the camp of the United States troops. On the other side, it was feared that as the hatchet had been unburied, and blood had been shed, the Indians would only look on the "Big Talk," or conference with the Commissioners, as an opportunity for vengeance not to be thrown away; and such turned out to be the case.

A meeting was at last agreed upon, and a place half way between the camp and the Modoc stronghold was selected for it. General Canby, Dr. Thomas, and Mr. Meacham met Captain Jack and a number of his warriors with him, all supposed to be unarmed. Mr. Riddle and his wife, who is a Modoc woman, went with the Commissioners to act as interpreters. The "Big Talk" went on for some time, and almost every one had a share in it, when Captain Jack at last making a side movement, turned suddenly round again, and shouting "Hetuck! Hetuck!" which means "all ready!" pulled out a revolver from his breast, and presented it at General Canby. The cap snapped, but he instantly recocked it and sent a ball through the

general's head. Two of the band attacked Dr. Thomas, who fell dead almost instantly. Mr. Meacham had better luck; he had a six-shooter in his pocket, and was able to show fight; his opponent, Schonshin, fired five times, hitting him each time, but none of the wounds were mortal. The last shot knocked Mr. Meacham over, and he remembers nothing afterwards, but it is believed that an effort was made to scalp him. The whole occurrence had been seen from the camp, but it was a mile away, and before the soldiers could get to the spot the Modocs were off to their stronghold, having stripped the general entirely naked and carried off his clothes. While this was going on, on the one side, another plan for assassination was being carried out on the other. The troops were in two camps, one on the west and the other on the east of the Modoc position, this last being under the command of Colonel Mason. Three Modocs and a flag of truce came out towards it, and the officer of the day went to meet them. The Modocs asked for Colonel Mason, but were told that he could not see them. On being asked what they wanted, they said, "Nothing," and the officer, Lieutenant Sherwood, told them to go back again. Thus they parted; but Lieutenant Sherwood had not moved many steps when two shots were fired at him, each taking effect, and he died next day.

It is thought that they expected to find Colonel Mason, and that it was their intention to kill him as well as General Canby and the Peace Commissioners, and by these acts to destroy what they considered to be the chiefs opposed to them. Such is the aim of all Indian warfare, and victory is pretty sure, according to their notions, to

follow when they succeed in such attempts; they do not seem to know that the head of an organized army is like the king, and never dies. The success of this treachery was not quite so complete as the Modocs had calculated on, for they had only managed to kill two of the big chiefs; still it was an unfortunate success—unfortunate for both sides. All deplore the loss of General Canby, who was held in the highest respect by every one; and Dr. Thomas was also looked upon as a good man. The misfortune to the Modocs was, that these two men whom they so foully massacred were their best friends, and were most anxious to see justice done in the quarrel. It is admitted that the Modocs had cause of complaint, and up to the time of the massacre they had the sympathy of many on their side. Even the Government at Washington, after their troops had suffered two defeats, felt that the Modoc claims deserved some attention, and it was in order to see justice done that a man so experienced and fair-minded as General Canby was put at the head of the Peace Commission. The foul treachery of the assassination changed the whole aspect of affairs. Whatever sympathy, or desire for the benefit of the Indians may have been entertained at Washington, or through the country generally, was at once extinguished. A deep feeling of indignation was excited in every breast, and a cry came from every part of the country for the utter extermination of the whole Modoc tribe.

When I left San Francisco for the war trail, I was in a state of almost complete ignorance about the Modoc war. The condition of the Indian tribes generally was a subject about which my ideas were very vague, but as I

went along I found that I was learning at every step. The amount of knowledge which I picked up in my hurried visit to the Modoc country is necessarily slight; but, slight as it is, it may be new to many, and I think the best way to give it will be to relate what I heard and saw as I went along.

As I moved north by train up the magnificent valley of the Sacramento, the cry for vengeance upon Captain Jack and all his tribe was at its highest. It was the only subject of conversation, and almost every one expressed a desire to have the shooting of the Modocs reserved for his special satisfaction. Some wished that Captain Jack had a hundred lives, and that they might be allowed to take them all. All kinds of terrible tortures were talked of. I began to speculate as to whether the Indians could be more bloodthirsty than these wishes indicated the white man to be. The mass of men seem, when roused by some wild passion, to lose all the good qualities that civilization has given them, and the original wild nature of the savage appears. The bourgeoisie of Paris were in this state when the Commune was put down. Their desire was "Shoot! kill! you cannot kill too many of them!" A fearful offering of blood was made to appease this cry. The Hindu goddess Kali, a name founded on the treble signification of Time, Death, and Darkness, is a personification of the terrible aspect of the universe—nothing but blood is offered at her temples; and here as I passed along I felt as if I had been in the midst of an incarnation of this blood-worshipped goddess.

At Redding, about 300 miles from San Francisco, the railway ends, and we had to go by stage-coach through

the valleys where the Sacramento river rises. The first stoppage to breakfast was at one of the primitive log-houses of the early settlers. Here we had the usual conversation about the Modocs, and the proprietor of the place being an old resident, I began to get some insight into the past relations between the white man and the redskins. So I will give some specimens of his style of talk. He expressed the usual warm desire to see the Modocs exterminated, and included the whole race of Indians in the same merciful sentiment. When he came to the place first there were lots of Indians about—they were as plentiful as ground-squirrels, and every fall white men used to go out and *shoot a hundred or two of them.* At the present moment he was sorry he could not get away, or he would take his rifle and go off to the Lava-beds himself, and knock over a lot of these Modocs. I reported this valiant warrior's wish at the camp, and there was a great regret that such valuable services were not to be had; for the regular army, with rifles, guns, and mortars, found it a most difficult matter to kill even one Modoc, and the one Modoc generally cost the lives of ten men. It was also explained to me that in the early days when settlers went out to shoot "a hundred or two" of the Indians, the latter were armed only with bows and arrows. Now the Modocs are armed with the newest breech-loading rifles, with which weapons they are first-rate shots.

This man's words were valuable chiefly as giving a retrospective peep into the character of past events which have taken place between the settlers and the Indians; and I have since been told by others that to understand

the Modoc difficulty completely I should have to go back, through the events of the last twenty years, to the time when the gold diggings on the Sacramento brought the great influx of white population to the country. There is no doubt it has been a history of lawlessness and of evil deeds of all kinds, perpetrated by both sides, and General Canby, Dr. Thomas, and other officers who have been sacrificed in the present war are only the innocent victims of a long series of iniquities.

It was immediately after hearing this conversation that, having walked down to the river where the coach had to cross by means of a ferry, I met, for the first time in my life, a real Indian chief on what I might term his "native heath." Before the coach came down and had got over the river I had secured a rough sketch of him. He was the chief of the M'Leod Indians, so named now from the M'Leod river, which here joins the Pit river, both being tributaries of the Sacramento. His Indian name was "Ochoolooly," but he is generally called M'Leod, and Captain M'Leod; in fact, he is "the M'Leod of M'Leod" of that part of the world. How unlike the Indian chief of one's boyish reading! All the war-paint and feathers were wanting. If you had met him about Wapping your conclusion that he belonged to some of the ships would have been most natural. He wore a wide-awake hat; a flannel shirt served at the same time for coat and vest; his dirty cotton trowsers were held tight at the waist by a belt, a pair of deer-skin moccassins on his feet being all that was left of the old costume. His daily occupation seemed to be that of coming to meet the coach and begging tobacco. He spoke almost no English, but he had

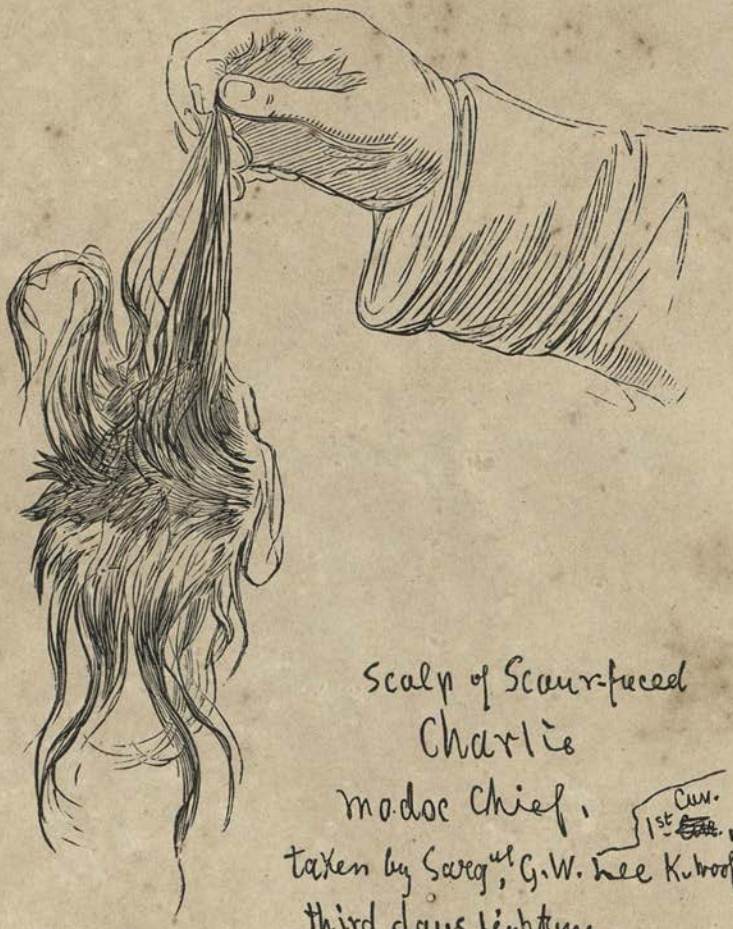
a half-caste Indian boy with him to do all the talking, and made inquiries as to whether we had any tobacco to give. The two followed the coach for about a couple of miles, and stopped where we could see the wickieups, or huts, of his family on the other side of the M'Leod river. These forms of domestic architecture are of a very primitive kind. They are made of sticks, mats, and straw, not unlike an inverted bird's-nest, but most birds generally construct a much more comfortable kind of habitation. Going along we saw these Indians at the various ranches, many of them being employed as servants. The M'Leod may be taken as a fair type of them all as they exist at the present day. They are usually dressed, both men and women, in cast-off clothes of the whites.

After thirty-three hours of the coach, we reached Yreka, the chief town of Siskiyou county. It is close to the border line of California and Oregon, and is the base for supplies to the Modoc Expedition. The Lava-beds were still eighty miles away to the eastward, and there are no conveyances except the waggons with Government stores for the troops. I had a letter of introduction to Colonel Stone, of the Quartermaster-General's department, who kindly arranged with a man to drive me out in a light team, two or three days being necessary for the distance. This was on a Thursday afternoon, and we learned that General Gillem had attacked the Modocs in their stronghold on the Tuesday, and that the fighting had been going on ever since. This made me most anxious to proceed, and I managed to get a start, and did fifteen miles that evening.

The next morning, after we got again on the way, we met a courier from the front, who reported that, after

three days' fighting, the stronghold in the Lava-beds had been captured, but that the Modocs had been able to escape; that they were at large and supposed to be going about the country killing and scalping every white man they met—they had already killed and mutilated a teamster employed by the Government, named Eugene Hovey—and that there was danger in every step to the front. My driver became scared at once. I got him to continue the route as far as Ball's Ranche, but I began to see that I should have great difficulties in advancing further. A Special Correspondent is thrown into many and various experiences, but to be travelling in a wild region, with the country haunted by fierce and desperate Indians, and the certain fate before you that if you are caught your body will be left so mutilated that your nearest relatives could not identify it, while your scalp will ornament the shot-pouch of a savage, was new to me, although I have had about as fair a share of adventure as most of my class.

Ranches are places where the white settlers live who breed stock,—in this region principally cattle. These ranches are wide apart, for the stock requires extended feeding grounds; and being thus isolated, they might be attacked in succession. So when we reached Ball's Ranche, the excitement produced by the news from the front was great. Teamsters were coming in, and all declared against going on till an escort came, or till news could be got that the road was safe. The fact that one of their number had been killed by the Modocs completely paralyzed them. My Jehu shared the general terror, and, although so near to the scene of action, I yet found myself powerless to proceed. The Modocs were all the



Scalp of Scour-faced
Charlie
Modoc Chief.
taken by Sarg^ut G.W. Lee K. Troop 1st Cav.
third days fighting.

Many believe to be Scour faced Charlie's Scalp, but others say that
is either Charlie Miller's or Steamboat Frank's W.S. April. 1873.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

talk, so I did little else but listen. The men among whom I found myself had been most of them about the country from the first arrival of the whites, and were familiar with both Oregon and California. They had all lived a rough life, and were a rough lot. Their language was peculiar, and I had difficulty at times in comprehending their meaning. Their chief peculiarity was the use of an enormous amount of profane swearing. Seventy-five per cent. of their words were oaths of the strongest kind; no matter what they spoke about, it was all prefaced and concluded by old sacred and ecclesiastical phrases. It was a style of talking which had its origin in the strange mass of humanity which first came to the country in the digging days. I asked one of them if there was any Act of Congress making it a penalty if they spoke without interlarding their speech with oaths. "Well," he said, "it's a bad custom, but we are all so long given to the habit that we cannot get over it." They were nearly all familiarly acquainted with every man in the Modoc camp; and, strange to say, the feeling for vengeance, so strong in other parts, was not so manifest here. Many of these rough men spoke in defence of the Indians, and I heard of the frequent injustice which the Modocs had suffered. One event they recounted to me, which, as it is the counterpart to the assassination of General Canby, ought to be related. In 1852 there was trouble with the Modoc tribe, and a man called Ben Wright organized a force of volunteers, which had two engagements near the Lava-beds, where the war was going on. Ben Wright's men were defeated in both fights, so he tried another method. He first proposed to

the Modocs that if they would come and have a Big Muck-a-muck, or dinner, the matter could be talked over; and the plan was to poison them all with strychnine. This he did not manage to carry out; but at last he got them to a Big Talk. Wright had his followers all ready, and at a signal given by him, which was the drawing of a revolver—exactly the same signal which Captain Jack used at the late assassination—they commenced the massacre. About thirty or forty were killed, and only six or seven escaped. Ben Wright, instead of being branded as an assassin, was fêted. A dinner and speeches laudatory were given him at Yreka. Some of the Modocs waited their time, and ultimately avenged the crime done to their tribe. Wright was murdered while asleep. The Indians who did this were hanged, but they gloried to their last moments in the revenge which they had accomplished. The man who related this to me said he had often heard the Modocs refer to this event, and speak of it with the most bitter feelings. The leading chiefs of the tribe were all boys or young men at the time, but none of them have forgotten the story, and there is no doubt that they felt they were revenging this old injury when they planned the equally foul massacre of the Peace Commissioners. In this also we have the reason why none of their chiefs would risk themselves into the camp of the whites during their late negotiations. This is some of the history, twenty years back, which it is necessary to know in order to understand the late Modoc war.

I heard of the relations of the settlers with the Indian squaws, of drunken quarrels, six-shooters and knives, performing a large part of the history; cattle-stealing and

evil doing of all kinds, treachery and murder being common events on both sides. Any one can easily imagine what must have been the result of savage Indians coming into contact with all the scoundrelism which went to that region when the gold fever broke out, and thus may form some idea of the causes which have led to the present troubles.

There is another aspect of the case which must be given in order to convey a complete notion of events. The people and Government of the United States have undoubtedly desired that some fairness at last should be meted out to the Indian tribes. The sense of justice in human nature must declare that these tribes have been cruelly wronged. They have been despoiled of their land, and many of them exterminated. To save what has been still left, the Indian Bureau has reserved lands in most of the States for them, and appointed Commissioners to look after the proper management of these lands, and of the money voted by Congress for the Indians.

But, sad to say, the intentions of the people and the Government have failed to be realized.

The greatest enemies of the Indians have been the very Commissioners appointed to look after their interests. All whom I have spoken to declare this to be the case. It is said that the very worst men were appointed—men unfit for anything else; and that mismanagement and blundering are not the worst of what has taken place. An idea may be formed from the fact, that out of 35,000 dollars a year voted for the Indians not five per cent. of it ever reached them. It is to the doings of these very Commissioners that the present disasters may be directly

traced. The reservation lands for the Indians in this quarter are in Oregon, on the east of the great Klamath Lake, but the region is so high and poor that the Modocs will not live upon it. It is somewhere over 6000 feet above the level of the sea. The land in this region is white on the surface with alkali, and produces little except sage-bush, and where sage-bush grows not much else will be found to thrive. Some of the Modocs were prevailed upon to go to the reservation, but after a trial they all returned to their old country, declaring that they would rather die than leave it again; and it was in an effort to force them that the military were called out and the first hostilities occurred. I made inquiries of the people at the ranches if the Modocs had been given to supplying themselves with beef from their cattle, and they all said that they had not. They did not object to a dead animal if they found it; like the Highlanders with "braxie," they rather preferred such meat. If they found cattle mired they would help them out, or come and report them at the ranche. Both Doris and Fairchild, who have ranches close to the Modoc haunts, say that they always found them faithful to any engagement into which they entered. Others had a different opinion, and said, "An Indian is an Indian, and ought never to be trusted." In all this, I give what I heard said on the spot, and I will now conclude the account of my journey to the front.

It was settled that all should stop at Ball's Ranche for the night, and perhaps satisfactory news might come in before morning. I noticed that one of the teamsters, who had arrived during the day, was of a better class than most of the others, and that he used a much smaller

percentage of swearing in his conversation, so I asked if he was for the front, and if he was willing to go on. He said he was, but would not decide till the morning.

When the morning came there was a long discussion. No news had arrived, and there was great uncertainty. I spoke to my friend, and asked what he intended to do. I told him that if he would take me and my small amount of baggage, I was willing to proceed. This determined him to go, and four other teamsters followed our example. The next ranche was Doris's, halfway from Ball's to the Lava-beds, and we reached it in the evening in perfect safety; but being so near to the enemy we had to look to the defence of our bedroom, which at this place was a hay-loft, where four of us slept. We had a rifle and a revolver, but our weak point was fire. A lucifer match would have dislodged us in a few minutes, but we trusted we should not have our slumbers disturbed.

Such was the case, and next morning the teamsters were all so reassured that they went on without much talk of danger, and to our joy we met a cavalry escort coming out with some waggons, and it returned in charge of us. I was glad of this, for I had fears every moment, if anything should have occurred to scare them, that they would have gone back. I could not say that the escort altered my own views of the chances of danger, for our road led by what I took for glacial moraines, where rocks and stone were piled up into bastions and barricades, and two or three men could have shot us all down like dogs, and escape would have been impossible. This opinion I did not communicate to my friends around.

We were getting on our way capitally when an incident

took place, producing the very effect of which I was most afraid. We met a man called Glenn on horseback coming from the front; his eyes were bright and fierce, and almost projecting from their sockets; his under-lip hung down, giving a most unhappy expression to his mouth. He was known to all our party, and when he announced that he had been shot at—he declared he heard two cracks of a rifle about a mile behind—the fright it produced among our men was something wonderful. There was even more than the usual seventy-five per cent. of Church anathemas evolved by this news; but luckily we were too far on to return, and our escort ordered all the teams to keep close together, and we went on. Whether the shots were really fired, or only imagined by Glenn, it would be difficult to say. A few minutes later we passed the same place in safety, and I thought that our dangers, or rather our fears of danger, were at an end; but in this I was wrong. When about a mile out of camp, a picket rode up and told us that the Modocs had come down in force and were firing into the headquarters. By another volcanic eruption of oaths the teamsters managed to make us understand that they wished themselves all back at Yreka. We soon got into camp, and this last report strengthened the suspicion I had felt all through this journey, that the dangers were exaggerated in the mere telling. The last alarm resulted from the Modocs making an attempt to get to the lake for water, and for this purpose four of them had fired a random shot or two towards the camp, so as to divert attention from those who were getting the supply.

On descending the bluff to where the tents were at the

MOUNT SHASTA.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

corner of the lake, I was rather astonished at the first gentleman I met introducing himself to me as an Englishman, and the correspondent of the *New York Herald*. His name was Fox; he had formerly been in the British army, and had been doing all sorts of plucky things in the Lava-beds. He introduced me to the officers of the force, by whom I was most warmly welcomed. One reason for this cordial reception was the feeling that the public did not understand the locality, and that blame was attached to them for being held at bay by so small a number of rude savages. "Now," they said, "the public will see pictures of the place, and be able to understand what we have had to fight against."

Having visited the scene of events, I am able to give some account of the fighting, and of the wonderful stronghold in the Lava-beds, which Captain Jack and his handful of Modoc warriors so stoutly defended. The locality is in California, far north on the border of the State of Oregon. The whole of California is, or has been, volcanic. A land constantly shaking with earthquakes, and where people are afraid to live in stone houses, can scarcely be called *terra firma*. The Modoc country must in former times have been the headquarters of the subterranean forces which are not yet quite dormant. Many are the evidences of their action. The magnificent peak of Mount Shasta, an old volcano, nearly as high as Mont Blanc, stands a monarch among the lesser extinct craters to be seen for miles round its base. Perpetual snow is on its summit. The iced waters from its glaciers supply the highest sources of the Sacramento flowing to the south,

and on the north side rise the Shasta and Klamath rivers. Hot sulphur and soda springs are common in this region, telling that the fires beneath are not yet quite gone out. "The Warm Spring Indians," a tribe in this neighbourhood, derive their name from the volcanic nature of the region. The Modoc country is to the east of Mount Shasta, where there are a series of lakes. The great Klamath Lake is over forty miles in extent, and there is a Lower Klamath Lake of smaller dimensions. Goose Lake, Clear Lake, and Tulé Lake are all considerable sheets of water, none of them less than ten or twelve miles in their longest direction. The old hunting-ground of the Modocs is on the Lower Klamath and Tulé Lakes, whose waters also supplied them with fishing. A river runs from Clear Lake into Tulé Lake, but no river runs from the last. Pit River comes out of a hole, as its name indicates, some miles to the south of Tulé Lake, and an underground channel of volcanic construction is supposed to exist and conduct the waters. The now celebrated Lava-beds are on the south margin of Tulé Lake, and this underground outlet to the Pit River is supposed to be under them. The whole region is high, for the surface of these lakes is said to be about 6000 feet above the level of the sea. It is too high for forest trees. A few stunted cedars are scattered over the landscape; but sage-bush is the great botanic feature of the locality. The ground is in many places white with alkaline compounds, with which the waters also are impregnated. Tulé Lake derives its name from a reed which grows plentifully all over it, but it was also known as Rhett Lake, from the name of the officer who first surveyed the district,

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WARM SPRING INDIAN.

or as Modoc Lake, from the fated tribe whose days are now nearly ended on its shores.

These Indians have always been warlike, and have fought and vanquished all the other tribes around. They defeated Ben Wright's volunteers in two engagements twenty years ago. They have fought a number of battles with the regular army of the United States in the present war, and in each case the victory was on their side. The last engagement before my arrival continued three days. About forty Modocs against six hundred, they fought all that time like perfect devils, and at last made good their retreat when they found they could no longer defend their stronghold. One could have wished that the men who have shown such bravery had been unstained in their reputation with such a crime as assassination. Had they not basely accomplished the deaths of General Canby and Dr. Thomas, few heroes could have been compared to them. That crime put them beyond the pale of mercy, and extermination like vermin was decreed against them. An order of the general, Gillem, says, "Let it be that no Modoc shall ever in future be able to boast that his ancestors killed General Canby."

The first engagement took place on the north-west of Tulé Lake. The Modocs were living there at the time, when a body of thirty-five cavalry, under Major Jackson, came to force them away to the reservation. Those who directed this movement never supposed for a moment that the Indians would resist, but they received a lesson, and every succeeding encounter was a new lesson as to the pluck and ability of the men they had to deal with. This first engagement took place at the end of last

November, 1872. It was more properly a skirmish; eight of the soldiers and a citizen soon bit the dust, and a hasty retreat ended the whole affair. The Modocs moved their squaws and children by the side of the lake to the Lava-beds. One small body went by the east side of the lake and murdered fourteen white settlers on the way. They had unburied the hatchet, and death was the lot of every pale-face with whom they might come in contact.

Troops were now concentrated from the various forts about the country, and at last about 450 men were brought on the field under the command of General Wheaton. Of course, with such a force it was presumed that a mere handful of Indians could not offer any resistance. Here again they were quite mistaken, and they received the second lesson. The lesson was the discovery of the great strength of the Modoc stronghold in the Lava-beds, a matter on which all seemed to be in the most perfect ignorance. It ought to have been the duty of those in command to have at least some idea of the place they were attacking. The force was divided into two bodies; and on the 17th January, 1873, they made the attack from opposite sides. A dense fog came on that morning, so that the two parties could not see each other's movements, nor could they make signals between them. After fighting for some time in this fog, and having ten men killed and twenty-nine wounded, they had to retire utterly discomfited.

It was after this defeat that the Peace Commission was established, and General Canby took charge of the whole affair. The interval from January till the assassination on the 11th of April was passed in efforts at negotiation.

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MEDICINE FLAG, FOUND IN THE LAVA BEDS.

After this unfortunate event, General Gillem at once prepared for an attack. There were now over 500 men in the field, composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, the cavalry and artillery not working the guns being used as infantry in the operations. There were two howitzers and four cohorns, or small mortars. Something was now known of the strength of the Lava-beds. More careful preparations were made for the attack, and the men began with three days' rations in their knapsacks. The force was again divided into two bodies, that on the west being under the command of Colonel Green, and the other on the east under that of Colonel Mason. It was known that there was no water in the Lava-beds, and it was thought to be the proper line of tactics to cut off all communication with the lake. This was generally approved of at the moment, but the result has since made it questionable, for the troops were too few, and the number of men needed to cut off the water did not leave a sufficient number to hem the Indians in on the land side.

The attack commenced on the 15th April, and the Indians expected that the soldiers, after firing all day, would return to their camp in the evening, as they had done on former occasions, and they were much astonished when this did not take place. The troops held the ground they had gained during the day, and even used the night to advance over dangerous pieces of the field. Rifle-pits and barricades formed of blocks of the lava, which are plentiful, were thrown up, and safe cover was thus provided. The soldiers seldom or never saw the Modocs, who were securely hid among the lava and sage-bushes. They could hear the Indians abusing them in the peculiar

English of the locality, mixed with the usual amount of questionable language. They have an orator in each tribe, and the Modocs brought theirs to the front, and from some place where he was invisible he commenced an oration. He began by reviling the soldiers in the plainest and most vulgar of English words; asked how long they were intending to fight; told them that if they did not want to be all killed they ought to go home to their mothers, and so on. The Indians had never seen shells used in warfare, and they were rather surprised when the cohorns began to drop these missiles among them. It is reported that the first one that came was picked up by one of the chiefs, who tried to bite it, and that it burst in his hands, knocking him all to pieces. They gave curious descriptions of the shells afterwards. "Firing cans of powder" was one way of putting it, and another of their phrases being "the guns that went off twice." It is generally said by those engaged, that had it not been for these mortars and their vertical fire it would have been beyond the power of the small number of troops employed to have forced the position.

Great efforts were made to join the right of Colonel Green's force with the left of Colonel Mason's, but the men were too few, and on the third day it was found that the Modocs were evacuating the place. This they managed to do most successfully, carrying off their families and the wounded, their arms and ammunition. Only one wounded man was found. Two old squaws managed to hide themselves in the rock, and had to come out, forced by hunger and thirst, a couple of days afterwards. The number of Indians killed has never

Heliotype.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LAVA BEDS.

been clearly ascertained. Four dead bodies were in the Lava-beds, but as the custom with most of the tribes is to burn their dead, it is supposed that this was done with those who fell on the first two days of the fighting. Great fires were seen, and teeth were found afterwards in the ashes. The loss which was accepted at head-quarters made the number about fifteen, leaving thirty warriors of the tribe alive. The loss to the troops was about six or seven killed and about twenty wounded.

On occupying the stronghold evacuated by the Modocs, its real character could be seen and fully understood, and it became the wonder of all. South of the lake is a high ridge covered with numerous extinct craters; from the base of the lower of these, about seven or eight miles away, a stream of lava has poured out and made its way to the lake. Seen from a distance, this bed of lava looks like ordinary flat ground covered with sage-bush, behind which no one would expect to find the curious labyrinth which the convulsions of nature have produced. Imagine a rabbit warren on a large scale, or a colossal ant-colony with Indians instead of insects. It has been likened to a piece of sponge magnified, and this certainly would do as a model to give an idea of the place. It would require a geologist to explain fully how the whole thing has been produced. The lava in cooling has been opened up into valleys and fissures of almost every shape and size. There are round openings like craters, and caverns of all sizes, the whole forming a city which one could believe the gnomes had constructed; in which thousands of people could be securely placed; and where they might

defy an invasion to overcome them. Any one accustomed to fortifications and trenches might well fancy that a military engineer had planned it. Long cracks and fissures served as trenches; there were places like zig-zags, bastions, redoubts, redans, epaulments, curtains, sallyports,—in short, every feature to be found in a fortified place—all constructed of solid rock, hard as iron. As this intricacy of form has been produced downwards into the original bed of lava, these works were thoroughly on the Vauban principle. None of them could be seen by the attacking party, and hence it was that the officers did not know what they had to deal with till the Modocs bolted and they entered this volcanic citadel. The Indians had supplemented the original construction by throwing in rocks to fill up gaps, and thus completely covering themselves. On commanding points they had erected with blocks of lava small rifle-pits, exactly like those which played so important a part in the siege of Sebastopol. Low dwarf walls of the same material were thrown up where nature had forgotten to leave a ridge of lava, and from behind these the Indians could lie and use their rifles. Every line of approach or point of attack was as completely covered and protected as if a Todleben had been the engineer in command.

In this we have the reason why this handful of men were so confident in their stronghold, and the explanation of their success in fighting. To attack such a place by an assault, as was attempted on the 17th January, was about as foolish as it would have been to have led an army in the open against the guns of Metz or Strasburg. Defeat was the only possible result. General Gillem's

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MODOCS IN THE LAVA BEDS.

attack succeeded because his officers adopted the tactics of a siege. It was, in fact, a siege of three days. The men made cover as they advanced, and fortified themselves so as to hold whatever ground they gained. The chief losses in this attack were from the first charges across the open ground. As it was, there were too few men, and thus the enemy were able to escape. Had the force in this attack begun its operations more after the fashion of a regular siege, and made works to command the line of retreat on the land side, instead of attempting to cut off the communications with the water, it is possible that even the small number of soldiers engaged might have been able to hem in Captain Jack and his followers, and have caught them all. More time would have been necessary for such a plan; but it would have been a saving of time, as well as of life, in the end.

The Indians fight naked, or nearly so; and as their dark skins are about the same tint as the lava, it is a good colour for the work. The soldiers say that they never saw one of them during the whole three days' fighting. They could only return the fire wherever they saw the smoke or flash of one of their rifles. After every engagement the Indians killed any whom they found wounded, and mutilated the bodies. A string of scalps, noses, and fingers was left by them in the Lava-bed. Such ornaments, worn as most honourable decorations, are generally attached to their shot-pouches. All the warriors had rifles, and good ones too, after the latest pattern of breech-loaders; and since the war began they have been amply supplied with Government weapons and ammuni-

tion, got from the dead and wounded in the different engagements. The squaws were said to help and encourage the men while the fight was going on.

I visited the much-talked-of cave where Captain Jack and his family lived in the Lava-beds. It indicates the primitive condition of civilization reached by the Indian tribes of this region, who seem to be very little in advance of the ancient cave-people. In looking round the place we could see the very deposits which are found imbedded in the old caves. Bones, some of them picked; others with pickings still left; horns of cattle; hoofs; skins, with the hair on; hides, and pieces of deer-skin, from which they made moccassins. Fish in a putrid state, and fish-bones, were in shelves of the rock; pieces of fat, and dark, questionable-looking lumps lay about which were said to be meat. The bones seemed to have been thrown anywhere about the cave when they were picked, and even those which I saw may remain there till they get covered up and imbedded, and may thus form a rude chronicle of the cave-life of this tribe. The cave was simply a circular hole in the lava, and had the appearance of being an old crater. It was perfectly bomb-proof, and only a vertical fire could by chance drop a shell into it. It was near the centre of the stronghold, and had a number of similar crater-like holes around.

On evacuating the stronghold, the Modocs went south, along the line in which the lava had flowed. They were said to have taken up their quarters in another cave about three miles distant. Their camp-fires were visible, and with a good glass even their dusky figures might be made out, moving like specks of shadow. I spent a couple of

CAPTAIN JACK'S CAVE IN THE LAVA BEDS.

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days in Colonel Mason's camp, which was pitched in the Lava-bed, and on returning to Colonel Gillem's camp I found that a strong escort was leaving next morning to accompany Colonel Biddle on his way to Yreka, and to bring back General Jef. C. Davies, who had been appointed in General Canby's place. Finding that no immediate action was intended against the Modocs, and that everything was uncertain, I determined to leave. Mr. Fox, of the *New York Herald*, for similar reasons was also going away. On the morning of our departure a "scouting party" went out—in the old country called a "reconnaisance"—composed of about sixty men, with officers. We all shook hands together, and from the top of the bluff we could see them, like spots, moving away south-west among the blocks of lava and bunches of sage-bush, while the polished steel of the rifles, although, from the distance, small as needles, glanced as they caught the angle of the sun's rays. The scene fixed itself in my mind at the moment, and the events of the day, which I only learned three days after, at Yreka, acted as a mordant, to fix it all still more deeply.

It would seem that they went over about three or four miles of ground. Their object was to feel for the whereabouts of the enemy; but, seeing nothing of him, they were on the point of returning, and only called a halt to eat the lunch which each carried with him. "The Sun sees many flowers; the flowers see but one Sun," is an old Oriental proverb, and it suggests what took place here: the Pale-faces saw no Red-skins, but the Red-skins saw many Pale-faces. The Modocs, gliding about unseen, waited their opportunity. When the halt was called, and

every man had sat down, each Indian crawled, in silence and invisibly, to a point where his rifle could be pointed on a victim, and with fatal certainty the whole, at a given signal, fired at once. The effect was terrible. Taken at such a disadvantage, they were helpless. The details of this sad affair have never been clearly got at; some ran away, and some fought gloriously. To a man the officers stood to their duty, and a soldier's death was the reward of all. Dr. Semig, the only one who was left alive, was badly wounded. Out of the sixty, seventeen were killed, five of them being officers, twelve wounded, and five missing; more than a half of the whole number.

I had experiences of this kind before Sebastopol, but as we grow older we become more sensitive in such matters. These five officers I had only known for about six days, but they had welcomed me warmly to their camp, and shown me kindness in every way. Major Thomas, who commanded the party, had been all through the war in the South; he was quite a young man, but had made a name for himself; and, after passing through a great war, it was hard to be knocked over by a lot of cut-throat Indians. Colonel Wright was a most pleasant man. He came in only the night before to Lieutenant Greer's tent to post a letter for his wife, saying, "That is something which will amuse her; that is the best way to keep her in good spirits." I wish he could still write his wife an amusing letter. Another officer was Lieutenant Cranston, of the 4th U. S. Artillery. His body, as well as those of some of his men, could not be found for more than a week afterwards. The night before his death we sat in one of the tents, having a long chat about guns,

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"MAIN STAKE" MODOC INDIAN WOMAN.

projectiles, and about the Moncrieff gun in particular. I believe he and I were the last to go to bed in the camp that night. He gave me the address of his brother-in-law at Washington, on whom I promised to call, and which I did afterwards, feeling, from what had taken place, that it was a religious duty to do so. Dr. Semig, the only man who was not killed, had a limb amputated, and besides had a bullet or two left in his body. While in camp I belonged to the mess of his detachment.

These were my rather sad experiences of the war. About a month more had passed in unimportant skirmishing and hunting through that wild country, when Captain Jack and all his people were made prisoners, and the fighting came to an end.

When all these Indian warriors had been made prisoners, a Military Commission was appointed to try them for their crimes. A number were sentenced to death, and, while I was writing this narrative, news arrived that on the 4th of October four of them suffered the last penalty of the law. These were Captain Jack, Schonchin, Boston Charley, and Black Jim. It would seem that these heroes of the Lava-beds were anything but heroes when the gallows was before them. Captain Jack made a long speech, denying his guilt, and proposing that Scaur-faced Charley, who was a relative of his, should be hanged in his place. Boston Charley was the only one of the three that died game, and, seeing the conduct of his companions, he called them "women."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE YOSEMITÉ.

My first love in art was a Highland mountain, and I have been a Mountain Worshipper ever since. Fate has privileged me to visit many shrines of this faith,—the Alps, the Caucasus, the Himalayas, the mountains of Abyssinia; now I can add to this list Fuji-yama in Japan, and the Sierra Nevadas of California, where I have seen Mount Shasta and the Yosemité Valley. I think that a valley, however beautiful it may be, never could have become a sacred object, such as mountains seem to have been all over the world. A great high peak, soaring up into heaven, with its garment of snow, white and pure, often lost in the clouds as if communing with those above, its icy barriers setting it apart like consecrated ground where the profane must not tread,—these are features of the higher mountains, which may have impressed men and produced that religious veneration of which we have evidences from the most remote antiquity. For myself I think there is no grander sight in this visible world, affecting not only the eye but the mind at the same time, than one of those mighty heaven-dwelling peaks.

Of the lower aspects of mountain scenery, the Yosemité by far exceeds anything that I have yet seen. It not only concentrates into a small space the grandest and most beautiful scenery, but it contains wonders which,

even if they stood alone in any part of the world, pilgrims might well be eager to see. Some places are celebrated for the beauty of their scenery, others for grandeur; the wild and savage aspect, again, is the reputation of certain localities. At the Yosemité, all these and more are to be found together,—snow-capped peaks and domes of rock; high walls of granite; perpendicular cliffs and pinnacles, some of them like church towers; waterfalls, unsurpassed for size or beauty; woods, like a primeval forest; and close to this great valley, so close as to form part of the attractions, the greatest trees in the world—huge, like giants before the flood. Although it is wild and grand in the highest degree, it is yet a perfect bower of beauty. Eden itself could not have been more lovely. Having now seen the Yosemité, I renounce for ever as absurd the traditions that Aden or Ceylon could have been the Garden of Paradise. Under the article "Eden," the writer in Smith's Dictionary of the Bible remarks:—"The three continents of the Old World have been subjected to the most rigorous search; from China to the Canary Isles, from the Mountains of the Moon to the coasts of the Baltic, no locality which in the slightest degree corresponded to the description of the first abode of the human race has been left unexamined. The great rivers of Europe, Asia, and Africa, have in turn done service as the Pison and Gihon of Scripture, and there remains nothing but the New World wherein the next adventurous theorist may bewilder himself in the mazes of this most difficult question." Here I register my copyright to the newest theory. The spot is not to be found in the Old

World, and, in the only place left where search can be made, it has been discovered. Should any one ask me for proof, I say, "No; go and see the Yosemité for yourself. and you will seek for no more proofs!"

In the beginning of April, when I expected to have found a way to the Yosemité, the conveyances had not started for the summer visitors, and the trails over the mountains were not open. Mr. Bierstadt, the artist, whose name is so closely associated with the valley, and whose brush may be said to have made it his own, made arrangements for me to pass in, but the trip to the Modoc country threw me later in my plans, and by the time I made my visit all the conveyances were on the roads, the trails were open, and the difficulties of crossing the snow were avoided.

The journey in summer can be done in three days. We left San Francisco at four p.m. by train for Lathrop, where we changed for the San Joaquin line, and reached Merced about ten. At that place there is a large, fine hotel, called El Capitan. Next morning, at six o'clock, we left by the stage for Mariposa, which I am told is Spanish for *Butterfly*. Three of us went on to White and Hatch's the same night, and slept there. On the following morning we got to Clarke's in time to go and see the big trees the same day. They are round the summit of a high hill, and one cannot ride fast either going or coming, the trail being very steep in many places.

These trees are about 200 in number, are scattered for over half a mile or so, and are always found in groups. One group much visited by travellers to the Yosemité, and known as the "Calaveras," is not left so much in its

primitive condition as the "Mariposa Group," as that which we visited is called. The first, I understand, has been converted into something like a tea-garden, while the latter remains in its original condition; so I am very glad it was my good luck to see the Mariposa trees.

Mr. Fergusson has made the subject of Tree Worship well known, but he does not avow himself a disciple of that particular culte; still I know those who, from their great admiration of trees, declare themselves to be Worshippers.

A tree expresses the ancient idea of rebirth in its growth from a seed, hence the old Assyrian worship of a pine-cone. Every year a tree spreads out its ample foliage, as the sun in its power revivifies nature after the death of winter. In these forms a tree is a symbol of life, and of the life to be. It has still another aspect; it is a great object that moves. Motion is one of the forms of life, and Job's arguments with his comforters had this point—that God only sent the wind which moves them. In its slight breath the tree whispers; as it increases, a louder rustle is heard; and, when the gale is strong, the branches move like the arms of some mighty Being, and loud are the sounds of its many leaves. According to the old ideas, the air, or wind, was the Spirit, or the Spirit of God; and a tree acting thus was looked upon as under the Divine afflatus. It was a thing which spoke, and which might be spoken to. In this we have the whole element of ancient worship, and the reason why Trees became Gods, and the Grove became a Temple. These are thoughts to which the Digger Indians never reached; to them a tree was only good as it gave them nuts,—a

deduction which to the mind that lies in the stomach is logical enough, but there are minds of far different tempers and aspirations. But if I were a Tree Worshipper, and I sympathize with those who are, I would look upon the Big Trees of California as the great Gods of my system.

They stand on the top of a mount, the sides of which are covered with a congregation of common mortals, such as the ordinary pine, the fir, and the cedar, quite a crowd of lesser trees below looking up to the top as a shrine. The sights here are the "Fallen Monarch" and the "Grizzly Giant." This latter tree is 300 feet high, and ninety-three feet seven inches in circumference at the base. About 200 feet from the ground is a branch about nine feet in diameter, which, if you look up to it reverently, may give a wave of its arm in recognition, as much as to say, in *Peking Gazette* style, "It is known." Many of the trees are named after celebrated men, such as Longfellow, A. Lincoln, President Grant, Ferdinand Lesseps, and so on. Some of these trees have fallen, and through one which has been hollowed out through time, there is a tunnel about twenty feet in length, through which, by a most gentle bend of the head, any one can ride on horseback. From this the reader may gather some notions of their vast proportions.

I found that Americans had some reasonable cause of complaint in reference to the name given to them by our countrymen. The name *Wellingtonia* was awarded by a Britisher, but the tree had already received a name. There was a tree known as "Redwood;" but American botanists called it *Sequoia Sempervirens*, from an Indian, a noted

Heliotype.

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FALLEN "BIG TREE" AT MARIPOSA.

man among the Cherokees. He was of mixed blood, and his paternal name was George Guess; his Indian name was Sequoyah. The Big Tree belonged to the same genera, and it naturally was called the *Sequoia Gigantea*. Botanists in the old country give it the correct name now, but visitors, as a rule, do not, and unthinkingly act as rudely as if they called the capital of the United States after the same military hero, and ignored the fact that the Americans know it as Washington.

From Clarke's to the Yosemité is a day's ride, but there are two trails; one is known as the winter, and the other as the summer trail. The last is shorter by many miles, but there were some doubts as to whether it was passable. Eli Stump, who was our guide, made inquiries, but no one had yet gone over this season, and it was difficult to get good information. Opinions were rather against the attempt. We consulted men working on the trail, and although snow was the main difficulty, yet their words all referred to a very warm region. Each expressed himself in strong terms, which, however, rather whetted our desire to try the higher trail, and we went by it. Eli Stump reasoned that as the fall of snow that year had been slight, it might be done; and we all got over safe. We had a good deal of snow, with water, and slushy places to surmount, but our guide was a careful man, and evidently knew the ground.

In California I heard of a preventive against snow-blindness worth mentioning, because it is very simple. I speak from experience, having had my own eyes shut up from the snow in the Himalayas, and knowing how valuable anything would be which could save the sight in

Alpine regions. The man who told me of it gave the story of his first knowledge of the specific. He had been nearly all his life in Western States, and crossed the mountains often in snow-shoes. One morning he met a friend coming into one of the towns, somewhere in Oregon, and noticing his eyes, blackened as if from fighting, began to condole with him about coming off second best in the encounter. He was rather surprised to hear that nothing of the kind had taken place. "The eyes are all right; you bet, this is a dodge I learned from the Injuns. Just rub a burnt stick round your blinkers; be particular to rub it half an inch below them; and you may cross the whole of the United States under snow, and your eyes will be safe." By what reason it is so is more than I can explain, but it was confirmed to me from other sources; and I am told that the Hudson's Bay men copied this plan from the Indians, and that the old trackers learned it from them. The thing is simple, and any one can test it for himself.

The visitor has one great advantage as he enters the Yosemité by the summer trail, and that is, that the first sight of it by this road is one of the finest views which can be had of the valley. The place is called "Inspiration Point." You are there at least 3000 feet above the bottom of the valley, so that you look into it as if it were a dish; and can realize the theory by which geologists explain the formation of the place—that it was a slip downwards of the whole mass, leaving the precipitous sides standing like walls.

The descent is long and steep, but giving fine peeps,

when an opening in the trees allows, of the valley and the grand portal by which it is entered. On the left is El Capitan or the "Great Chief." It is 3000 feet in height and is a perfectly perpendicular wall, not far from which is what seems like a thin thread of silver hanging over the rock. It is a fall which dries up in summer, and is known as the "Virgin's Tears." On the right of the valley is another waterfall called the "Bridal Veil." It looks small, but you are told it is over 900 feet high; and you realize its magnitude by the large streams coming from it, through which your horse has to wade. The truth is that the Yosemité, like so many other places, does not at first impress you with its majestic sublimity. There is nothing to measure it by. A man is too small a measuring-rod. If one could take St. Paul's in a carpet bag, and put it down in the valley, the magnitude would be realized at once. When the valley is entered, the "Cathedral Rocks" are found on your right, and the "Sentinel Rock" is looking straight down the gorge at you; by-and-by the "Yosemité Fall" itself comes in sight as it thunders its whitened waters down nearly 3000 feet. There are three hotels, and they are all so placed that you can sit in the verandahs and watch this magnificent *chute*. Our party put up at Leidig's hotel, which had abundant accommodation, for as yet the arrivals were few. This is an advantage to be had by going so early, and there is another of great importance—that in the beginning of May there is plenty of water, so that the falls are seen in their full glory.

The following is a list of altitudes of the falls and

mountains at the Yosemité, with the Indian names and their interpretations :—

WATERFALLS.

Indian Name.	Signification.	American Name.	Height above Valley.
Po-ho-no	Spirit of the Evil Wind	Bridal Veil	940 feet.
Yo-Semite	Large Grizzly Bear	Yo-Semite Fall	2634 „
First Fall, 1600 feet; Second Fall, 434 feet; Third Fall, 600 feet.			
Pi-wy-ack	Cataract of Diamonds	Vernal Fall	350 „
Yo-wi-ye	Meandering	Nevada Fall	700 „
Tu-lool-we-ack		South Canon	600 „
Loya	A Medicinal Shrub	Sentinel	3850 „
To-coy-æ	Shade to Baby Cradle Basket	Royal Arch Fall	2000 „

MOUNTAINS.

Tis-sa-ack	Goddess of Liberty	South Dome	6000 „
		Cloud's Rest	6450 „
To-coy-æ	Shade to Baby Cradle Basket	North Dome	3725 „
Hunto	Watching Eye	Washington Tower	2200 „
Mah-tah	Martyr, or Suicide Mountain	Cap of Liberty	4600 „
See-wah-lam		Mt. Starr King	5600 „
Er-na-ting Law-oo-too	Bear-skin Mountain	Glacier Rocks	3700 „
Loya	A Medicinal Shrub	Sentinel	3270 „
Poo-see-nah Chuck-ka	Large Acorn Store House	Cathedral Spires	2400 „
Wah-wah-le-na		Three Graces	3750 „
		Inspiration Point	3200 „
Pom-pom-pa-sus	Mountains Playing Leap Frog	Three Brothers	4000 „
Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah	Semi-Deity and Great Chief of the Valley	The Captain	3300 „

As the valley is only about five or six miles long, the sights are all within easy walking distance, and horses may be hired as well as guides, so that any one could see everything in a general way in a couple of days; but, to wander about and thoroughly to enjoy the place, weeks would be required; and to any one with good legs, and with an ambition to scale peaks, there is ample scope in the mountains around. The south dome presents an opening for fame; it has not yet been trodden by the foot of man.

The Congress passed an Act to prevent the Yosemité from being seized upon by speculators, which would otherwise have been the case, and the public would have had to pay for entrance. The Act declares that it "shall be held for public use, resort, and recreation, and shall be inalienable for all time." It is given over to the State of California, which is to take charge of it, and a Commission has been appointed to do so. This Act also includes the Big Tree Grove.

I came out by the Coulterville route, which requires two days to get back to Merced, the night being spent at Coulterville. The Bower Cave is on this route, and as the horses are changed at that place the chance of a peep at it should not be lost.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY.

On the 6th of April, 1830, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was first organized in the town of Fayette, Seneca County, State of New York. This was the work of the founder, Joseph Smith. The new faith spread, but found enemies, and persecution of a very bad type was the result. Tarring, feathering, and burning houses were common aspects of the opposition to which those who pretended to be saints had to submit. To avoid this, the body moved west, but the enemy followed. At last, in 1839, they settled in Nauvoo, Illinois, then a "far west" State, where they hoped to be safe from mobs and persecution. The treatment which they received cannot be justified upon any of the recognized ideas of the present century. Even at Nauvoo things became so bad that Joseph Smith, in the spring of 1844, selected a company of men to explore the far west; and he "prophesied that within five years the Saints would be located in the Rocky Mountains beyond the reach of mobs, requesting it to be recorded, that, when it came to pass, it might be remembered."

Inspiration is claimed by almost every Latter-day Saint; so, although Nauvoo was sacked, and Joseph Smith and a few others were shot, the literal fulfilment of the words which had been uttered by the Mormon

Prophet was considered an indubitable evidence of his inspiration by God. Within the time indicated, the followers of this new faith, separated from their tormentors, and were located beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Although this prediction was thus seemingly realized to the letter, yet the prophet did not foresee that before twenty years should pass, a railway would connect the Atlantic and the Pacific, and that a daily train would be bringing the mobs which it had been the whole policy of the Mormon leaders to get rid of. The sequel of events is a strange commentary on the prophecy in question.

President Young, on my visit, had but lately returned from Arizona, where he had been "prospecting" in order to form new colonies, or to find some out-of-the-way spot where he and his people would not be troubled by the Gentile world. The inspiration to which they pretend has failed, however, to reveal a spot which the enemies of the faith could not reach; and common sense now clearly points out that there is not between the Atlantic and the Pacific any region where the Saints can be isolated and separated from the rest of the world. The Salt Lake region has been cultivated from a desert into fertility—a work redounding much to the credit of the faithful—and to leave it, and incur all the dangers and difficulties of a new Exodus, would be most damaging in every way to the system and its supporters. A movement either into Arizona or to one of the islands of the Pacific, which has long been talked of as being among the plans of the leaders, is now impossible. The people have taken root on the soil which they have by long and hard work reclaimed from the wilderness, and any new move

of the whole body from this spot would have a tendency to shake the fidelity of even the faithful, while those who are weak in faith, or already wavering, would remain on the land which they have made their own by the best of all titles. New colonies may be extended into Arizona, but the body of the people cannot be moved, and Mormonism and its practice of polygamy must now meet its enemies and fight its battles in the State of Utah. As yet the Mormons far outnumber the Gentile population; in the meantime, therefore, they are safe from mobs. But this difference is not likely to last long, and "breakers ahead" of quite as dangerous a character can be easily seen, and it is known that the inspired prophetic power of Brigham Young understands the position of affairs perfectly.

An introduction to the President was easily managed. A friend went with us, and we walked up to the "Bee-Hive." This emblem, and that of a Lion, are over different doors of the President's residence, as symbols of industry and strength. We were first introduced to the Secretary, who asked us to take seats, and said that the President would come in shortly. The principal features of the room are the portraits of Joseph Smith and the First Twelve, as the founders of the new faith. These portraits are Kit-Kat size, in oil, unframed, and hung high up. Brigham Young is, of course, among them as one of the Twelve, and the picture represents him at the time when he was a younger man. There are later portraits of him as well—photos and engravings. Four gentlemen were waiting to see the President, whom we understood to be of the faithful, and a large party, principally of ladies,

arrived while we were waiting. They were, like ourselves, visitors from the outside world. The President came in, and we were introduced all round. Shaking hands is largely practised in America, and Utah is no exception to the rule. The conversation was dull and disconnected. The Vienna Exhibition was mentioned, and one of the ladies was asked if she was going to see it. She said, "No; there are too many of us, and it would be too expensive if we all went." The President then dryly remarked that if he went and took all his family with him he should require a whole ship to himself. This was the only remark with any point in it that was made, and it produced in all a tendency to smile. We afterwards learned that the family consists of seventeen wives and about sixty children; three-fourths of this large quiver-full are said to be girls. The interview did not last above ten minutes, when we all shook hands again with the President and left. He was dressed in a loose-fitting suit of dark blue —a similar cloth to what yachtsmen wear—and a white handkerchief was muffled round his neck. He is short in stature and slightly stout. He wears well, and looks younger than his years would indicate, for he is over seventy.

Whether he is "one of the greatest scoundrels on the face of the earth"—which words I have heard applied to him—or so good that he is the Visible Head of the Saints, and the Chosen Medium, inspired by God, for Revelation to Men, I could not pretend to say. He has a most determined-looking mouth, resulting from constant compression of the lips, indicating great power of will. That he is a remarkable man seems to be fairly proved by

what he has done. No one but a man of great ability and power could have led a large body of people—a small nation in fact—for such a distance across an unknown country, and founded a state and built a city and towns such as we see in Utah at this moment. His administrative talents must be of a high order. The details of the arrangements for crossing the Rocky Mountains, the government he has established, and even the management of his own large household, may be referred to as evidences of his power of controlling affairs.

Even the tales of dark deeds with which he has been charged would be quite in keeping with the character of a man determined to spare nothing for the attainment of a given object, and capable also of forcing his will upon those around him. One of the "Angels of Destruction" has become an apostate, and published a book giving an account of what he did for the good of the State, and for "the safety of souls that were in danger." The Gentiles seem all to believe these stories, but I had no means of testing their truth, and can give no judgment upon them. They refer to a past time, when Utah was isolated, and beyond the law of the United States. Now it is said that all is changed. There are many who have put their souls in danger by apostasy, and I understand that there is a dissenting body with a church of its own in Salt Lake City, which regards Joseph Smith, jun., as the true head. We had a conversation with one of these dissenters. In England he had not felt satisfied with the teaching of the Church to which he belonged, on the subjects of faith, grace, and the working of the Holy Spirit. Mormonism seemed to be right on the points he

wished for, and he emigrated. He did not approve of polygamy, and abused Brigham Young for his teachings and practice in this matter. This man seemed to be very honest and sincere, speaking with the greatest frankness about his creed and all things relating to it; but in this he is no exception to the rule among the Mormons; we found them all most willing to talk about their faith.

One night we went to the theatre. This is what most visitors do, not so much to see the performance as to have a peep at some of Brigham Young's large family. Theatrical performances are specially encouraged by the Mormons. Although many characteristics of the Old Puritans may be seen here, in the matter of Music, Dancing, and the Drama, there is a marked difference. They have in their tabernacle one of the finest organs to be found in the States. Dancing was one of the amusements in which they indulged each night in their long and weary journey across the prairies and the Rocky Mountains, and the theatre was an early institution in Salt Lake City. The whole of one side of the first tier of boxes is reserved for the President's family, and is marked by its cushion of red cloth. On the night of our visit fifteen young ladies were present, of ages varying from eight to about eighteen or nineteen. We supposed them to be all the daughters of the President. There were also two ladies, whose ages might be somewhere about thirty, or perhaps over that number of years. One of these had a child with her, which was just old enough to be attracted by the figures on the stage, and the other had a girl of about three or four years of age; we consequently assumed that they

were some of the President's wives. No gentleman appeared during the evening among them. They were all very plainly dressed, no two of them being alike, and had more the appearance of servant-girls than of ladies; but it would be unfair to judge by what people wear in this part of the world as we do in the old country. To me the whole sight was very sad. I could not help pitying these children, who reminded me of a row of charity-girls, such as we see in a pew at church; and no charity-child can be more fatherless than the children of Brigham Young. No man can do the duties of a father, in the true sense of the word, to a family of sixty. I should doubt if he could even remember all their names. They may be all fed and clothed, educated and amused —charity-children get all that done for them—but a father with whom a child daily associates, by whom he is fondled, to whom he looks up with reverence and love, and whose loss would be a blank in his existence, is a being which cannot exist when a man has a company of wives and a regiment of children. Without going back to the practice of the Patriarchs—which the Mormons constantly refer to in defence of their institution—we have in this a strong argument, derived from the very nature of things, against polygamy. Not only does the father not appear in the amusements of the family, but in our visit to his house during the day we saw not a single person of that family except himself. It reminded me of visits in the East, where neither wife nor child is ever alluded to in the usual conversation with the head of the house. Should Mormonism succeed in establishing itself, retaining polygamy as its law, the complete seclusion of the women to

a hareem life will be a mere question of time. It is the necessary result of the system. Monogamy may be said to have been the Brahminical practice in ancient times, and we know from old Buddhist sculptures that the women appeared in public. They are represented in ceremonies and processions in the streets, taking part in them with uncovered faces. It was only after the Mahomedan conquest of India that the Zenana, or hareem, system was introduced, and the custom became general over the country.

The piece performed at Salt Lake City Theatre was the "Hunchback." At many of the affecting scenes I could hear tittering, and sounds approaching to laughter, as if it were a farce instead of a serious piece. These manifestations were not made till towards the end, where Julia has to struggle between her love for Clifford and the fulfilling of her engagement to the man for whom she has no affection. This exhibition on the part of the audience, including the young ladies in the Presidential pew, occurred always at what might be termed the emotional parts of the play. The feelings of a young woman about the man she will have for her husband—the man she loves or the man she does not love—may appear laughable to persons accustomed to the doings of polygamy, but it is a clear evidence that the practice of that law does not exercise a healthy influence on the moral ideas. "Not for Joe" was one of the tunes performed by the orchestra, and I had just learned, before going to the theatre, that Joseph Smith, son of the founder of the faith, was a dissenter from the authority of Brigham Young, and had been expelled the body; so I wondered if this now-played-out air was still

retained for diplomatic reasons. If so, it will not have been the first time where tunes have been used in the theatre for a political purpose.

Salt Lake City is divided into twenty wards, each ward being presided over by a bishop, and each bishop having deacons and teachers under him. The teacher must visit each family within his limit at least once a month, giving counsel and advice in all matters. Mormonism being a Theocratic form of government, the Church authorities have not only the spiritual but the worldly affairs of the people to look after; and the manner in which legal disputes are settled was explained to me. If two men have some point of contention, or some rule of the Church has been broken, the duty of the teachers is to inquire into such matters, and to put them right if they can. If they cannot, then the dispute is referred to the bishop, who, if he considers the case important, calls a bishop's court. If the decision of this body should fail to give satisfaction to the parties concerned, a high council of the Church is called, composed of twelve officers. Six of these take one side of the case and six the other, and they argue it. Supposing that they cannot evolve a decision, each six changes sides and argues from the opposite point of view to that which they had taken before. If even then they cannot settle the affair, it is left to the President of the State, whose decision is final.

In the matter of medicine the Mormons follow the same rules of materia medica as the Peculiar People. In the gate-lodge of the temple I saw a good many bottles of olive oil, and chanced to ask what they did with so much of it. The passage from the Epistle of St. James was

quoted to me in answer: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord."

Another curious rite practised among them is called Baptism for the Dead, of which, in explanation, they quote 1 Cor. xv. 29: "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all?" A Mormon can be baptized for one or any number of his deceased relatives. He must go through the ceremony for each, and he must give name and details of the person whose representative he is. These, with their marriage ceremonies, belong to what they call the Temple Services. The large building already existing is called the Tabernacle, and is used only for the Sunday service. The Temple which is now being built was begun in 1853, and is scarcely above ground yet. It will be their great building. The rites are at present performed in temporary places within the temple enclosure.

All who visit Salt Lake speak of the frank good manners of the Mormons, as being always willing to answer your questions or render a service. Like my friend who was with me, I was much struck with the behaviour of the people in this respect.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MAMMOTH CAVES OF KENTUCKY.

The journey in the railway over the Sierra Nevadas, the Rocky Mountains, and the prairies of the West I shall not dwell upon at length. Ticket agents at San Francisco make it their business to supply all information regarding the route, which occupies seven days from San Francisco to New York,—that is, supposing there is no accident on the way, or that you are not imbedded in snow for a week on the higher parts of the line with little or nothing to eat. The American railway system has been much praised, and to a certain extent it deserves this praise; but hard things, were one inclined, might be uttered in the way of criticism. On so long a journey the sleeping-cars are almost a matter of necessity, and the arrangements connected with them are undoubtedly good.

At Omaha, on the Missouri, the Union and Central Pacific line ends, and the traveller has a choice of routes to New York. Most people go by Chicago and Niagara. Instead of this I selected an unfrequented line which led me to a place I wished to see—the great Mammoth Caves of Kentucky. This brought me by way of St. Louis, Indianopolis, and Louisville, and from that to Cave City, which is about nine miles from the cave itself. These nine miles are done in a stage. There is a large and good hotel close to the entrance.

These caves were first discovered in 1809 by a man, Houchins by name, who chased a bear into them, but many years elapsed before they were explored, and even now there are doubts as to whether the ramifications have been traced to their full extent. For many years the place was used for the manufacture of saltpetre, and the tanks and materials employed in it are still to be seen. The air in the cave was found to give relief to people afflicted with colds and pulmonary complaints, and sufferers were induced to live within it under the strange condition of continuous night. While there, the patients felt better, and many remained for months together; but as it was found that it did not improve the constitution for life above ground, these troglodytes have long since deserted their houses, which are still standing.

Eyeless fish are another of the peculiarities of this dark abode. Beetles, shrimps, crickets, and flies are also to be found, which, from the conditions of existence, have long ceased to retain the organs of vision. Mummies of Indians have also been found in the cave.

Two tracks must be followed in the cave by those who wish properly to inspect it all. One is known as the "Short Route," the other as the "Long Route." The former is about five or six miles long, the other about eighteen or twenty. I am obliged to speak thus, for distance in such a place cannot be accurately measured; and, besides, it is such a labyrinth that there are a variety of paths in each route from which the visitor may choose. On my first visit I "did" the short route. William Garvin, a negro, who seemed a very intelligent fellow, was my guide; but I heard of a

noted guide of past times called "Step..., ... made the caves his study. He had some knowledge of geology, and a general smattering of many things, and those gifts of genius, including a fund of wit and humour, which made him a well-known character. Costumes for visiting the cave are supplied for both ladies and gentlemen; and each visitor carries a lamp, which will burn for hours, and the guide has an ample supply of matches. An idea of the size of the first portion of this great cave might be formed by supposing yourself in the Strand with a roof over it from the tops of the houses. The stratification of the rock is horizontal, and can be made out in the dim light. Huge blocks have fallen, and these, with smaller fragments, make a rough road. A big ledge, not far from the entrance, was once used as a pulpit, where a Methodist congregation was wont to assemble, and some of the logs used as benches are still visible. Near to this is a spot called the Kentucky River Cliffs, where the rock has been so worn as to present the resemblance which has given it the name. Here the action of water in the cave becomes manifest, and it begins to dawn upon the visitor that a great subterranean river must have run through this underground channel. Such seems to have been the case. It would be too much to say that running water had been the original cause of the cave's existence, but it certainly has left many evidences of its influence on the rocks. Water still finds its way into some parts of the cave. There is one place known as the "Dead Sea," "Echo River," and the "River Styx"—a stream which is still affected by the state of the Green River that flows above ground, close to the cave on the south. When the

waters of this river are swollen by the rains, the Styx also rises within, showing some connexion between the two. It is generally supposed that Green River, or some tributary of it, flowed through this labyrinth of underground passages. The point of connexion between the external and internal waters cannot be found out, but although about twenty miles of this wondrous cave have been explored, the guides are of opinion that there may be many new routes still undiscovered. One could believe that Coleridge had this place in his mind when he wrote,—

> "Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns, measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea."

"A sunless sea" with eyeless fish is a strange condition of existence. With these as facts for the imagination to begin with, gnomes, sprites, demons, and all the subterranean beings of past times could be most easily accepted as realities.

On the second day, when I "did" what is called the long route, large parties of ladies and gentlemen from Cincinnati were going in. When we reached the Styx, it was found to be so high, from a freshet in the Green River, that the guide stated that there would be about two miles of water in the cave, and that it would be impossible to cross; so the greater part of this strange place was not accessible. There are boats for crossing, of which a few of the visitors took advantage. They had a band of music, and the trombone in the boat played a most dolorous tune, which in that dark place, and on this mysterious stream, with flickering light, helped us to

conjure up the idea of ghosts going off to another and an unknown world.

Blue-lights and rockets were also kindled, and lit up the Mammoth Dome with great effect.

Some portions of the way consist of very rough, large fragments of rock heaped about. One place is known as "Fat Man's Misery," from its being so narrow; another is "Tall Man's Misery," from the roof being low. "The Gate of Repentance," where all must bow down to get past, "The Bottomless Pit," "Giant's Coffin," "Star Chamber," and other such names are bestowed from some fancied resemblance, while some spots are named after the persons who discovered the places, as "Gorin's Dome." In some of the caves beautiful stalactites and crystal-like flowers give an interesting variety to the dark scenery below.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ATLANTIC.

As I neared the Atlantic I had begun to look upon my long journey round the world as being practically ended, and in this last chapter, being so close to home again, and on such well-beaten ground, I have almost nothing to tell; so I will only sketch in a few hurried touches the remainder of my route.

From the Mammoth Caves the line was to Cincinnati, where I had a glimpse of the Ohio, and then over the northern end of the Alleghany Mountains, and down the Cumberland River, past Harper's Ferry, where "John Brown's bones lie mouldering in the grave," to Washington. Here I called on an old friend, Mr. Franklin Philp, who seems to know everybody, and everybody knows him. Heroes, authors, artists—every one of note—were among his friends; so under his guidance I spent two very busy and most delightful days at the capital of the United States. I did not forget the promise made to Lieut. Cranston the night before his death, and as I was the first living arrival from the Lava-beds—for some of the dead had come before me—I was introduced to General Sherman, so that I might give him information about the locality. In the vast territories of the States the places minutely surveyed are few, and as of the Modoc country there was nothing at head-quarters but an ordinary map, I was able to

explain all the details of it, and made the events of the campaign more clearly understood.

The traveller, who tumbles into a sleeping-berth in the train at Washington at night, wakes up next morning in New York. My first sensations were that cabs are expensive, for though I may have got off cheap, I had to pay two dollars, or not much less than ten shillings, for a drive of not much over one mile. Brushing my boots cost ten cents—about fivepence. To one who had had some experience with the brush these prices suggested the notion of settling in such a country.

I was not quite prepared for so well-built and handsome a town as I found New York to be. As I walked down Broadway I remembered Knickerbocker's account of the manner in which New Amsterdam, as the Dutch settlers first named the place, was planned. The round-faced, many-breeched Dutchmen sat in council, and discussed the future city. They smoked their pipes so long over it that the people who wanted houses to live in could not wait, and they built along the path made by the cattle as they went out and in every day from the pastures. Long before the council had settled the plan of the city, the cows had done it for them. I should say these cows might now be proud of the city of which they laid down the first lines.

After a hurried run to Niagara, which included a sail up the Hudson, and an excursion on the railway where the first train in America appeared, in 1831 (from Albany to Schenectady, sixteen miles in length), I left New York on the 14th June, on board the White Star line S.S. "Oceanic," Captain W. W. Kiddle. Three other large steamers left

at the same time, full of passengers, most of them bound for Vienna, to see the great Exhibition. It looked like starting for a race as the four ships sailed down by Staten Island, Sandy Hook, and out to sea. Our vessel slowly left the others behind, and we saw nothing of any of them till we were at the mouth of the Mersey, in a dense fog; and when it cleared away, the "Abyssinia," of the Cunard line, was only half a mile away on our starboard quarter. The Welsh hills by-and-by appeared, and to many on board it was the first sight of Old England. In the excitement of the moment, some one said he could see the Welsh rabbits running about on the land, and there was a great demand for binoculars to discover them. None of those fresh from the New World seemed to know what a "Welsh rabbit" meant, and there was some good-natured fun got out of this innocent "sell."

As this is the only trip which I have made across the Atlantic, I can say nothing of the merits of the lines of steamers. Our ship certainly went fast, and it was evident that she had been built on a model in which speed was the principal object in view. She had a large, handsome saloon, and the table was well supplied, but she was not in any other sense a comfortable vessel. Travellers accustomed to the clean-kept and roomy poop of a P. and O. Company's ship, and the man-of-war-like discipline on board, would not find themselves at home in the Atlantic lines; that is, if my experience is derived from a fair specimen.

I had for companion in my berth a man from the Far West. He was several inches over six feet, and there were five or six brothers in the family of a somewhat similar size. This is not uncommon in the Western States, and

I understand that the development of the human species is supposed to be still going on in the New World. Even the mental powers of the inferior kinds of life are said to be developing, and a higher style of art is necessary to make scarecrows, from the advanced intellect of the fauna. From what I have said in relation to Eve's Tomb at Jeddah, I am committed to an opposite theory; and I have since been informed of Abel's Tomb at Abila, some twelve hours west of Damascus, which is about ninety feet long. Here is a worthy son of a great mother, and it will be seen that we are only degenerated descendants of a superior race. It will also appear, from the convincing evidences just given, that much lee-way has to be made up before there can be any claim to real development. When we have returned to the original standard of our race, and when I hear of a lady sixty feet long, with sons proportionately taller, then I shall begin to believe that the process of development has begun in the New World. Still it must, I think, be admitted that there is a tendency to great size in the people of that country, and little men are scarce. In the Western States this is still more noticeable, and great tall, strong men are common. In California, where I had more chances of observation, the size and evident bodily strength of the girls and young women who have been brought up there often caught my attention. It may be also stated that good looks are not scarce among them. It may be some time yet before graves sixty feet long will be found in America, but certainly there is not likely to be any further retrogression of the race in that quarter.

My stay was short in the States, but it was long enough

to give me experiences of much kindness, and I have many pleasant memories connected with it.

It was the 24th June, 1873, when we reached Liverpool, and the afternoon train brought me to London. When I put my foot on a certain door-step, the girdle had been put round about the earth, and there was an inward sense of satisfaction in feeling that a long journey was ended, and a task had been accomplished.

THE END.

GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS, ST. JOHN'S

00084590

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 23 January, 2019